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The
WORKS
of
SHAKESPEARE,

Volume the tenth :

containing,

Romeo *and* Juliet ;
Hamlet ;
Othello.

LONDON:
Printed for J. *and* R. TONSON *in the Strand.*

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ROMEO
and
JULIET.

Perſons repreſented.

Eſcalus, *Prince of* Verona:
Paris, *a young Count, his Kinsman.*
Capulet, *Heads of two noble Houses,*
Mountague, *at Variance with one another.*
Romeo, *Son to* Mountague.
Mercutio, *Friends to* Romeo.
Benvolio,
Tybalt, *Kinsman to* Capulet:
an old Man, his Cousin.
Balthazar, Romeo's *Gentleman.*
Friar Lawrence, *a Franciſcan:*
Friar John, *his Brother.*
Chorus; *Boy*, *Page to* Paris;
an Officer; *an Apothecary.*
Servants to Mountague, *two*;
Servants to Capulet, *ſix*;
three Watchmen, and three Musicians.

Lady Capulet.
Lady Mountague.
Juliet, *Daughter to* Capulet:
an old Woman, her Nurſe.

Attendants upon the Prince;
Maſkers with Romeo; *Relations*, &c. *of both Houses*;
Citizens, *Watchmen*, &c.

Scene, Verona: *once*, *in* Mantua.

ROMEO *and* JULIET.

ACT I.

Enter Chorus, *as Prologue.*

Two houſholds, both alike in dignity,
in fair *Verona*, where we lay our ſcene,
from ancient grudge break to new mutiny,
where civil blood makes civil hands unclean:
from forth the fatal loins of theſe two foes
a pair of ſtar-croſt lovers take their life;
whoſe miſadventur'd piteous overthrows
do, with their death, bury their parents' ſtrife:
The fearful paſſage of their death-mark'd love,
and the continuance of their parents' rage,
which, but their children's end, nought could remove,
is now the two hours' traffick of our ſtage;
the which if you with patient ears attend,
what here ſhall miſs, our toil ſhall ſtrive to mend.
[*Exit.*

8 *Doth*

SCENE I. *A publick Place.*

Enter two Servants of Capulet, *oddly arm'd.*

1. *C.* *Gregory*, o' my word, we'll not carry coals.

2. *C.* No, for then we ſhould be colliers.

1. *C.* I mean, an we be in choler, we'll draw.

2. *C.* Ay, while you live, draw your neck out o'th' collar.

1. *C.* I ſtrike quickly, being mov'd.

2. *C.* But thou art not quickly mov'd to ſtrike.

1. *C.* A dog of the houſe of *Mountague* moves me.

2. *C.* To move, is—to ſtir; and to be valiant, is—to ſtand to it: therefore, if thou art mov'd, thou run'ſt away.

1. *C.* A dog of that houſe ſhall move me to ſtand: I will take the wall of any man or maid of *Mountague*'s.

2. *C.* That ſhews thee a weak ſlave; for the weakeſt goes to the wall.

1. *C.* True; and therefore women, being the weaker veſſels, are ever thruſt to the wall: therefore I will puſh *Mountague*'s men from the wall, and thruſt his maids to the wall.

2. *C.* The quarrel is between our maſters, and us their men.

1. *C.* 'Tis all one, I will ſhew myſelf a tyrant: when I have fought with the men, I will be cruel with the maids; I will cut off their heads.

2. *C.* The heads of the maids?

1. *C.* Ay, the heads of the maids, or their maidenheads; take it in what ſenſe thou wilt.

2. *C.* They muſt take it in ſenſe, that feel it.

1. *C.* Me they ſhall feel, while I am able to ſtand: and, 'tis known, I am a pretty piece of fleſh.

2. *C.* 'Tis well, thou art not fiſh; if thou had'ſt, thou

had'ſt been poor *John*. Draw thy tool; here comes of the houſe of the *Mountagues*.

Enter two Servants of Mountague, *arm'd likewise.*

1. *C*. My naked weapon is out; quarrel, I will back thee.

2. *C*. How? turn thy back, and run?

1. *C*. Fear me not.

2. *C*. No, marry; I fear thee!

1. *C*. Let us take the law of our ſides; let them begin.

2. *C*. I will frown, as I paſs by; and let them take it as they liſt.

1. *C*. Nay, as they dare. I will bite my thumb at them; which is a diſgrace to them, if they bear it.

[*they paſs the others.*

1. *M*. Do you bite your thumb at us, ſir?

1. *C*. I do bite my thumb, ſir.

1 *M*. Do you bite your thumb at us, ſir?

1. *C*. " Is the law of our ſide, if I ſay—ay?"

2. *C*. " No."

1. *C*. No, ſir, I do not bite my thumb at you, ſir; but I bite my thumb, ſir.

2. *C*. Do you quarrel, ſir?

1. *M*. Quarrel, ſir? no, ſir.

1. *C*. If you do, ſir, I am for you; I ſerve as good a man as you.

1. *M*. No better.

1. *C*. Well, ſir.

Enter BENVOLIO, *at a Diſtance.*

2. *C*. " Say—better; here comes one of my maſter's" kinsmen."

1. *C*. Yes, better, ſir.

1. *M*. You lie.

1. *C.* Draw, if you be men.—*Gregory*, remember thy
ſwaſhing blow. [*Servants fight.*
BEN. Part, fools, [*beating down their Weapons*] put up
your ſwords;
You know not what you do.

Enter TYBALT, *with his Sword drawn.*

TYB. What, art thou drawn among theſe heartleſs
Turn thee, *Benvolio*, look upon thy death. [hinds?
BEN. I do but keep the peace; put up thy ſword,
Or manage it to part theſe men with me.
TYB. What, drawn, and talk of peace? I hate the word,
As I hate hell, all *Mountagues*, and thee:
Have at thee, coward. [*aſſailing him.*

Enter divers, of both Houses, and join the Fray:
then Enter, to part them, Citizens, and Peace-officers,
with Clubs, &c. [down!

Off. Clubs, bills, and partizans! ſtrike! beat them
Down with the *Capulets!* down with the *Mountagues!*

Enter CAPULET, *in his Gown*; *his* Lady *following.*

CAP. What noiſe is this?—Give me my long ſword, ho!
L. C. A crutch, a crutch; Why call you for a ſword?
CAP. My ſword, I ſay!—old *Mountague* is come,
And flouriſhes his blade in ſpite of me.

Enter MOUNTAGUE, *and his* Lady.

MOU. Thou villain, *Capulet*,—Hold me not, let me go.
L. M. Thou ſhalt not ſtir one foot to ſeek a foe.

Enter Prince, *and Attendants.*

Pri. Rebellious ſubjects, enemies to peace,
Prophaners of this neighbour-ſtained ſteel,—
Will they not hear?—what, ho! you men, you beaſts,—
That quench the fire of your pernicious rage
With purple fountains iſſuing from your veins,—

On pain of torture, from those bloody hands
Throw your miſ-temper'd weapons to the ground,
[*Fray ceaſes.*
And hear the ſentence of your moved prince.—
Three civil brawls, bred of an airy word,
By thee, old *Capulet*, and *Mountague*,
Have thrice diſturb'd the quiet of our ſtreets;
And made *Verona*'s ancient citizens
Caſt-by their grave beſeeming ornaments
To wield old partizans, in hands as old,
Canker'd with peace, to part your canker'd hate:
If ever you diſturb our ſtreets again,
Your lives ſhall pay the forfeit of the peace.
For this time, all the reſt depart away:
You, *Capulet*, ſhall go along with me;
And, *Mountague*, come you this afternoon,
To know our farther pleaſure in this caſe,
To old *Free-town*, our common judgment-place.
Once more, on pain of death, all men depart.
[*Exeunt* Prince, *and Attendants*; CAPULET, *and Lady* Capulet, TYBALT, *Servants*, &c.
MOU. Who ſet this ancient quarrel new abroach?—
Speak, nephew, were you by, when it began?
BEN. Here were the ſervants of your adverſary,
And yours, cloſe fighting ere I did approach:
I drew to part them; in the inſtant came
The fiery *Tybalt*, with his ſword prepar'd;
Which, as he breath'd defiance to my ears,
He ſwong about his head, and cut the winds,
Who, nothing hurt withal, hiſſ'd him in ſcorn:
While we were interchanging thruſts and blows,
Came more and more, and fought on part and part,

'Till the prince came, who parted either part.
L. M. O, where is *Romeo!*—ſaw you him to-day?—
Right glad I am, he was not at this fray.
Ben. Madam, an hour before the worſhip'd ſun
Peer'd forth the golden window of the eaſt,
A troubl'd mind drave me to walk abroad;
Where—underneath the grove of ſycamour,
That weſtward rooteth from this city' ſide—
So early walking did I ſee your ſon:
Towards him I made; but he was 'ware of me,
And ſtole into the covert of the wood:
I, meaſuring his affections by my own,—
Which then moſt ſought where moſt might not be found,
Being one too many by my weary ſelf,—
Purſu'd my humour, not purſuing his,
And gladly ſhun'd who gladly fled from me.
Mou. Many a morning hath he there been ſeen,
With tears augmenting the freſh morning's dew,
Adding to clouds more clouds with his deep ſighs:
But all ſo ſoon as the all-chearing ſun
Should in the fartheſt eaſt begin to draw
The ſhady curtains from *Aurora*'s bed,
Away from light ſteals home my heavy ſon,
And private in his chamber pens himſelf;
Shuts up his windows, locks fair day-light out,
And makes himſelf an artificial night:
Black and portentous muſt this humour prove,
Unleſs good counſel may the cause remove.
Ben. My noble uncle, do you know the cause?
Mou. I neither know it, nor can learn of him.
Ben. Have you impórtun'd him by any means?
Mou. Both by myſelf, and many other friends:

But he, his own affections' counſellor,
Is to himſelf—I will not ſay, how true—
But to himſelf ſo ſecret and ſo cloſe,
So far from ſounding and diſcovery,
As is the bud bit with an envious worm,
Ere he can ſpread his ſweet leaves to the air,
Or dedicate his beauty to the ſame.
Could we but learn from whence his ſorrows grow,
We would as willingly give cure, as know.

Enter ROMEO, *at a Diſtance.*

BEN. See, where he comes: So please you, ſtep aſide;
I'll know his grievance, or be much deny'd.

MOU. I would, thou wert ſo happy by thy ſtay
To hear true ſhrift.—Come, madam, let's away.

[*Exeunt* MOUNTAGUE, *and* Lady.

BEN. Good morrow, couſin.

ROM. Is the day ſo young?

BEN. But new ſtrook nine.

ROM. Ay me! ſad hours ſeem long.
Was that my father, that went hence ſo faſt?

BEN. It was: What ſadneſs lengthens *Romeo*'s hours?

ROM. Not having that, which, having, makes them [ſhort.

BEN. In love?

ROM. Out—

BEN. Of love?

ROM. Out of her favour, where I am in love.

BEN. Alas, that love, ſo gentle in his view,
Should be ſo tyrannous and rough in proof!

ROM. Alas, that love, whoſe view is muffl'd ſtill,
Should, without eyes, ſee path-ways to his will!
Where ſhall we dine?—Oh me!—What fray was here?—
Yet tell me not, for I have heard it all.

Here's much to do with hate, but more with love:—
Why then, o brawling love, o loving hate!
O any thing, of nothing firſt created!
O heavy lightneſs, ſerious vanity,
Miſ-ſhapen chaos of well-ſeeming forms!
Feather of lead, bright ſmoke, cold fire, ſick health,
Still-waking ſleep, that is not what it is!—
This love feel I, that feel no love in this.
Doſt thou not laugh?
Ben. No, coz', I rather weep.
Rom. Good heart, at what?
Ben. At thy good heart's oppreſſion.
Rom. Why, ſuch is love's tranſgreſſion.
Griefs of mine own lie heavy in my breaſt;
Which thou wilt propagate, to have it preſſ'd,
With more of thine: this love, that thou haſt ſhown,
Doth add more grief to too much of mine own.
Love is a ſmoke, made with the fume of ſighs;
Being purg'd, a fire ſparkling in lovers' eyes;
Being vex'd, a ſea nouriſh'd with loving tears:
What is it elſe? a madneſs moſt diſcreet,
A choaking gall, and a preserving ſweet.
Farewel, my coz'. [*going.*
Ben. Soft, I will go along;
An if you leave me ſo, you do me wrong.
Rom. Tut, I have loſt myſelf; I am not here,
This is not *Romeo*, he's ſome other where.
Ben. Tell me in ſadneſs, who is that you love?
Rom. What, ſhall I groan, and tell thee?
Ben. Groan? why, no;
But ſadly tell me, who.
Rom. Bid a ſick man in ſadneſs make his will:—

O word ill urg'd to one that is ſo ill!—
In ſadneſs, couſin, I do love a woman.
Ben. I aim'd ſo near, when I ſuppos'd you lov'd.
Rom. A right good marks-man; And ſhe's fair I love.
Ben. A right fair mark, fair coz', is ſooneſt hit.
Rom. Well, in that hit you miſs: ſhe'll not be hit
With *Cupid*'s arrow, ſhe hath *Dian*'s wit;
And, in ſtrong proof of chaſtity well arm'd,
From love's weak childiſh bow ſhe lives unharm'd.
She will not ſtay the ſiege of loving terms,
Nor bide the encounter of aſſailing eyes,
Nor ope her lap to ſaint-ſeducing gold:
O, ſhe is rich in beauty; only poor,
That, when ſhe dies, with her dies beauty's ſtore.
Ben. Then ſhe hath ſworn, that ſhe will ſtill live chaſte.
Rom. She hath, and in that ſparing makes huge waſte;
For beauty, ſtarv'd with her ſeverity,
Cuts beauty off from all poſterity.
She is too fair, too wiſe; wiſely too fair,
To merit bliſs by making me deſpair:
She hath forſworn to love; and, in that vow,
Do I live dead, that live to tell it now.
Ben. Be rul'd by me, forget to think of her.
Rom. O, teach me how I ſhould forget to think.
Ben. By giving liberty unto thine eyes;
Examine other beauties.
Rom. 'Tis the way
To call hers, exquiſite, in queſtion more:
These happy maſks, that kiſs fair ladies' brows,
Being black, put us in mind they hide the fair;
He, that is ſtrooken blind, cannot forget
The precious treaſure of his eye-ſight loſt:

4 marke man 14 with beautie dies her ſtore

Shew me a miſtreſs that is paſſing fair,
What doth her beauty ſerve, but as a note
Where I may read who paſs'd that paſſing fair?
Farewel; thou canſt not teach me to forget.
Ben. I'll pay that doctrine, or elſe die in debt. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II. *A Street.*

Enter Capulet, Paris, *and* Servant.

Cap. And *Mountague* is bound as well as I,
In penalty alike; and 'tis not hard, I think,
For men ſo old as we to keep the peace.
Par. Of honourable reck'ning are you both;
And pity 'tis, you liv'd at odds ſo long.
But now, my lord, what ſay you to my ſuit?
Cap. But ſaying o'er what I have ſaid before:
My child is yet a ſtranger in the world,
She hath not ſeen the change of fourteen years;
Let two more ſummers wither in their pride,
Ere we may think her ripe to be a bride.
Par. Younger than ſhe are happy mothers made.
Cap. And too ſoon mar'd are those ſo early made:
The earth hath ſwallow'd all my hopes but ſhe,
She is the hopeful lady of my earth:
But woo her, gentle *Paris*, get her heart,
My will to her conſent is but a part;
An ſhe agree, within her ſcope of choice
Lies my conſent and fair according voice.
This night I hold an old accuſtom'd feaſt,
Whereto I have invited many a gueſt,
Such as I love; and you, among the ſtore,
One more, moſt welcome, makes my number more:
At my poor houſe look to behold this night

Earth-treading ſtars, that make dark heaven light:
Such comfort, as do luſty young men feel
When well-apparel'd *April* on the heel
Of limping winter treads, even ſuch delight
Among freſh female buds ſhall you this night
Inherit at my houſe; hear all, all ſee,
And like her moſt whose merit moſt ſhall be;
On which more view of many, mine, being one,
May ſtand in number, though in reck'ning none.
Come, go with me:—Go, ſirrah, trudge about
Through fair *Verona*; find those perſons out,
Whose names are written † there; and to them ſay,
My houſe and welcome on their pleasure ſtay.
[*Exeunt* CAPULET, *and* PARIS.

Ser. Find them out, whose names are written here: It is written—that the ſhoemaker ſhould meddle with his yard, and the taylor with his laſt, the fiſher with his pencil, and the painter with his nets; but I am ſent to find those perſons out, whose names are here writ, and can never find what names the writing perſon hath here writ. I muſt to the learned:—In good time.

Enter BENVOLIO, *and* ROMEO.

Ben. Tut, man! one fire burns out another's burning,
One pain is leſſen'd by another's anguiſh;
Turn giddy, and be holp by backward turning;
One deſperate grief cures with another's languiſh:
Take thou ſome new infection to thy eye,
And the rank poison of the old will die.

Rom. Your plantan leaf is excellent for that.

Ben. For what, I pray thee?

Rom. For your broken ſhin.

Ben. Why, *Romeo*, art thou mad?

8 Which on

Rom. Not mad, but bound more than a mad-man is;
Shut up in priſon, kept without my food,
Whipt, and tormented, and — Good den, good fellow.
Ser. God gi' go' den. I pray, ſir, can you read?
Rom. Ay, mine own fortune in my miſery.
Ser. Perhaps, you have learned it without book: But, I pray, can you read any thing you ſee?
Rom. Ay, if I know the letters, and the language.
Ser. Ye ſay honeſtly; Reſt you merry!
Rom. Stay, fellow; I can read. [*reads.*

Signior Martino, *and his wife, and daughter*; *County* Anſelme, *and his beauteous ſiſters*; *The lady widow of* Vitruvio; *Signior* Placentio, *and his lovely nieces*; Mercutio, *and his brother* Valentine; *Mine uncle* Capulet, *his wife, and daughters*; *My fair niece* Roſaline; Livia; *Signior* Valentio, *and his couſin* Tybalt; Lucio, *and the lively* Helena.

A fair aſſembly; [*giving back the Note.*] Whither ſhould they come?
Ser. Up.
Rom. Whither?
Ser. To our houſe.
Rom. Whoſe houſe?
Ser. My maſter's.
Rom. Indeed, I ſhould have aſk'd you that before.
Ser. Now I'll tell you without aſking:
My maſter is the great rich *Capulet*;
And if you be not of the houſe of the *Mountagues*,
I pray you, come; and cruſh a cup of wine.
Reſt you merry. [*Exit.*
Ben. At this ſame ancient feaſt of *Capulet*'s
Sups the fair *Roſaline*, whom thou ſo lov'ſt;

22 v. *Note.*

With all the admired beauties of *Verona:*
Go thither; and, with unattainted eye,
Compare her face with ſome that I ſhall ſhow,
And I will make thee think thy ſwan a crow.
Rom. When the devout religion of mine eye
Maintains ſuch falſhood, then turn tears to fires!
And these,—who, often drown'd, could never die,—
Tranſparent hereticks, be burnt for liars!
One fairer than my love! the all-ſeeing ſun
Ne'er ſaw her match, ſince firſt the world begun.
Ben. Tut, tut! you ſaw her fair, none elſe being by,
Herſelf poiz'd with herſelf in either eye:
But in those cryſtal ſcales let there be weigh'd
Your lady love againſt ſome other maid
That I will ſhow you, ſhining at this feaſt,
And ſhe ſhall ſcant ſhew well, that now ſhews beſt.
Rom. I'll go along, no ſuch ſight to be ſhown,
But to rejoice in ſplendor of mine own. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III. *A Room in* Capulet'*s Houſe.*

Enter Lady Capulet, *and* Nurſe.

L. C. Nurſe, where's my daughter? call her forth to me.
Nur. Now, by my maidenhead,—at twelve year old,—
I bad her come:—What, lamb! what lady-bird!—
God forbid! where's this girl?—what, *Juliet!*

Enter JULIET.

Jul. How now? who calls?
Nur. Your mother.
Jul. Madam, I am here;
What is your will?
L. C. This is the matter:—Nurſe, give leave a while,
We muſt talk in ſecret. Nurſe, came back again;

---

6 fire 13 that Chriſtall 14 Ladies love

I have remember'd me, thou ſhalt hear our counſel.
Thou know'ſt, my daughter's of a pretty age:
Nur. 'Faith, I can tell her age unto an hour.
L. C. She's not fourteen.
Nur. I'll lay fourteen o' my teeth,—
And yet, to my teeth be it ſpoken, I have but four,—
She's not fourteen: How long is't now to Lammas-tide?
L. C. A fortnight, and odd days.
Nur. Even or odd, of all days i' the year,
Come Lammas-eve at night, ſhall ſhe be fourteen.
Susan, and ſhe,—God reſt all chriſtian ſouls!—
Were of an age: Well, *Susan* is with God;
She was too good for me: But, as I ſaid,
On Lammas-eve at night ſhall ſhe be fourteen;
That ſhall ſhe, marry; I remember it well.
'Tis ſince the earth-quake now eleven years;
And ſhe was wean'd,—I never ſhall forget it,—
Of all the days o'the year, upon that day:
For I had then lay'd wormwood to my dug,
Sitting i' the ſun under the dove-houſe wall,
My lord and you were then at *Mantua*;
Nay, I do bear a brain: but, as I ſaid,
When it did taſte the wormwood on the nipple
Of my dug, and felt it bitter, pretty fool!
To ſee it teachy, and fall out wi' the dug:
Shake, quoth the dove-houſe: 'twas no need, I trow,
To bid me trudge.
And ſince that time it is eleven years:
For then ſhe could ſtand alone; nay, by the rood,
She could have run and waddl'd all about.
For even the day before ſhe broke her brow:
And then my husband—God be with his ſoul!

---

[1] thou'ſt heare

A' was a merry man;—took up the child;
Yea, quoth he, *doſt thou fall upon thy face?*
Thou wilt fall backward, when thou haſt more wit;
Wilt thou not, Juli'? and, by my holy-dam,
The pretty wretch left crying, and ſaid—*Ay:*
To ſee now how a jeſt ſhall come about!
I warr'nt, an I ſhould live a thouſand years,
I never ſhould forget it; *Wilt thou not,* Juli'? quoth he:
And, pretty fool, it ſtinted, and ſaid—*Ay.*
L. C. Enough of this; I pray thee, hold thy peace.
Nur. Yes, madam; Yet I cannot chooſe but laugh,
To think it ſhould leave crying, and ſay—*Ay:*
And yet, I warr'nt, it had upon it's brow
A bump as big as a young cock'rel's ſtone;
A par'lous knock; and it cry'd bitterly.
Yea, quoth my huſband, *fall'ſt upon thy face?*
Thou wilt fall backward, when thou com'ſt to age;
Wilt thou not, Juli'? it ſtinted, and ſaid—*Ay.*
Jul. And ſtint thou too, I pray thee, nurſe, ſay I.
Nur. Peace, I have done. God mark thee to his grace!
Thou waſt the prettieſt babe that e'er I nurſ'd:
An I might live to ſee thee marry'd once,
I have my wiſh.
L. C. Marry, that marry is the very theme
I came to talk of:—Tell me, daughter *Juliet,*
How ſtands your diſpoſition to be marry'd?
Jul. It is an hour that I dream not of.
Nur. An hour! were not I thine only nurſe,
I'd ſay, thou hadſt ſuck'd wiſdom from thy teat.
L. C. Well, think of marriage now; younger than you,
Here in *Verona,* ladies of eſteem,
Are made already mothers: by my count,

I was your mother much upon these years
That you are now a maid. Thus then, in brief;—
The valiant *Paris* ſeeks you for his love.
Nur. A man, young lady! lady, ſuch a man,
As all the world—Why, he's a man of wax.
L. C. Verona's ſummer hath not ſuch a flower.
Nur. Nay, he's a flower; in faith, a very flower.
L. C. What ſay you? can you love the gentleman?
This night you ſhall behold him at our feaſt:
Read o'er the volume of young *Paris*' face,
And find delight writ there with beauty's pen;
Examine every ſeveral lineament,
And ſee how one another lends content;
And what obſcur'd in this fair volume lies,
Find written in the margin of his eyes.
This precious book of love, this unbound lover,
To beautify him, only lacks a cover:
The fiſh lives in the ſea; and 'tis much pride,
For fair without the fair within to hide:
That book in many's eyes doth ſhare the glory,
That in gold claſps locks-in the golden ſtory;
So ſhall you ſhare all that he doth poſseſs,
By having him, making yourſelf no leſs.
Nur. No leſs? nay, bigger; women grow by men.
L. C. Speak briefly, can you like of *Paris*' love?
Jul. I'll look to like, if looking liking move:
But no more deep will I endart mine eye,
Than your conſent gives ſtrength to make it fly.

Enter a Servant.

Ser. Madam, the gueſts are come, ſupper ſerv'd up, you call'd, my young lady aſk'd for, the nurſe curſ'd in the pantry, and every thing in extremity. I muſt hence to wait; I beſeech you, follow ſtrait.

L.C. We follow thee.—*Juliet*, the county ſtays.

Nur. Go, girl, ſeek happy nights to happy days.

[*Exeunt.*

ACT II.

SCENE I. *A Street.*

Enter, in maſking Habits, Torches and a Drum preceding them, MERCUTIO, ROMEO, BENVOLIO, *and Others.*

ROM. What, ſhall this ſpeech be ſpoke for our excuſe?
Or ſhall we on without apology?

BEN. The date is out of ſuch prolixity:
We'll have no *Cupid* hood-wink'd with a ſcarf,
Bearing a *Tartar*'s painted bow of lath,
Scaring the ladies like a crow-keeper;
But, let them measure us by what they will,
We'll measure them a measure, and be gone.

ROM. Give me a torch,—I am not for this ambling;
Being but heavy, I will bear the light.

MER. Nay, gentle *Romeo*, we muſt have you dance.

ROM. Not I, believe me: you have dancing ſhoes,
With nimble ſoles; I have a ſoul of lead,
So ſtakes me to the ground, I cannot move.

MER. You are a lover; borrow *Cupid*'s wings,
And ſoar with them above a common bound.

ROM. I am too ſore enpearced with his ſhaft,
To ſoar with his light feathers; and ſo bound,
I cannot bound a pitch above dull woe:
Under love's heavy burthen do I ſink.

Mer. And, to ſink in it, ſhould you burthen love;
Too great oppreſſion for a tender thing.
Rom. Is love a tender thing? it is too rough,
Too rude, too boiſt'rous; and it pricks like thorn.
Mer. If love be rough with you, be rough with love;
Prick love for pricking, and you beat love down.—
Give me a caſe to put my visage in: [*taking one from an Att.*
A visor for a visor! [*throwing it away.*] what care I,
What curious eye doth quote deformities?
Here are the beetle-brows, ſhall bluſh for me.
Ben. Come, knock, and enter; and no ſooner in,
But every man betake him to his legs.
Rom. A torch for me: let wantons, light of heart,
Tickle the ſenſeleſs ruſhes with their heels;
For I am proverb'd with a grandſire phrase,—
I'll be a candle-holder, and look on,—
The game was ne'er ſo fair, and I am dun.
Mer. Tut! dun's the mouſe, the conſtable's own word:
If thou art dun, we'll draw thee from the mire,
Or (ſave your reverence) love, wherein thou ſtick'ſt
Up to the ears.—Come, we burn day-light, ho.
Rom. Nay, that's not ſo.
Mer. I mean, ſir, in delay;
We waſte our lights in vain, like lamps by day:
Take our good meaning; for our judgment ſits
Five times in that, ere once in our fine wits.
Rom. And we mean well, in going to this maſk;
But 'tis no wit to go.
Mer. Why, may one aſk?
Rom. I dreamt a dream to-night.
Mer. And ſo did I.
Rom. Well, what was yours?

Mer. That dreamers often lie:
Rom. In bed aſleep, while they do dream things true.
Mer. O, then, I ſee, queen *Mab* hath been with you.
She is the fancy's midwife; and ſhe comes
In ſhape no bigger than an agat ſtone
On the fore-finger of an alderman,
Drawn with a team of little atomies
Over men's noses as they lie aſleep:
Her waggon-ſpokes made of long ſpinners' legs;
The cover, of the wings of graſs-hoppers;
Her traces, of the ſmalleſt ſpider's web;
Her collars, of the moon-ſhine's watry beams;
Her whip, of cricket's bone; the laſh, of film:
Her waggoner, a ſmall grey-coated gnat,
Not half ſo big as a round little worm
Prick'd from the lazy finger of a maid:
Her chariot is an empty hazel-nut,
Made by the joyner ſquirrel, or old grub,
Time out o' mind the fairies' coach-makers.
And in this ſtate ſhe gallops night by night
Through lovers' brains, and then they dream of love:
O'er courtiers' knees, that dream on curtſies ſtraight:
O'er lawyers' fingers, who ſtraight dream on fees:
O'er ladies' lips, who ſtraight on kiſſes dream;
Which oft the angry *Mab* with bliſters plagues,
Because their breaths with ſweet-meats tainted are:
Sometime ſhe gallops o'er a courtier's nose,
And then dreams he of ſmelling out a ſuit:
And ſometime comes ſhe with a tithe-pig's tail,
Tickling a parſon's nose as a' lies aſleep,
Then he dreams of another benefice:
Sometime ſhe driveth o'er a ſoldier's neck,

And then dreams he of cutting foreign throats,
Of breaches, ambuſcadoes, *Spaniſh* blades,
Of healths five fathom deep; and then anon
Drums in his ear; at which he ſtarts, and wakes;
And, being thus frighted, ſwears a prayer or two,
And ſleeps again. This is that very *Mab*,
That plats the manes of horſes in the night;
And cakes the elf-locks in foul ſluttiſh hairs,
Which once untangl'd much miſſortune bodes.
This is the hag, when maids lie on their backs,
That preſſes them, and learns them firſt to bear,
Making them women of good carriage.
And this is ſhe,—
Rom. Peace, peace, *Mercutio*, peace;
Thou talk'ſt of nothing.
Mer. True, I talk of dreams;
Which are the children of an idle brain,
Begot of nothing but vain fantaſy;
Which is as thin of ſubſtance as the air;
And more inconſtant than the wind, who wooes
Even now the frozen boſom of the north,
And, being anger'd, puffs away from thence,
Turning his face to the dew-dropping ſouth.
Ben. This wind, you talk of, blows us from ourſelves;
Supper is done, and we ſhall come too late.
Rom. I fear, too early: for my mind miſgives,
Some conſequence, yet hanging in the ſtars,
Shall bitterly begin his fearful date
With this night's revels; and expire the term
Of a deſpised life, clos'd in my breaſt,
By ſome vile forfeit of untimely death:
But He, that hath the ſteerage of my courſe,

8 bakes

Direct my ſuit!—On, luſty gentlemen.

Ben. Strike, drum. [*Drum. Exeunt.*

SCENE II. *Hall in* Capulet's *Houſe.*

Musicians waiting. Servants *paſs to and fro, ſetting the Room in Order.*

1. *S.* Where's *Potpan*, that he helps not to take away? he ſhift a trencher! he ſcrape a trencher!

2. *S.* When good manners ſhall lie all in one or two men's hands, and they unwaſh'd too, 'tis a foul thing.

1. *S.* Away with the joint-ſtools, remove the court cup-board, look to the plate:—good thou, ſave me a piece of march-pane; and, as thou lov'ſt me, let the porter let in *Susan Grindſtone*, and *Nell.*—*Antony! Potpan!*

3. *S.* Ay, boy; ready.

1. *S.* You are look'd for, and call'd for, aſk'd for, and ſought for, in the great chamber.

2. *S.* We cannot be here and there too.—Chearly, boys; be briſk a while, and the longer liver take all.

Enter Capulet, *and those of his Houſhold; their Gueſts, and the Maſkers.*

Cap. Welcome, gentlemen! ladies, that have their toes
Unplagu'd with corns, will have a bout with you:—
Ah ha, my miſtreſſes! which of you all
Will now deny to dance? ſhe that makes dainty,
She, I'll ſwear, hath corns; Am I come near ye now?—
Welcome you too, gentlemen! I have ſeen the day,
That I have worn a visor; and could tell
A whiſp'ring tale in a fair lady's ear,
Such as would please;—'tis gone, 'tis gone, 'tis gone:—
You are welcome, gentlemen.—Come, musicians, play.—
[*Musick. Dance forming.*

A hall, a hall! give room, and foot it, girls.—
More light, ye knaves; and turn the tables up,
And quench the fire, the room is grown too hot.—
Ah, ſirrah, this unlook'd-for ſport comes well.
Nay, ſit, nay, ſit, good cousin *Capulet*;
[*drawing him a Chair.*
For you and I are paſt our dancing days:
How long is't now, ſince laſt yourſelf and I
Were in a maſk?
Cou. By'r-lady, thirty years.
Cap. What, man! 'tis not ſo much, 'tis not ſo much:
'Tis ſince the nuptial of *Lucentio*,
Come pentecoſt as quickly as it will,
Some five and twenty years; and then we maſk'd.
Cou. 'Tis more, 'tis more: his ſon is elder, ſir;
His ſon is thirty.
Cap. Will you tell me that?
His ſon was but a ward two years ago.
[Juliet *is taken out.*
Rom. What lady's that, which doth enrich the hand
Of yonder knight? [*to a Servant.*
Ser. I know not, ſir. [*Company dance.*
Rom. O, ſhe doth teach the torches to burn bright!
Her beauty hangs upon the cheek of night
Like a rich jewel in an *Ethiop*'s ear:
Beauty too rich for uſe, for earth too dear!
So ſhews a ſnowy dove trooping with crows,
As yonder lady o'er her fellows ſhows.
The meaſure done, I'll watch her place of ſtand,
And, touching hers, make bleſſed my rude hand.
Did my heart love 'till now? forſwear it, ſight;
For I ne'er ſaw true beauty 'till this night.

Tyb. This, by his voice, ſhould be a *Mountague*:—
Fetch me my rapier, boy:—What, dares the ſlave
Come hither, cover'd with an antick face,
To fleer and ſcorn at our ſolemnity?
Now, by the ſtock and honour of my kin,
To ſtrike him dead I hold it not a ſin.
Cap. Why, how now, kinsman? wherefore ſtorm you ſo?
Tyb. Uncle, this is a *Mountague*, our foe;
A villain, that is hither come in ſpite,
To ſcorn at our ſolemnity this night.
Cap. Young *Romeo* is't?
Tyb. 'Tis he, that villain *Romeo.*
Cap. Content thee, gentle coz', let him alone,
'A bears him like a portly gentleman;
And, to ſay truth, *Verona* brags of him,
To be a virtuous and well-govern'd youth:
I would not for the wealth of all this town,
Here in my houſe, do him diſparagement:
Therefore be patient, take no note of him,
It is my will; the which if thou reſpect,
Shew a fair presence, and put off these frowns,
An ill-beſeeming ſemblance for a feaſt.
Tyb. It fits, when ſuch a villain is a gueſt;
I'll not endure him.
Cap. He ſhall be endur'd;
What, goodman boy! I ſay, he ſhall: Go to;
Am I the maſter here, or you? go to.
You'll not endure him!—God ſhall mend my ſoul—
You'll make a mutiny among my gueſts!
You will ſet cock-a-hoop! you'll be the man!
Tyb. Why, uncle, 'tis a ſhame:
Cap. Go to, go to,

You are a ſaucy boy:—Is't ſo, indeed?—
This trick may chance to ſcathe you; I know what.
You muſt contráry me! marry, 'tis time.—
Well ſaid, my hearts:—You are a princox; go:
Be quiet, or—More light, more light, for ſhame!—
I'll make you quiet; What!—Chearly, my hearts.
Tyb. Patience perforce, with wilful choler meeting,
Makes my fleſh tremble in their different greeting.
I will withdraw: but this intruſion ſhall,
Now ſeeming ſweet, convert to bitter gall. [*Exit.*
[*Dance ends.* Juliet *retires to her Seat.*
Rom. If I prophane with my unworthy hand
[*drawing up to her, and taking her Hand.*
This holy ſhrine, the gentle fine is this—
My lips, two bluſhing pilgrims, ready ſtand
To ſmooth that rough touch with a tender kiſs.
Jul. Good pilgrim, you do wrong your hand too much,
Which mannerly devotion ſhews in this;
For ſaints have hands that pilgrims' hands do touch,
And palm to palm is holy palmers' kiſs.
Rom. Have not ſaints lips, and holy palmers too?
Jul. Ay, pilgrim, lips that they muſt uſe in prayer.
Rom. O then, dear ſaint, let lips do what hands do;
They pray, grant thou, leſt faith turn to deſpair.
Jul. Saints do not move, tho' grant for prayers' ſake.
Rom. Then move not while my prayer's effect I take.
Thus † from my lips, by yours, my ſin is purg'd.
Jul. Then have my lips the ſin that they have took.
Rom. Sin from my lips?—O treſpaſs ſweetly urg'd!—
Give me my kiſs again. [*kiſſing her again.*
Jul. You kiſs by the book.
Nur. Madam, your mother craves a word with you.

14 ſinne

Rom. What is her mother?
Nur. Marry, batchelor,
Her mother is the lady of the houſe,
And a good lady, and a wise, and virtuous:
I nurſ'd her daughter, that you talk'd withal;
I tell you—he, that can lay hold of her,
Shall have the chink.
Rom. Is ſhe a *Capulet?*
O dear account! my life is my foe's debt.
Ben. Away, begone; the ſport is at the beſt.
Rom. Ay, ſo I fear; the more is my unreſt.
Cap. Nay, gentlemen, prepare not to be gone;
We have a trifling fooliſh banquet towards.
[*Maſkers excuse themſelves with a Bow.*
Is it e'en ſo? Why, then I thank you all;
I thank you, honeſt gentlemen; good night:_
More torches here!_Come on, then let's to bed.
Ah, ſirrah, [*to his Cousin.*] by my fay, it waxes late;
I'll to my reſt. [*Company retire.*
Jul. Come hither, nurſe: What is yon' gentleman?
Nur. The ſon and heir of old *Tiberio.*
Jul. What's he, that now is going out of door?
Nur. Marry, that, I think, be young *Petruchio.*
Jul. What's he, that follows there, that would not [dance?
Nur. I know not.
Jul. Go, aſk his name:_if he be married,
My grave is like to be my wedding bed.
Nur. His name is *Romeo*, and a *Mountague*;
The only ſon of your great enemy.
Jul. My only love ſprung from my only hate!
Too early ſeen unknown, and known too late!
Prodigious birth of love it is to me,

7 chinks

That I muſt love a loathed enemy.
Nur. What's this? what this?
Jul. A rime I learnt even now
Of one I danc'd withal. [*One calls within.*
Nur. Anon, anon:—
Come, let's away; the ſtrangers are all gone. [*Exeunt.*

Enter Chorus.

Now old deſire doth on his death-bed lie,
and young affection gapes to be his heir;
that fair, for which love groan'd ſore, and would die,
with tender *Juliet* match'd, is now not fair:
Now *Romeo* is belov'd, and loves again,
alike bewitched by the charm of looks;
yet to his foe ſuppos'd he muſt complain,
and ſhe ſteal love's ſweet bait from fearful hooks:
Being held a foe, he may not have acceſs
to breath ſuch vows as lovers use to ſwear;
and ſhe as much in love, her means much leſs
to meet her new-beloved any where:
but paſſion lends them power, time means to meet,
temp'ring extremities with éxtream ſweet.
[*Exit.*

SCENE III. *Wall of* Capulet's *Garden.*

Enter ROMEO.

Rom. Can I go forward, when my heart is here?
Turn back, dull earth, and find thy centre out.
[*leaps the Wall.*

Enter BENVOLIO, *and* MERCUTIO.

Ben. *Romeo!* why, couſin *Romeo!*

10 in 12 gron'd for and 32 my

Mer. He is wiſe;
And, on my life, hath ſtoln him home to bed.
Ben. He ran this way, and leapt this orchard wall:
Call, good *Mercutio*.
Mer. Nay, I'll conjure too.—
Romeo! humours! madman! paſſion! lover!
Appear thou in the likeneſs of a ſigh,
Speak but one rime, and I am ſatiſfy'd;
Cry but—Ay me, couple but—love and dove;
Speak to my goſſip *Venus* one fair word,
One nick-name for her purblind ſon and heir,
Young *Abraham Cupid*, he that ſhot ſo true
When king *Cophetua* lov'd the beggar-maid.—
He heareth not, he ſtirreth not, he moveth not;
The ape is dead, and I muſt conjure him.—
I conjure thee by *Rosaline* bright eyes,
By her high forehead, and her ſcarlet lip,
By her fine foot, ſtrait leg, and quivering thigh,
And the demeſnes that there adjacent lie,
That in thy likeneſs thou appear to us.
Ben. An if he hear thee, thou wilt anger him.
Mer. This cannot anger him: 'twould anger him
To raiſe a ſpirit in his miſtreſs' circle
Of ſome ſtrange nature, letting it there ſtand
'Till ſhe had lay'd it, and conjur'd it down;
That were ſome ſpite; my invocation
Is fair and honeſt, in his miſtreſs' name
I conjure only but to raiſe up him.
Ben. Come, he hath hid himſelf among thoſe trees,
To be conſorted with the humorous night:
Blind is his love, and beſt befits the dark.
Mer. If love be blind, love cannot hit the mark.

Now will he ſit under a medlar tree,
And wiſh his miſtreſs were ſuch kind of fruit,
As maids call medlars, when they laugh alone:—
Ah, *Romeo*, that ſhe were, ah, that ſhe were
An open———, and thou a poperin pear!
Romeo, good night:—I'll to my truckle-bed;
This field-bed is too cold for me to ſleep:
Come, ſhall we go?
Ben. Go then; for 'tis in vain
To ſeek him here, that means not to be found. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV. *The Garden.*

Enter Romeo.

Rom. He jeſts at ſcars, that never felt a wound.

Enter Juliet, *above.*

But, ſoft! what light through yonder window breaks?
It is the eaſt, and *Juliet* is the ſun:—
Ariſe, fair ſun, and kill the envious moon,
Who is already ſick and pale with grief,
That thou her maid art far more fair than ſhe;
Be not her maid, ſince ſhe is envious;
Her veſtal livery is but ſick and green,
And none but fools do wear it, caſt it off.—
It is my lady; o, it is my love:
O, that ſhe knew ſhe were!
She ſpeaks, yet ſhe ſays nothing; What of that?
Her eye diſcourſes, I will anſwer it.
I am too bold, 'tis not to me ſhe ſpeaks:
Two of the faireſt ſtars in all the heaven,
Having ſome buſineſs, do entreat her eyes
To twinkle in their ſpheres 'till they return.
What if her eyes were there, they in her head?

[2] were that kind

The brightneſs of her cheek would ſhame thoſe ſtars,
As day-light doth a lamp; her eye in heaven
Would through the airy region ſtream ſo bright,
That birds would ſing, and think it were not night.
See, how ſhe leans her cheek upon her hand:
O, that I were a glove upon that hand,
That I might touch that cheek!
Jul. Ay me!
Rom. She ſpeaks:—
O, ſpeak again, bright angel; for thou art
As glorious to this ſight, being o'er my head,
As is a winged meſſenger of heaven
Unto the white-upturned wond'ring eyes
Of mortals, that fall back to gaze on him,
When he beſtrides the lazy-pacing clouds,
And ſails upon the boſom of the air.
Jul. O *Romeo*, *Romeo*, wherefore art thou *Romeo?*
Deny thy father, and refuſe thy name:
Or, if thou wilt not, be but ſworn my love,
And I'll no longer be a *Capulet.*
Rom. Shall I hear more, or ſhall I ſpeak at this?
Jul. 'Tis but thy name, that is my enemy;
Thou art not thyſelf ſo; though a *Mountague.*
What's *Mountague?* it is nor hand, nor foot,
Nor arm, nor face, nor any other part:
What's in a name? that which we call a roſe,
By any other name would ſmell as ſweet;
So *Romeo* would, were he not *Romeo* call'd,
Retain that dear perfection which he owes,
Without that title:—*Romeo*, doff thy name;
And for that name, which is no part of thee,
Take all myſelf.

[11] night [23] though not a

Rom. I take thee at thy word:
[*raiſing his Voice, and ſhowing himſelf.*
Call me but love, and I'll be new baptiz'd;
Henceforth I never will be *Romeo.* [night;
Jul. What man art thou, that, thus beſcreen'd in
So ſtumbl'ſt on my counſel?
Rom. By a name
I know not how to tell thee who I am:
My name, dear ſaint, is hateful to myſelf,
Because it is an enemy to thee;
Had I it written, I would tear the word.
Jul. My ears have not yet drunk a hundred words
Of that tongue's uttering, yet I know the ſound;
Art thou not *Romeo,* and a *Mountague?*
Rom, Neither, fair ſaint, if either thee diſlike.
Jul. How cam'ſt thou hither, tell me? and wherefore?
The orchard walls are high, and hard to climb;
And the place death, conſidering who thou art,
If any of my kinsmen find thee here. [walls;
Rom. With love's light wings did I o'er-perch these
For ſtony limits cannot hold love out:
And what love can do, that dares love attempt;
Therefore thy kinsmen are no let to me.
Jul. If they do ſee thee, they will murther thee.
Rom. Alack, there lies more peril in thine eye,
Than twenty of their ſwords; look thou but ſweet,
And I am proof againſt their enmity.
Jul. I would not for the world, they ſaw thee here.
Rom. I have night's cloak to hide me from their ſight;
And, but thou love me, let them find me here;
My life were better ended by their hate,
Than death prorogued, wanting of thy love.

Jul. By whoſe direction found'ſt thou out this place?
Rom. By love, who firſt did prompt me to enquire;
He lent me counſel, and I lent him eyes.
I am no pilot; yet, wert thou as far
As that vaſt ſhore waſh'd with the fartheſt ſea,
I would adventure for ſuch merchandise.
Jul. Thou know'ſt, the maſk of night is on my face;
Elſe would a maiden bluſh bepaint my cheek,
For that which thou haſt heard me ſpeak to-night.
Fain would I dwell on form, fain fain deny
What I have ſpoke; But farewel compliment!
Doſt thou love me? I know, thou wilt ſay—Ay;
And I will take thy word: yet, if thou ſwear'ſt,
Thou may'ſt prove falſe; at lovers' perjuries,
They ſay, *Jove* laughs. O gentle *Romeo*,
If thou doſt love, pronounce it faithfully:
Or if thou think'ſt I am too quickly won,
I'll frown, and be perverſe, and ſay thee nay,
So thou wilt woo; but, elſe, not for the world.
In truth, fair *Mountague*, I am too fond;
And therefore thou may'ſt think my 'haviour light:
But truſt me, gentleman, I'll prove more true
Than those that have more cunning to be ſtrange.
I ſhould have been more ſtrange, I muſt confeſs,
But that thou over-hear'dſt, e'er I was ware,
My true love's paſſion: therefore pardon me;
And not impute this yielding to light love,
Which the dark night hath ſo diſcovered.
Rom. Lady, by yonder bleſſed moon I vow,
That tips with ſilver all these fruit-tree tops,—
Jul. O, ſwear not by the moon, the inconſtant moon
That monthly changes in her circl'd orb,

Leſt that thy love prove likewiſe variable.
Rom. What ſhall I ſwear by?
Jul. Do not ſwear at all;
Or, if thou wilt, ſwear by thy gracious ſelf,
Which is the god of my idolatry,
And I'll believe thee.
Rom. If my heart's dear love—
Jul. Well, do not ſwear; although I joy in thee,
I have no joy of this contráct to-night:
It is too raſh, too unadviſ'd, too ſudden;
Too like the lightning, which doth ceaſe to be,
Ere one can ſay—It lightens. Sweet, good night!
This bud of love, by ſummer's rip'ning breath,
May prove a beauteous flower when next we meet.
Good night, good night! as ſweet repoſe and reſt
Come to thy heart, as that within my breaſt!
Rom. O, wilt thou leave me ſo unſatiſfy'd?
Jul. What ſatiſfaction canſt thou have to-night?
Rom. The exchange of thy love's faithful vow for mine.
Jul. I gave thee mine before thou didſt requeſt it:
And yet I would it were to give again. [love?
Rom. Would'ſt thou withdraw it? for what purpoſe,
Jul. But to be frank, and give it thee again.
And yet I wiſh but for the thing I have:
My bounty is as boundleſs as the ſea,
My love as deep; the more I give to thee,
The more I have, for both are infinite.
I hear ſome noiſe within; Dear love, adieu!—
[*Nurſe calls within.*
Anon, good nurſe:—Sweet *Mountague*, be true.
Stay but a little, I will come again. [*Exit.*
Rom. O bleſſed bleſſed night! I am afeard,

Being in night, all this is but a dream,
Too flattering-ſweet to be ſubſtantial.

Re-enter JULIET, *above.*

Jul. Three words, dear *Romeo*, and good night indeed.
If that thy bent of love be honourable,
Thy purpoſe marriage, ſend me word to-morrow,
By one that I'll procure to come to thee,
Where, and what time, thou wilt perform the rite,
And all my fortunes at thy foot I'll lay,
And follow thee my lord throughout the world:
Nur. [*within.*] Madam!
Jul. I come anon:—But if thou mean'ſt not well,
I do beſeech thee,—
Nur. [*within.*] Madam!
Jul. By and by I come:—
To ceaſe thy ſuit, and leave me to my grief:
To-morrow will I ſend.
Rom. So thrive my ſoul,—
Jul. A thouſand times good night! [*Exit.*
Rom. A thouſand times the worſe, to want thy light.—
Love goes toward love, as ſchool-boys from their books;
[*retires ſlowly.*
But love from love, towards ſchool with heavy looks.

Enter JULIET *again, above.*

Jul. Hiſt, *Romeo*, hiſt!—O, for a faulc'ner's voice,
To lure this taſſel-gentle back again!
Bondage is hoarſe, and may not ſpeak aloud;
Elſe would I tear the cave where echo lies,
And make her airy tongue more hoarſe than mine
With repetition of my *Romeo.*
Rom. It is my ſoul, that calls upon my name:
[*returns to the Window.*

How ſilver-ſweet ſound lovers' tongues by night!
Like ſofteſt muſick to attending ears.
Jul. Romeo!
Rom. My ſweet?
Jul. At what o'clock to-morrow
Shall I ſend to thee?
Rom. At the hour of nine.
Jul. I will not fail; 'tis twenty years 'till then.
I have forgot why I did call thee back.
Rom. Let me ſtand here 'till thou remember it.
Jul. I ſhall forget ſtill, to have thee ſtand there,
Rememb'ring how I love thy company.
Rom. And I'll ſtill ſtay, to have thee ſtill forget,
Forgetting any other home but this.
Jul. 'Tis almoſt morning, I would have thee gone;
And yet no farther than a wanton's bird;
Who lets it hop a little from her hand,
Like a poor priſoner in his twiſted gyves,
And with a ſilk thread plucks it back again,
So loving-jealous of his liberty.
Rom. I would, I were thy bird.
Jul. Sweet, ſo would I;
Yet I ſhould kill thee with much cheriſhing.
Good night, good night! parting is ſuch ſweet ſorrow,
That I ſhall ſay—good night, 'till it be morrow. [*Exit.*
Rom. Sleep dwell upon thine eyes, peace in thy breaſt!—
'Would I were ſleep and peace, ſo ſweet to reſt!
Hence will I to my ghoſtly father's cell;
His help to crave, and my dear hap to tell. [*Exit.*

SCENE V. *Fields near a Convent.*

Enter Friar Lawrence, *with a Baſket.*

[11] forget, to have thee ſtill ſtand

Fri. The grey-ey'd morn ſmiles on the frowning night,
Checkering the eaſtern clouds with ſtreaks of light;
And flecker'd darkneſs like a drunkard reels
From forth day's path-way, made by *Titan*'s wheels:
Now ere the ſun advance his burning eye,
The day to chear, and night's dank dew to dry,
I muſt up-fill this osier cage of ours
With baleful weeds, and precious-juiced flowers.
The earth, that's nature's mother, is her tomb;
What is her burying grave, that is her womb:
And from her womb children of divers kind
We ſucking on her natural bosom find;
Many for many virtues excellent,
None but for ſome, and yet all different.
O, mickle is the powerful grace, that lies
In herbs, plants, ſtones, and their true qualities:
For nought ſo vile that on the earth doth live,
But to the earth ſome ſpecial good doth give;
Nor ought ſo good, but, ſtrain'd from that fair uſe,
Revolts from true birth, ſtumbling on abuſe:
Virtue itſelf turns vice, being miſ-apply'd;
And vice ſometime's by action dignify'd.
Within the infant rind of this † ſmall flower
Poison hath residence, and med'cine power:
For this, being ſmelt, with that part chears each part;
Being taſted, ſlays all ſenſes with the heart.
Two ſuch opposed kings encamp them ſtill
In man as well as herbs, grace, and rude will;
And, where the worſer is predominant,
Full ſoon the canker death eats up that plant.

Enter ROMEO.

Rom. Good morrow, father.

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3 fleckeld

Fri. *Benedicite!*
What early tongue ſo ſweet ſaluteth me?—
Young ſon, it argues a diſtemper'd head,
So ſoon to bid good morrow to thy bed:
Care keeps his watch in every old man's eye,
And where care lodges, ſleep will never lie;
But where unbruiſed youth with unſtuft brain
Doth couch his limbs, there golden ſleep doth reign:
Therefore thy earlineſs doth me aſſure,
Thou art uprouz'd by ſome diſtemp'rature;
Or if not ſo, then here I hit it right—
Our *Romeo* hath not been in bed to-night.
Rom. That laſt is true, the ſweeter reſt was mine.
Fri. God pardon ſin! waſt thou with *Roſaline?*
Rom. With *Roſaline*, my ghoſtly father? no;
I have forgot that name, and that name's woe.
Fri. That's my good ſon: But where haſt thou been [then?
Rom. I'll tell thee, ere thou aſk it me again.
I have been feaſting with mine enemy;
Where, on a ſudden, one hath wounded me,
That's by me wounded; both our remedies
Within thy help and holy phyſick lies:
I bear no hatred, bleſſed man; for, lo,
My interceſſion likewiſe ſteads my foe.
Fri. Be plain, good ſon, and homely in thy drift;
Riddling confeſſion finds but riddling ſhrift.
Rom. Then plainly know, my heart's dear love is ſet
On the fair daughter of rich *Capulet:*
As mine on hers, ſo hers is ſet on mine;
And all combin'd, ſave what thou muſt combine
By holy marriage: When, and where, and how,
We met, we woo'd, and made exchange of vow,

I'll tell thee as we paſs; but this I pray,
That thou conſent to marry us to-day.
Fri. Holy ſaint *Francis!* what a change is here!
Is *Rosaline*, whom thou didſt love ſo dear,
So ſoon forſaken? young men's love then lies
Not truly in their hearts, but in their eyes.
Jesu Maria! what a deal of brine
Hath waſh'd thy ſallow cheeks for *Rosaline!*
How much ſalt water thrown away in waſte,
To ſeason love, that of it doth not taſte!
The ſun not yet thy ſighs from heaven clears,
Thy old groans yet ring in my ancient ears;
Lo, here upon thy cheek the ſtain doth ſit
Of an old tear, that is not waſh'd off yet:
If e'er thou waſt thyſelf, and these woes thine,
Thou and these woes were all for *Rosaline*;
And art thou chang'd? pronounce this ſentence then—
Women may fall, when there's no ſtrength in men.
Rom. Thou chid'ſt me oft for loving *Rosaline.*
Fri. For doating, not for loving, pupil mine.
Rom. And bad'ſt me bury love.
Fri. Not in a grave,
To lay one in, another out to have.
Rom. I pray thee, chide not: ſhe, whom I love now,
Doth grace for grace, and love for love allow;
The other did not ſo.
Fri. O, ſhe knew well,
Thy love did read by rote, and could not ſpell.
But come, young waverer, come go with me,
In one reſpect I'll thy aſſiſtant be;
For this alliance may ſo happy prove,
To turn your houſholds' rancour to pure love.

Rom. O, let us hence; I ſtand on ſudden haſte.
Fri. Wisely, and ſlow; They ſtumble, that run faſt.
[*Exeunt.*

ACT III.

SCENE I. *A Street.*

Enter BENVOLIO, *and* MERCUTIO.

Mer. Why, where the devil ſhould this *Romeo* be!—
Came he not home to night?
Ben. Not to his father's;
I ſpoke with his man.
Mer. Ay, that ſame pale hard-hearted wench, that [*Rosaline,*
Torments him ſo, that he will ſure run mad.
Ben. *Tybalt*, the kinsman of old *Capulet*,
Hath ſent a letter to his father's houſe.
Mer. A challenge, on my life.
Ben. *Romeo* will anſwer it.
Mer. Any man, that can write, may anſwer a letter.
Ben. Nay, he will anſwer the letter's maſter, how he dares, being dared.

Mer. Alas, poor *Romeo*, he is already dead! ſtab'd with a white wench's black eye, ſhot thorough the ear with a love-ſong, the very pin of his heart cleft with the blind bow-boy's but-ſhaft; And is he a man to encounter *Tybalt?*

Ben. Why, what is *Tybalt?*

Mer. More than prince of cats, I can tell you. O, he is the courageous captain of compliments: he fights as you ſing prick-ſong, keeps time, diſtance, and proportion; he reſts his minum, one, two, and the third in your boſom: the very butcher of a ſilk button, a dueliſt, a dueliſt; a gentleman of the very firſt houſe of the firſt and ſecond cauſe: Ah, the immortal paſſado! the punto reverſo! the—hay!

Ben. The what?

Mer. The pox of ſuch antick, liſping, affecting fantaſticoes; theſe new tuners of accents!—*By* Jeſu, *a very good blade*;—*a very tall man*;—*a very good whore:*—Why, is not this a lamentable thing, grandſire, that we ſhould be thus afflicted with theſe ſtrange flies, theſe faſhion-mongers, theſe—Pardon-me's; who ſtand ſo much on the new form, that they cannot ſit at eaſe on the old bench? O their bones, their bones!

Enter ROMEO, *at a Diſtance.*

Ben. Here comes *Romeo*, here comes *Romeo*.

Mer. Without his roe, like a dry'd herring:—O fleſh, fleſh, how art thou fiſhify'd!—Now is he for the numbers that *Petrarch* flow'd in; *Laura*, to his lady, was a kitchin-wench;—marry, ſhe had a better love to berime her: *Dido*, a dowdy; *Cleopatra*, a gipſy; *Helen* and *Hero*, hildings and harlots; *Thisbe*, a grey eye or ſo, but not to the purpoſe.—Signior *Romeo, bon jour!* there's a *French* ſalutation to your *French* ſlop. You gave us the counterfeit fairly laſt night.

Rom. Good morrow to you both. What counterfeit did I give you?

Mer. The ſlip, ſir, the ſlip; Can you not conceive?

Rom. Pardon, good *Mercutio*, my buſineſs was great; and, in ſuch a caſe as mine, a man may ſtrain courteſy.

Mer. That's as much as to ſay—ſuch a caſe as yours conſtrains a man to bow in the hams.

Rom. Meaning—to curt'ſy.

Mer. Thou haſt moſt kindly hit it.

Rom. A moſt courteous expoſition.

Mer. Nay, I am the very pink of courteſy.

Rom. Pink for flower.

Mer. Right.

Rom. Why, then is my pump well flower'd.

Mer. Well ſaid: follow me this jeſt now, 'till thou haſt worn out thy pump; that, when the ſingle ſole of it is worn, the jeſt may remain, after the wearing, ſole-ſingular.

Rom. O ſingle-ſol'd jeſt, ſolely ſingular for the ſingleneſs!

Mer. Come between us, good *Benvolio*; my wit faints.

Rom. Switch and ſpurs, ſwitch and ſpurs; for I cry a match.

Mer. Nay, if thy wits run the wild-gooſe chaſe, I have done; for thou haſt more of the wild-gooſe in one of thy wits, than, I am ſure, I have in my whole five: Was I with you there for the gooſe?

Rom. Thou waſt never with me for any thing, when thou waſt not there for the gooſe.

Mer. I will bite thee by the ear for that jeſt.

Rom. Nay, good gooſe, bite not.

Mer. Thy wit is a very bitter ſweeting; it is a moſt ſharp ſauce.

Rom. And is it not well ſerv'd in to a ſweet gooſe?

Mer. O, here's a wit of cheveril! that ſtretches from an inch narrow to an ell broad.

Rom. I ſtretch it out for that word—broad; which, added to the gooſe, proves thee far and wide a broad gooſe.

Mer. Why, is not this better now than groaning for love? now art thou ſociable, now art thou *Romeo*; now art thou what thou art, by art as well as by nature: for this driveling love is like a great natural, that runs lolling up and down to hide his bauble in a hole.

BEN. Stop there, ſtop there.

MER. Thou desireſt me to ſtop in my tale againſt the hair.

BEN. Thou would'ſt elſe have made thy tale large.

MER. O, thou art deceived, I would have made it ſhort: for I was come to the whole depth of my tale; and meant, indeed, to occupy the argument no longer.

ROM. Here's goodly geer!

Enter Nurſe, *and her* Man.

MER. A ſail, a ſail, a ſail!

BEN. Two, two; a ſhirt, and a ſmock.

Nur. *Peter!*

Man. Anon?

Nur. My fan, *Peter*.

MER. Do, good *Peter*, to hide her face; for her fan's the fairer of the two.

Nur. God ye good morrow, gentlemen.

MER. God ye good den, fair gentlewoman.

Nur. Is it good den?

MER. 'Tis no leſs, I tell you; for the bawdy hand of the dial is now upon the prick of noon.

Nur. Out upon you! what a man are you?

ROM. One, gentlewoman, that God hath made himſelf to mar.

Nur. By my troth, it is well ſaid;—For himſelf to mar, quoth 'a?—Gentlemen, can any of you tell me where I may find the young *Romeo?*

ROM. I can tell you; but young *Romeo* will be older when you have found him, than he was when you ſought him: I am the youngeſt of that name, for fault of a worſe.

Nur. You ſay well.

Mer. Yea, is the worſt well? very well took, i'faith; wisely, wisely.

Nur. If you be he, ſir, I desire ſome confidence with you. [*taking him aſide.*

Ben. She will indite him to ſupper.

Mer. A bawd, a bawd, a bawd; So ho!

Rom. What haſt thou found?

Mer. No hare, ſir; unleſs a hare, ſir, in a lenten pye, that is ſomething ſtale and hoar ere it be ſpent:—

An old hare hoar, [*ſinging.*
and an old hare hoar,
is very good meat in lent:
but a hare that is hoar
is too much for a ſcore,
when it hoars ere it be ſpent.—

Romeo, will you come to your father's? we'll to dinner thither.

Rom. I will follow you.

Mer. Farewel, ancient lady; farewel, lady, lady, lady. [*Exeunt* Mer. *and* Ben.

Nur. I pray you, ſir, what ſaucy merchant was this, that was ſo full of his ropery?

Rom. A gentleman, nurſe, that loves to hear himſelf talk; and will ſpeak more in a minute, than he will ſtand to in a month.

Nur. An 'a ſpeak any thing againſt me, I'll take him down, an 'a were luſtier than he is, and twenty ſuch *Jacks*; and if I can not, I'll find those that ſhall. Scurvy knave! I am none of his flirt-gills; I am none of his ſkaines-mates:—And thou muſt ſtand by too, and ſuffer every knave to uſe me at his pleaſure.

Man. I ſaw no man uſe you at his pleaſure; if I had, my weapon ſhould quickly have been out, I warrant you: I dare draw as ſoon as another man, if I ſee occaſion in a good quarrel, and the law on my ſide.

Nur. Now, afore God, I am ſo vext, that every part about me quivers. Scurvy knave!—Pray you, ſir, a word: and as I told you, my young lady bad me enquire you out; what ſhe bad me ſay, I will keep to myſelf: But firſt let me tell ye, if ye ſhould lead her into a fool's paradiſe, as they ſay, it were a very groſs kind of behaviour, as they ſay: for the gentlewoman is young; and, therefore, if you ſhould deal double with her, truly, it were an ill thing to be offer'd to any gentlewoman, and very weak dealing.

Rom. Nurſe, commend me to thy lady and miſtreſs. I proteſt unto thee,—

Nur. Good heart, and, i'faith, I will tell her as much: Lord, lord, ſhe will be a joyful woman. [mark me.

Rom. What wilt thou tell her, nurſe? thou doſt not

Nur. I will tell her, ſir,—that you do proteſt; which, as I take it, is a gentleman-like offer.

Rom. Bid her deviſe ſome means to come to ſhrift
This afternoon;
And there ſhe ſhall at friar *Lawrence*' cell
Be ſhriv'd, and marry'd. Here † is for thy pains.

Nur. No, truly, ſir; not a penny.

Rom. Go to; I ſay, you ſhall.

Nur. This afternoon, ſir? well, ſhe ſhall be there.

Rom. And ſtay, good nurſe, behind the abbey wall:

Within this hour my man ſhall be with thee;
And bring thee cords made like a tackl'd ſtair,
Which to the high top-gallant of my joy
Muſt be my convoy in the ſecret night.
Farewel!—Be truſty, and I'll quite thy pains;
Farewel!—Commend me to thy miſtreſs.

Nur. Now God in heaven bleſs thee!—Hark you, ſir.
[*calling him back.*

Rom. What ſay'ſt thou, my dear nurſe?

Nur. Is your man ſecret? Did you ne'er hear ſay—
Two may keep counſel, putting one away?

Rom. I warrant thee; my man's as true as ſteel.

Nur. Well, ſir; my miſtreſs is the ſweeteſt lady—
Lord, lord!—when 'twas a little prating thing,—O,
There is a nobleman in town, one *Paris*,
That would fain lay knife aboard; but ſhe, good ſoul,
Had as lieve ſee a toad, a very toad,
As ſee him: I do anger her ſometimes,
And tell her that *Paris* is the properer man;
But, I'll warrant you, when I ſay ſo, ſhe looks
As pale as any clout i' the 'verſal world.
Doth not roſemary and *Romeo* begin
Both with a letter?

Rom. Ay, nurſe; What of that?
Both with an R.

Nur. Ah, mocker! that's the dog's-name;
R for thee? no; I know, it begins with
Some other letter: and ſhe hath the pretrieſt
Sententious of it, of you and roſemary,
'Twould do you good to hear it.

Rom. Commend me to thy lady. [*Exit.*

Nur. Ay, a thouſand times.—*Peter!*

27 R is for the no,

Man. Anon?
Nur. Before;
And walk apace. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II. Capulet's *Garden.*

Enter JULIET.

Jul. The clock ſtrook nine, when I did ſend the nurſe;
In half an hour ſhe promis'd to return.
Perchance, ſhe cannot meet him: that's not ſo.
O, ſhe is lame! love's heralds ſhould be thoughts,
Which ten times faſter glide than the ſun's beams;
Driving back ſhadows over lowring hills:
Therefore do nimble-pinion'd doves draw love,
And therefore hath the wind-ſwift *Cupid* wings.
Now is the ſun upon the highmoſt hill
Of this day's journey; and from nine 'till twelve
Is three long hours, yet ſhe is not come:
Had ſhe affections, and warm youthful blood,
She'd be as ſwift in motion as a ball;
My words would bandy her to my ſweet love,
And his to me:
But old folks, many fain as they were dead;
Unwieldy, ſlow, heavy and pale as lead.

Enter Nurſe, *and her Man.*

O God, ſhe comes!—O honey nurſe, what news?
Haſt thou met with him? Send thy man away.
Nur. *Peter,* ſtay at the gate. [*Exit Man.*
Jul. Now, good ſweet nurſe,—O lord, why look'ſt thou ſad?
Though news be ſad, yet tell them merrily;
If good, thou ſham'ſt the muſick of ſweet news
By playing it to me with ſo ſour a face.

11 glides

Nur. I am aweary, give me leave a while;—
Fie, how my bones ake! What a jaunt have I had!
Jul. I would, thou hadſt my bones, and I thy news:
Nay, come, I pray thee, ſpeak; good good nurſe, ſpeak.
Nur. *Jesu*, what haſte? can you not ſtay a while?
Do you not ſee, that I am out of breath?
Jul. How art thou out of breath, when thou haſt breath
To ſay to me—that thou art out of breath?
The excuſe, that thou doſt make in this delay,
Is longer than the tale thou doſt excuse.
Is thy news good, or bad? anſwer to that;
Say either, and I'll ſtay the circumſtance:
Let me be ſatisfy'd; Is't good, or bad? [not
Nur. Well, you have made a ſimple choice; you know
How to choose a man: *Romeo!* no, not he;
Though his face be better than any man's, yet his leg
Excels all men's; and for a hand, and a foot,
And a body,—though they be not to be talk'd on,
Yet they are paſt compare:
He is not the flower of courteſy, but, I'll warrant him,
As gentle as a lamb. Go thy ways, wench; ſerve God:
What, have you din'd at home?
Jul. No, no: But all this did I know before;
What ſays he of our marriage? what of that?
Nur. Lord, how my head akes! what a head have I!
It beats as it would fall in twenty pieces.
My back o' t'other ſide,—O, my back, my back!—
Beſhrew your heart, for ſending me about,
To catch my death with jaunting up and down!
Jul. I' faith, I am ſorry that thou art not well:
Sweet, ſweet, ſweet nurſe, tell me, what ſays my love?
Nur. Your love ſays like an honeſt gentleman,

And a courteous, and a kind, and a handſome, and, I war-
A virtuous: Where's your mother? [rant,

Jul. Where is my mother? why, ſhe is within;
Where ſhould ſhe be? How oddly thou reply'ſt;
Your love ſays like an honeſt gentleman,—
Where is your mother?

Nur. O god's lady dear!
Are you ſo hot? Marry, come up, I trow;
Is this the poultice for my aking bones?
Henceforward do your meſſages yourſelf.

Jul. Here's ſuch a coil;—Come, what ſays *Romeo?*

Nur. Have you got leave to go to ſhrift to-day?

Jul. I have.

Nur. Then hie you hence to friar *Lawrence*' cell,
There ſtays a husband to make you a wife:
Now comes the wanton blood up in your cheeks,
They'll be in ſcarlet ſtraight at any news.
Hie you to church; I muſt another way,
To fetch a ladder, by the which your love
Muſt climb a bird's neſt ſoon, when it is dark:
I am the drudge, and toil in your delight;
But you ſhall bear the burthen ſoon at night.
Go, I'll to dinner; hie you to the cell.

Jul. Hie to high fortune;—honeſt nurſe, farewel.
[*Exeunt, ſeverally.*

SCENE III. *Friar* Lawrence'*s Cell.*

Enter Romeo, *and Friar* Lawrence.

Fri. So ſmile the heavens upon this holy act,
That after hours with ſorrow chide us not!

Rom. Amen, amen! but come what ſorrow can,
It cannot countervail the exchange of joy

That one ſhort minute gives me in her ſight:
Do thou but cloſe our hands with holy words,
Then love-devouring death do what he dare,
It is enough I may but call her mine.
Fri. These violent delights have violent ends,
And in their triumph die; like fire and powder,
Which, as they kiſs, conſume: The ſweeteſt honey
Is loathſome in his own deliciouſneſs,
And in the taſte confounds the appetite:
Therefore, love moderately; long love doth ſo;
Too ſwift arrives as tardy as too ſlow.

Enter JULIET.

Here comes the lady;—O, ſo light a foot
Will ne'er wear out the everlaſting flint:
A lover may beſtride the goſſamour,
That idles in the wanton ſummer air,
And yet not fall; ſo light is vanity.
Jul. Good even to my ghoſtly confeſſor.
Fri. *Romeo* ſhall thank thee, daughter, for us both.
Jul. As much to him, elſe is his thanks too much.
Rom. Ah, *Juliet*, if the meaſure of thy joy
Be heap'd like mine, and that thy ſkill be more
To blazon it, then ſweeten with thy breath
This neighbour air, and let rich muſick's tongue
Unfold the imagin'd happineſs that both
Receive in either by this dear encounter.
Jul. Conceit, more rich in matter than in words,
Brags of his ſubſtance, not of ornament:
They are but beggars, that can count their worth;
But my true love is grown to ſuch exceſs,
I cannot ſum up half my ſum of wealth.
Fri. Come, come with me, and we will make ſhort [work;

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15 goſſamours, 31 ſum of halfe my

For, by your leaves, you ſhall not ſtay alone,
'Till holy church incorporate two in one. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV. *A publick Place.*

Enter MERCUTIO, BENVOLIO, *Page,*
and Servants.

BEN. I pray thee, good *Mercutio*, let's retire;
The day is hot, the *Capulets* abroad,
And, if we meet, we ſhall not ſcape a brawl;
For now, these hot days, is the mad blood ſtirring.

MER. Thou art like one of those fellows, that, when he enters the confines of a tavern, claps me his ſword upon the table, and ſays, *God ſend me no need of thee!* and, by the operation of the ſecond cup, draws it on the drawer, when indeed there is no need.

BEN. Am I like ſuch a fellow?

MER. Come, come, thou art as hot a *Jack* in thy mood as any in *Italy*; and as ſoon moved to be moody, and as ſoon moody to be mov'd.

BEN. And what to?

MER. Nay, an there were two ſuch, we ſhould have none ſhortly, for one would kill the other. Thou! why, thou wilt quarrel with a man that hath a hair more, or a hair leſs, in his beard, than thou haſt: thou wilt quarrel with a man for cracking nuts, having no other reason but because thou haſt hazel eyes; What eye, but ſuch an eye, could ſpy out ſuch a quarrel? thy head is as full of quarrels, as an egg is full of meat; and yet thy head hath been beaten as addle as an egg, for quarreling: thou haſt quarrel'd with a man for coughing in the ſtreet, because he hath waken'd thy dog that hath lain aſleep in the ſun: Did'ſt thou not fall out with a taylor, for wearing his new doublet before eaſter? with another, for tying his new ſhoes with old ribband? and yet thou wilt tutor me for quarreling!

Ben. An I were ſo apt to quarrel as thou art, any man ſhould buy the fee-ſimple of my life for an hour and a quarter.

Mer. The fee-ſimple? o ſimple!

Enter Tybalt, *and Others*.

Ben. By my head, here come the *Capulets*.

Mer. By my heel, I care not.

Tyb. Follow me cloſe, for I will ſpeak to them.— Gentlemen, good den: a word with one of you.

Mer. And but one word with one of us? couple it with ſomething; make it a word, and a blow.

Tyb. You ſhall find me apt enough to that, ſir, an you will give me occaſion.

Mer. Could you not take ſome occaſion without giving?

Tyb. *Mercutio*, thou conſort'ſt with *Romeo*,—

Mer. Conſort! what, doſt thou make us minſtrels? an thou make minſtrels of us, look to hear nothing but diſcords: here's my † fiddle-ſtick; here's that ſhall make you dance. 'Zounds, conſort!

Ben. We talk here in the publick haunt of men:
Either withdraw unto ſome private place,
And reaſon coldly of your grievances,
Or elſe depart; here all eyes gaze on us.

Mer. Men's eyes were made to look, and let them gaze;
I will not budge for no man's pleaſure, I,

Enter Romeo.

Tyb. Well, peace be with you, ſir; here comes my man.

Mer. But I'll be hang'd, ſir, if he wear your livery;

Marry, go before to field, he'll be your follower;
Your worſhip, in that ſenſe, may call him—man.
Tyb. *Romeo*, the hate I bear thee can afford
No better term than this—Thou art a villain.
Rom. *Tybalt*, the reaſon I have to love thee
Doth much excuse the appertaining rage
To ſuch a greeting: Villain am I none;
Therefore, farewel; I ſee, thou know'ſt me not.
Tyb. Boy, this ſhall not excuse the injuries
That thou haſt done me; therefore turn, and draw.
Rom. I do proteſt, I never injur'd thee;
But love thee better than thou canſt devise,
'Till thou ſhalt know the reaſon of my love:
And ſo, good *Capulet*,—which name I tender
As dearly as my own,—be ſatiſfy'd.
Mer. O calm, diſhonourable, vile ſubmiſſion!
A la ſtoccata carries it away.— [*draws.*
Tybalt, you rat-catcher, come, will you walk?
Tyb. What would'ſt thou have with me?
Mer. Good king of cats, nothing, but one of your nine lives; that I mean to make bold withal, and, as you ſhall use me hereafter, dry-beat the reſt of the eight. Will you pluck your ſword out of his pilcher by the ears? make haſte, leſt mine be about your ears ere it be out.
Tyb. I am for you. [*draws too.*
Rom. Gentle *Mercutio*, put thy rapier up.
Mer. Come, ſir, your paſſado. [*they fight.*
Rom. Draw, *Benvolio*; [*draws, and runs between.*
Beat down their weapons:—Gentlemen, for ſhame
Forbear this outrage;—*Tybalt*—*Mercutio*—
[*ſtriving to part them.*
The prince expreſly hath forbid this bandying

5 reaſon that I 17 *ſlucatho*

In *Verona* ſtreets:—hold, *Tybalt*;—good *Mercutio.*
[Tybalt *wounds* Mercutio, *and Exit.*

Mer. I am hurt;—
A plague o' both the houses!—I am ſped:—
Is he gone, and hath nothing?

Ben. What, art thou hurt?

Mer. Ay, ay, a ſcratch, a ſcratch; marry, 'tis enough.—
Where is my page?—go, villain, fetch a ſurgeon.
[*Exit Page.*

Rom. Courage, man; the hurt cannot be much.

Mer. No, 'tis not ſo deep as a well, nor ſo wide as a church door; but 'tis enough, 'twill ſerve: aſk for me to-morrow, and you ſhall find me a grave man. I am pepper'd, I warrant, for this world; A plague o' both your houses!—What, a dog, a rat, a mouſe, a cat, to ſcratch a man to death! a braggart, a rogue, a villain, that fights by the book of arithmetick!—Why, the devil, came you between us? I was hurt under your arm.

Rom. I thought all for the beſt.

Mer. Help me into ſome houſe, *Benvolio,*
Or I ſhall faint.—A plague o' both your houses!
They have made worms' meat of me:
I ha't, and ſoundly too: Your houses!
[*Exit, led by* Benvolio *and Servants.*

Rom. This gentleman, the prince's near ally,
My very friend, hath got his mortal hurt
In my behalf; my reputation ſtain'd
With *Tybalt*'s ſlander, *Tybalt* that an hour
Hath been my kinsman:—O ſweet *Juliet,*
Thy beauty hath made me effeminate,
And in my temper ſoften'd valour's ſteel.

Re-enter Benvolio, *haſtily.*

Ben. O *Romeo, Romeo,* brave *Mercutio*'s dead;
That gallant ſpirit hath aſpir'd the clouds,
Which too untimely here did ſcorn the earth.

Rom. This day's black fate on more days doth depend;
This but begins the woe, others muſt end.

Re-enter TYBALT.

Ben. Here comes the furious *Tybalt* back again.

Rom. Again? in triumph? and *Mercutio* ſlain?
Away to heaven, reſpective lenity,
And fire-ey'd fury be my conduct now!—
Now, *Tybalt,* take the villain back again,
That late thou gav'ſt me; for *Mercutio*'s ſoul
Is but a little way above our heads,
Staying for thine to keep him company;
Either thou, or I, or both, muſt go with him.

Tyb. Thou, wretched boy, that didſt conſort him here,
Shalt with him hence.

Rom. This ſhall determine that. [*fight.* Tybalt *falls.*

Ben. *Romeo,* away, be gone;
The citizens are up, and *Tybalt* ſlain:
Stand not amaz'd; the prince will doom thee death,
If thou art taken; hence, be gone, away.

Rom. O, I am fortune's fool!

Ben. Why doſt thou ſtay? [*Exit* ROMEO.

Enter Citizens, Officers, &c.

1. *O.* Which way ran he, that kill'd *Mercutio?*
Tybalt, that murtherer, which way ran he?

Ben. There lies that *Tybalt.*

1. *O.* Up, ſir, go with me;
I charge thee in the prince's name, obey.

Enter Prince, *and Attendants;* MOUNTAGUE,
Capulet, *their* Wives, *and Others.*

Pri. Where are the vile beginners of this fray?
Ben. O noble prince, I can diſcover all
The unlucky manage of this fatal brawl:
There † lies the man, ſlain by young *Romeo*,
That ſlew thy kinsman, brave *Mercutio.*
L. C. Tybalt, my cousin!— O my brother's child!—
O prince!—O husband!—O, the blood is ſpill'd
Of my dear kinsman!—Prince, as thou art true,
For blood of ours ſhed blood of *Mountague.*—
O cousin, cousin!
Pri. Benvolio, who began this bloody fray?
Ben. Tybalt, here ſlain, whom *Romeo*'s hand did ſlay;
Romeo that ſpoke him fair, bad him bethink
How nice the quarrel was, and urg'd withal
Your high diſpleasure: all this—uttered
With gentle breath, calm look, knees humbly bow'd,—
Could not take truce with the unruly ſpleen
Of *Tybalt* deaf to peace, but that he tilts
With piercing ſteel at bold *Mercutio*'s breaſt;
Who, all as hot, turns deadly point to point,
And, with a martial ſcorn, with one hand beats
Cold death aſide, and with the other ſends
It back to *Tybalt*, whose dexterity
Retorts it: *Romeo* he cries aloud,
Hold, friends! friends, part! and, ſwifter than his tongue,
His agil arm beats down their fatal points,
And 'twixt them ruſhes; underneath whose arm
An envious thruſt from *Tybalt* hit the life
Of ſtout *Mercutio*, and then *Tybalt* fled:
But by and by comes back to *Romeo*,
Who had but newly entertain'd revenge,
And to't they go like lightning; for, ere I

7 O Cozen, husband,

Could draw to part them, was ſtout *Tybalt* ſlain;
And, as he fell, did *Romeo* turn and fly:
This is the truth, or let *Benvolio* die.
L. C. He is a kinsman to the *Mountague*,
Affection makes him falſe, he ſpeaks not true;
Some twenty of them fought in this black ſtrife,
And all those twenty could but kill one life:
I beg for juſtice, which thou, prince, muſt give;
Romeo ſlew *Tybalt*, *Romeo* muſt not live.
Pri. *Romeo* ſlew him, he ſlew *Mercutio*;
Who now the price of his dear blood doth owe?
Mov. Not *Romeo*, prince, he was *Mercutio*'s friend;
His fault concludes but, what the law ſhould end,
The life of *Tybalt*.
Pri. And, for that offence,
Immediately we do exile him hence:
I have an intereſt in your hates' proceeding,
My blood for your rude brawls doth lie a bleeding;
But I'll amerce you with ſo ſtrong a fine,
That you ſhall all repent the loſs of mine:
I will be deaf to pleading and excuſes;
Nor tears, nor prayers, ſhall purchaſe out abuſes,
Therefore use none: Let *Romeo* hence in haſte,
Elſe, when he's found, that hour is his laſt.
Bear hence this body, and attend our will:
Mercy but murders, pard'ning those that kill. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE V. Capulet'*s Garden.*

Enter JULIET.

Jul. Gallop apace, you fiery-footed ſteeds,
Towards *Phœbus*' lodging; ſuch a waggoner
As *Phaeton* would whip you to the weſt,

And bring in cloudy night immediately.—
Spread thy cloſe curtain, love-performing night,
That the run-away's eyes may wink; and *Romeo*
Leap to these arms, untalk'd of, and unſeen.—
Lovers can ſee to do their amorous rites
By their own beauties: or, if love be blind,
It beſt agrees with night;—Come, civil night,
Thou ſober-ſuited matron, all in black,
And learn me how to lose a winning match,
Play'd for a pair of ſtainleſs maidenheads:
Hood my unman'd blood, baiting in my cheeks,
With thy black mantle; 'till ſtrange love, grown bold,
Think true love acted ſimple modeſty.
Come, night,—Come, *Romeo*; come, thou day in night;
For thou wilt lie upon the wings of night
Whiter than new ſnow on a raven's back.—
Come, gentle night; come, loving, black-brow'd night,
Give me my *Romeo:* and, when he ſhall die,
Take him and cut him out in little ſtars;
And he will make the face of heaven ſo fine,
That all the world ſhall be in love with night,
And pay no worſhip to the gariſh ſun.—
O, I have bought the manſion of a love,
But not poſseſſ'd it; and, though I am ſold,
Not yet enjoy'd: So tedious is this day,
As is the night before ſome feſtival
To an impatient child, that hath new robes,
And may not wear them. O, here comes my nurſe,

Enter Nurſe, *at a Diſtance.*

And ſhe brings news; and every tongue, that ſpeaks
But *Romeo*'s name, ſpeaks heavenly eloquence.—
Now, nurſe, what news? What haſt thou there? the cords,

That *Romeo* bid thee fetch?
Nur. Ay, ay, the cords. [*throwing them down.*
Jul. Ay me! what news? why doſt thou wring thy hands?
Nur. Ah wel-a-day! he's dead, he's dead, he's dead:—
We are undone, lady, we are undone;—
Alack the day!—he's gone, he's kill'd, he's dead.
Jul. Can heaven be ſo envious?
Nur. *Romeo* can,
Though heaven cannot:—O *Romeo, Romeo,*—
Who ever would have thought it?—*Romeo!*
Jul. What devil art thou, that doſt torment me thus?
This torture ſhould be roar'd in dismal hell.
Hath *Romeo* ſlain himſelf? ſay thou but *I*,
And that bare vowel *I* ſhall poison more
Than the death-darting eye of cockatrice:
I am not I, if there be ſuch an *I*;
Or those eyes ſhut, that makes thee anſwer *I*.
If he be ſlain, ſay—*I*; or if not, no:
Brief ſounds determine of my weal, or woe.
Nur. I ſaw the wound, I ſaw it with mine eyes,—
God ſave the mark!—here on his manly breaſt:
A piteous corſe, a bloody piteous corſe;
Pale, pale as aſhes, all bedawb'd in blood,
All in gore blood; I ſownded at the ſight.
Jul. O break, my heart; poor bankrupt, break at once!
To prison, eyes; ne'er look on liberty!
Vile earth, to earth resign; end motion here;
And thou, and *Romeo*, preſs one heavy bier!
[*ſinking into a Seat.*
Nur. O *Tybalt, Tybalt,* the beſt friend I had!
O courteous *Tybalt!* honeſt gentleman!

That ever I ſhould live to ſee thee dead!
Jul. What ſtorm is this, that blows ſo contrary?
[*ſtarting up.*
Is *Romeo* ſlaughter'd? and is *Tybalt* dead?
My deareſt couſin, and my dearer lord?—
Then, dreadful trumpet, ſound the general doom;
For who is living, if those two are gone?
Nur. *Tybalt* is gone, and *Romeo* baniſhed;
Romeo, that kill'd him, he is baniſhed.
Jul. O God!—did *Romeo*'s hand ſhed *Tybalt*'s blood?
Nur. It did, it did; alas the day! it did.
Jul. O ſerpent heart, hid with a flow'ring face!
Did ever dragon keep ſo fair a cave?
Beautiful tyrant! fiend angelical!
Dove-feather'd raven! wolviſh-rav'ning lamb!
Deſpised ſubſtance of divineſt ſhow;
Juſt opposite to what thou juſtly ſeem'ſt,
A damned ſaint, an honourable villain!—
O, nature, what hadſt thou to do in hell,
When thou didſt bower the ſpirit of a fiend
In mortal paradiſe of ſuch ſweet fleſh?—
Was ever book, containing ſuch vile matter,
So fairly bound? O, that deceit ſhould dwell
In ſuch a gorgeous palace!
Nur. There's no truſt,
No faith, no honeſty in men; all perjur'd,
All forſworn, all naught, all diſſemblers.—
Ah, where's my man? give me ſome *aqua vitæ*:—
These griefs, these woes, these ſorrows make me old.
Shame come to *Romeo!*
Jul. Bliſter'd be thy tongue,
For ſuch a wiſh! he was not born to ſhame:

[14] v. *Note.*

Upon his brow ſhame is aſham'd to ſit;
For 'tis a throne where honour may be crown'd
Sole monarch of the univerſal earth.
O, what a beaſt was I to chide at him!
Nur. Will you ſpeak well of him that kill'd your couſin?
Jul. Shall I ſpeak ill of him that is my husband?—
Ah poor my lord, what tongue ſhall ſmooth thy name,
When I, thy three-hours wife, have mangl'd it?
But wherefore, villain, didſt thou kill my couſin?
That villain couſin would have kill'd my husband:
Back, fooliſh tears, back to your native ſpring;
Your tributary drops belong to woe,
Which you, miſtaking, offer up to joy.
My husband lives, that *Tybalt* would have ſlain;
And *Tybalt* dead, that would have ſlain my husband:
All this is comfort; Wherefore weep I then?
Some word there was, worſer than *Tybalt*'s death,
That murder'd me: I would forget it fain;
But, o, it preſſes to my memory,
Like damned guilty deeds to ſinners' minds:
Tybalt *is dead, and* Romeo—*baniſhed*;
That—baniſhed, that one word—baniſhed,
Hath ſlain ten thouſand *Tybalts*. *Tybalt*'s death
Was woe enough, if it had ended there:
Or,—if ſour woe delights in fellowſhip,
And needly will be rank'd with other griefs,—
Why follow'd not, when ſhe ſaid—*Tybalt*'s dead,
Thy father, or thy mother, nay or both,
Which modern lamentation might have mov'd?
But, with a rear-ward following *Tybalt*'s death,
Romeo *is baniſhed*,—to ſpeak that word,
Is father, mother, *Tybalt, Romeo, Juliet*,

All ſlain, all dead: Romeo *is baniſhed*,—
There is no end, no limit, measure, bound,
In that word's death; no words can that woe ſound.—
Where is my father, and my mother, nurſe?

Nur. Weeping and wailing over *Tybalt*'s corſe:
Will you go to them? I will bring you thither.

Jul. Waſh they his wounds with tears? mine ſhall be ſpent,
When theirs are dry, for *Romeo*'s baniſhment.
Take up those cords;—Poor ropes, you are beguil'd,
Both you and I; for *Romeo* is exil'd:
He made you for a highway to my bed;
But I, a maid, die maiden-widowed.
Come, cords; come, nurſe; I'll to my wedding bed;
And death, not *Romeo*, take my maidenhead.

Nur. Hie to your chamber: I'll find *Romeo*
To comfort you; I wot well where he is.
Hark ye, your *Romeo* will be here at night;
I'll to him, he is hid at *Lawrence*' cell.

Jul. O, find him! give this † ring to my true knight;
And bid him come, to take his laſt farewel. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE VI. *Friar* Lawrence's *Cell.*

Enter Friar Lawrence.

Fri. *Romeo*, come forth: come forth, thou fearful man;

Enter ROMEO.

Affliction is enamour'd of thy parts,
And thou art wedded to calamity.

Rom. Father, what news? what is the prince's doom?
What ſorrow craves acquaintance at my hand,
That I yet know not?

Fri. Too familiar

Is my dear ſon with ſuch ſour company:
I bring thee tidings of the prince's doom.
Rom. What leſs than doom's-day is the prince's doom?
Fri. A gentler judgment vaniſh'd from his lips;
Not body's death, but body's baniſhment.
Rom. Ha, baniſhment? be merciful, ſay—death;
For exile hath more terror in his look,
Much more than death: do not ſay—baniſhment.
Fri. Here from *Verona* art thou baniſhed:
Be patient, for the world is broad and wide.
Rom. There is no world without *Verona* walls,
But purgatory, torture, hell itſelf.
Hence-baniſhed is baniſh'd from the world,
And world's-exíle is death; then baniſhment
Is death miſ-term'd: calling death—baniſhment,
Thou cut'ſt my head off with a golden axe,
And ſmil'ſt upon the ſtroke that murders me.
Fri. O deadly ſin! o rude unthankfulneſs!
Thy fault our law calls death; but the kind prince,
Taking thy part, hath ruſh'd aſide the law,
And turn'd that black word death to baniſhment:
This is dear mercy, and thou ſee'ſt it not.
Rom. 'Tis torture, and not mercy: heaven is here,
Where *Juliet* lives; and every cat, and dog,
And little mouſe, every unworthy thing,
Live here in heaven, and may look on her,
But *Romeo* may not: More validity,
More honourable ſtate, more courtſhip lives
In carrion flies, than *Romeo:* they may ſeize
On the white wonder of dear *Juliet*'s hand,
And ſteal immortal bleſſing from her lips;
Who, even in pure and veſtal modeſty,

14 baniſhed

Still bluſh, as thinking their own kiſſes ſin:
Flies may do this, but I from this muſt fly;
They are free men, but I am baniſhed.
Hadſt thou no poiſon mixt, no ſharp-ground knife,
No ſudden mean of death, though ne'er ſo mean,
But—baniſhed—to kill me? baniſhed?
O friar, the damned uſe that word in hell;
Howlings attend it: How haſt thou the heart,
Being a divine, a ghoſtly confeſſor,
A ſin-abſolver, and my friend profeſt,
To mangle me with that word—baniſhment?
Fri. Thou fond mad man, hear me a little ſpeak.
Rom. O, thou wilt ſpeak again of baniſhment.
Fri. I'll give thee armour to keep off that word;
Adverſity's ſweet milk, philoſophy,
To comfort thee, though thou art baniſhed.
Rom. Yet baniſhed?—Hang up philoſophy!
Unleſs philoſophy can make a *Juliet*,
Diſplant a town, reverſe a prince's doom;
It helps not, it prevails not, talk no more.
Fri. O, then I ſee that madmen have no ears.
Rom. How ſhould they, when that wiſe men have no eyes?
Fri. Let me diſpute with thee of thy eſtate.
Rom. Thou canſt not ſpeak of what thou doſt not feel:
Wert thou as young as I, *Juliet* thy love,
An hour but marry'd, *Tybalt* murdered,
Doating like me, and like me baniſhed,
Then might'ſt thou ſpeak, then might'ſt thou tear thy hair,
And fall upon the ground, as I do [†] now,
Taking the meaſure of an unmade grave.
[*Knock within.*
Fri. Ariſe, one knocks; good *Romeo*, hide thyſelf.

[†] v. *Note.*

Rom. Not I; unleſs the breath of heart-ſick groans,
Miſt-like, enfold me from the ſearch of eyes.
[*Knock again.*
Fri. Hark, how they knock!—Who's there?—*Romeo*,
Thou wilt be taken:—Stay a while:—ſtand up; [ariſe;
[*Knock again.*
Run to my ſtudy:—By and by:—God's will!
What ſimpleneſs is this?—I come, I come.
[*Knock again.*
Who knocks ſo hard? whence come you? what's your will?
Nur. [*within*] Let me come in, and you ſhall know my errand;
I come from lady *Juliet.*
Fri. Welcome then. [*opens.*

Enter Nurſe.

Nur. O holy friar, o, tell me, holy friar,
Where is my lady's lord, where's *Romeo?* [drunk.
Fri. There, on the ground, with his own tears made
Nur. O, he is even in my miſtreſs' caſe,
Juſt in her caſe,—O woeful ſympathy!
Piteous predicament!—even ſo lies ſhe,
Blubbering and weeping, weeping and blubbering:—
Stand up, ſtand up; ſtand, an you be a man;
For *Juliet*'s ſake, for her ſake riſe and ſtand;
Why ſhould you fall into ſo deep an O?
Rom. Nurſe?
Nur. Ah, ſir! ah, ſir! death is the end of all.
Rom. Spak'ſt thou of *Juliet?* how is it with her?
Doth ſhe not think me an old murtherer,
Now I have ſtain'd the childhood of our joy
With blood remov'd but little from her own?
Where is ſhe? and how doth ſhe? and what ſays

My conceal'd lady to our cancel'd love?
Nur. O, ſhe ſays nothing, ſir, but weeps and weeps;
And now falls on her bed; and then ſtarts up,
And *Tybalt* calls; and then on *Romeo* cries,
And then down falls again.
Rom. As if that name, [*ſtarting up.*
Shot from the deadly level of a gun,
Did murder her; as that name's curſed hand
Murder'd her kinsman.—Tell me, friar, tell me,
[*drawing out a Dagger.*
In what vile part of this anatomy
Doth my name lodge? tell me, that I may ſack
The hateful manſion. [*from him.*
Fri. Hold thy deſperate hand. [*wreſting the Dagger*
Art thou a man? thy form cries out, thou art;
Thy tears are womaniſh; thy wild acts denote
The unreaſonable fury of a beaſt:
Unſeemly woman, in a ſeeming man!
And ill-beſeeming beaſt, in ſeeming both!
Thou haſt amaz'd me: By my holy order,
I thought thy diſpoſition better temper'd.
Haſt thou ſlain *Tybalt?* wilt thou ſlay thyſelf?
And ſlay thy lady, that in thy life lives,
By doing damned hate upon thyſelf?
Why rail'ſt thou on thy birth, the heaven, and earth?
Since birth, and heaven, and earth, all three do meet
In thee at once; which thou at once would'ſt loſe.
Fie, fie! thou ſham'ſt thy ſhape, thy love, thy wit;
Which, like an uſurer, abound'ſt in all,
And uſeſt none in that true uſe indeed
Which ſhould bedeck thy ſhape, thy love, thy wit.
Thy noble ſhape is but a form of wax,

9 kinsman. Oh tell

Digreſſing from the valour of a man:
Thy dear love, ſworn, but hollow perjury,
Killing that love which thou haſt vow'd to cheriſh:
Thy wit, that ornament to ſhape and love,
Miſ-ſhapen in the conduct of them both,
Like powder in the ſkill-leſs ſoldier's flaſk,
Is ſet on fire by thine own ignorance,
And thou diſmember'd with thine own defence.
What, rouse thee, man! thy *Juliet* is alive,
For whose dear ſake thou waſt but lately dead;
There art thou happy: *Tybalt* would kill thee,
But thou ſlew'ſt *Tybalt*; there too art thou happy:
The law, that threaten'd death, becomes thy friend,
And turns it to exile; there art thou happy:
A pack of bleſſings light upon thy back;
Happineſs courts thee in her beſt array;
But, like a miſ-'hav'd and a ſullen wench,
Thou pout'ſt upon thy fortune and thy love:
Take heed, take heed, for ſuch die miserable.
Go, get thee to thy love, as was decreed,
Aſcend her chamber, hence and comfort her;
But look thou ſtay not 'till the watch be ſet,
For then thou canſt not paſs to *Mantua*;
Where thou ſhalt live, 'till we can find a time
To blaze your marriage, reconcile your friends,
Beg pardon of the prince, and call thee back
With twenty hundred thousand times more joy
Than thou went'ſt forth in lamentation.—
Go before, nurſe; commend me to thy lady;
And bid her haſten all the houſe to bed,
Which heavy ſorrow makes them apt unto:
Romeo is coming.

Nur. O lord, I could have ſtay'd here all the night,
To hear good counſel: o, what learning is!—
My lord, I'll tell my lady you will come
Rom. Do ſo, and bid my ſweet prepare to chide.
Nur. Here,‡ ſir, a ring ſhe bid me give you, ſir:
Hie you, make haſte, for it grows very late.
Rom. How well my comfort is reviv'd by this.
Fri. Go hence, good night: —[*Exit* Nurſe.] and here ſtands all your ſtate,—
Either be gone before the watch be ſet,
Or by the break of day diſguis'd from hence:
Sojourn in *Mantua*; I'll find out your man,
And he ſhall ſignify from time to time
Every good hap to you, that chances here:
Give me thy hand; 'tis late, farewel, good night.
Rom. But that a joy paſt joy calls out on me,
It were a grief ſo brief to part with thee:
Farewel. [*Exeunt, ſeverally.*

SCENE VII. *A Room in* Capulet'*s Houſe.*

Enter CAPULET, PARIS, *and*
Lady Capulet.

Cap. Things have fall'n out, ſir, ſo unluckily,
That we have had no time to move our daughter:
Look you, ſhe lov'd her kinsman *Tybalt* dearly,
And ſo did I;—Well, we were born to die.
'Tis very late, ſhe'll not come down to-night:
I promiſe you, but for your company,
I would have been a-bed an hour ago.
Par. These times of woe afford no times to woo:—
Madam, good night; commend me to your daughter.
L. C. I will, and know her mind early to-morrow;

To-night ſhe is mew'd up to her heavineſs.
Cap. Sir *Paris,* [*calling him back.*] I will make a deſperate tender
Of my child's love: I think, ſhe will be rul'd
In all reſpects by me; nay more, I doubt it not.—
Wife, go you to her ere you go to bed;
Acquaint her here of my ſon *Paris'* love;
And bid her, mark you me, on we'nsday next—
But, ſoft; What day is this?
Par. Monday, my lord.
Cap. Monday? ha, ha! Well, we'nsday is too ſoon,
O' thurſday let it be;—o' thurſday, tell her,
She ſhall be marry'd to this noble earl:—
Will you be ready? do you like this haſte?
We'll keep no great ado; a friend, or two:
For hark you, *Tybalt* being ſlain ſo late,
It may be thought we held him careleſly,
Being our kinsman, if we revel much:
Therefore we'll have ſome half a dozen friends,
And there an end But what ſay you to thurſday?
Par. My lord, I would that thurſday were to-morrow.
Cap. Well, get you gone; o' thurſday be it then:—
Go you to *Juliet* ere you go to bed,
Prepare her, wife, againſt this wedding day.—
Farewel, my lord.—[*Exit* Par.] Light to my chamber, ho!
Now, afore me, it is ſo very late,
That we may call it early by and by:—
Good night. [*Exeunt, ſeverally.*

ACT IV.

SCENE I. *Anti-room of* Juliet's *Chamber.*

Enter ROMEO, *and* JULIET.

JUL. Wilt thou be gone? it is not yet near day:
It was the nightingale, and not the lark,
That pierc'd the fearful hollow of thine ear;
Nightly ſhe ſings on yon' pome-granate tree:
Believe me, love, it was the nightingale.
ROM. It was the lark, the herald of the morn,
No nightingale; look, love, what envious ſtreaks
Do lace the ſevering clouds in yonder eaſt:
Night's candles are burnt out, and jocund day
Stands tip-toe on the miſty mountains' tops;
I muſt be gone and live, or ſtay and die.
JUL. Yon' light is not day-light, I know it, I;
It is ſome meteor that the ſun exhales,
To be to thee this night a torch-bearer,
And light thee on thy way to *Mantua:*
Therefore ſtay yet, thou need'ſt not to be gone.
ROM. Let me be ta'en, let me be put to death;
I am content, ſo thou wilt have it ſo.
I'll ſay, yon' grey is not the morning's eye,
'Tis but the pale reflex of *Cynthia*'s brow;
Nor that is not the lark, whoſe notes do beat
The vaulty heaven ſo high above our heads:
I have more care to ſtay, than will to go;—
Come, death, and welcome! *Juliet* wills it ſo.—
How is't, my ſoul? let's talk, it is not day.
JUL. It is, it is, hie hence, be gone, away;
It is the lark that ſings ſo out of tune,
Straining harſh diſcords, and unpleaſing ſharps.
Some ſay, the lark makes ſweet diviſion;
This doth not ſo, for ſhe divideth us:

Some ſay, the lark and loathed toad change eyes;
O, now I would they had chang'd voices too!
Since arm from arm that voice doth us affray,
Hunting thee hence with hunts-up to the day.
O, now be gone; more light and light it grows.

Rom. More light and light, more dark and dark our woes.

Enter Nurſe, *to the Door.*

Nur. Madam!

Jul. Nurſe?

Nur. Your lady mother's coming to your chamber:
The day is broke; be wary, look about. [*Exit.*

Jul. Then, window, [*op'ning it.*] let day in, and let life out.

Rom. Farewel, farewel! one kiſs, and I'll deſcend.
[*kiſſes her, and goes out of it.*

Jul. Art thou gone ſo? Love! lord! ah, husband! friend!
I muſt hear from thee every day i' the hour,
For in a minute there are many days:
O, by this count I ſhall be much in years,
Ere I again behold my *Romeo.*

Rom. Farewel! I will omit no opportunity
That may convey my greetings, love, to thee.

Jul. O, think'ſt thou, we ſhall ever meet again?

Rom. I doubt it not; and all these woes ſhall ſerve
For ſweet diſcourſes in our times to come.

Jul. O God! I have an ill-divining ſoul;
Methinks, I ſee thee, now thou art ſo low,
As one dead in the bottom of a tomb:
Either my eye-ſight fails, or thou look'ſt pale.

Rom. And truſt me, love, in my eye ſo do you:
Dry ſorrow drinks our blood. Adieu! adieu!
[*Exit* ROMEO, *below.*

Jul. O fortune, fortune, all men call thee fickle:
If thou art fickle, what doſt thou with him
That is renown'd for faith? Be fickle, fortune;
For then, I hope, thou wilt not keep him long,
But ſend him back.
L. C. [*within*] Ho, daughter! are you up?
Jul. Who is't, that calls? is it my lady mother?—
Is ſhe not down ſo late, or up ſo early?
What unaccuſtom'd cauſe procures her hither?
Enter Lady Capulet.
L. C. Why, how now, *Juliet?*
Jul. Madam, I am not well.
L. C. Evermore weeping for your couſin's death?
What, wilt thou waſh him from his grave with tears?
An if thou could'ſt, thou could'ſt not make him live;
Therefore, have done: Some grief ſhews much of love;
But much of grief ſhews ſtill ſome want of wit.
Jul. Yet let me weep for ſuch a feeling loſs.
L. C. So ſhall you feel the loſs, but not the friend
Which you do weep for.
Jul. Feeling ſo the loſs,
I cannot choose but ever weep the friend.
L. C. Well, girl, thou weep'ſt not ſo much for his death,
As that the villain lives which ſlaughter'd him.
Jul. What villain, madam?
L. C. That ſame villain, *Romeo.*
Jul. Villain and he are many miles aſunder.
God pardon him! I do, with all my heart;
And yet no man, like he, doth grieve my heart.
L. C. That is, becauſe the traitor murderer lives.
Jul. Ay, madam, from the reach of theſe my hands:
'Would, none but I might venge my couſin's death!

L. C. We will have vengeance for it, fear thou not:
Then, weep no more. I'll ſend to one in *Mantua*,—
Where that ſame baniſh'd runagate doth live,—
Shall give him ſuch an unaccuſtom'd dram,
That he ſhall ſoon keep *Tybalt* company:
And then, I hope, thou wilt be ſatiſfy'd.
Jul. Indeed, I never ſhall be ſatiſfy'd
With *Romeo*, 'till I behold him—dead—
Is my poor heart ſo for a kinsman vext:—
Madam, if you could find out but a man
To bear a poiſon, I would temper it;
That *Romeo* ſhould, upon receipt thereof,
Soon ſleep in quiet. O, how my heart abhors
To hear him nam'd,—and cannot come to him,—
To wreak the love I bore my couſin *Tybalt*
Upon his body that hath ſlaughter'd him!
L. C. Find thou the means, and I'll find ſuch a man.
But now I'll tell thee joyful tidings, girl.
Jul. And joy comes well in ſuch a needful time:
What are they, I beſeech your ladyſhip?
L. C. Well, well, thou haſt a careful father, child;
One, who, to put thee from thy heavineſs,
Hath ſorted out a ſudden day of joy,
That thou expect'ſt not, nor I look'd not for.
Jul. Madam, in happy time, what day is that?
L. C. Marry, my child, early next thurſday morn,
The gallant, young, and noble gentleman,
The county *Paris*, at ſaint *Peter*'s church,
Shall happily make thee there a joyful bride.
Jul. Now, by ſaint *Peter*'s church, and *Peter* too,
He ſhall not make me there a joyful bride.
I wonder at this haſte; that I muſt wed

Ere he, that ſhould be husband, comes to woo.
I pray you, tell my lord and father, madam,
I will not marry yet; and, when I do, I ſwear,
It ſhall be *Romeo*, whom you know I hate,
Rather than *Paris*:—These are news indeed!

Enter CAPULET, *at a Diſtance;*
Nurſe *following.*

L. C. Here comes your father; tell him ſo yourſelf,
And ſee how he will take it at your hands.

CAP. When the ſun ſets, the air doth drizzle dew;
But for the ſun-ſet of my brother's ſon,
It rains downright.—
How now? a conduit, girl? what, ſtill in tears?
Evermore ſhow'ring? In one little body
Thou counterfeit'ſt a bark, a ſea, a wind:
For ſtill thy eyes, which I may call the ſea,
Do ebb and flow with tears; the bark thy body is,
Sailing in this ſalt flood; the winds, thy ſighs;
Who,—raging with thy tears, and they with them,—
Without a ſudden calm, will overſet
Thy tempeſt-toſſed body.—How now, wife?
Have you deliver'd to her our decree?

L. C. Ay, ſir; but ſhe will none, ſhe gives you thanks:
I would, the fool were marry'd to her grave.

CAP. Soft, take me with you, take me with you, wife.
How! will ſhe none? doth ſhe not give us thanks?
Is ſhe not proud? doth ſhe not count her bleſt,
Unworthy as ſhe is, that we have wrought
So worthy a gentleman to be her bridegroom?

JUL. Not proud, you have; but thankful, that you have:
Proud can I never be of what I hate;
But thankful even for hate, that is meant love.

Cap. How, how! how, how! chop logick? What is this?
Proud—and, I thank you—and, I thank you not—
And yet not proud_ Miſtreſs minion, you,
Thank me no thankings, nor proud me no prouds,
But ſettle your fine joints, 'gainſt thursday next,
To go with *Paris* to ſaint *Peter*'s church,
Or I will drag thee on a hurdle thither.
Out, you green-ſickneſs carrion! out, you baggage!
You tallow-face!
L. C. Fie, fie! what, are you mad?
Jul. Good father, I beſeech you on my knees,
Hear me with patience but to ſpeak a word.
Cap. Hang thee, young baggage! diſobedient wretch!
I tell thee what,—get thee to church o' thursday,
Or never after look me in the face:
Speak not, reply not, do not anſwer me;
My fingers itch._Wife, we ſcarce thought us bleſt,
That God had lent us but this only child;
But now I ſee this one is one too much,
And that we have a curſe in having her:
Out on her, hilding!
Nur. God in heaven bleſs her!_
You are to blame, my lord, to rate her ſo.
Cap. And why, my lady wisdom? hold your tongue,
Good prudence; ſmatter with your goſſips, go.
Nur. I ſpeak no treason:
Cap. O, God-ye-good-den?
Nur. May not one ſpeak?
Cap. Peace, peace, you mumbling fool!
Utter your gravity o'er a goſſip's bowl,
For here we need it not.
L. C. You are too hot.

Cap. God's bread! it makes me mad: Day, night, late, early;
At home, abroad, alone, in company,
Waking, or ſleeping, ſtill my care hath been
To have her match'd: and having now provided
A gentleman of princely parentage,
Of fair demeſnes, youthful, and nobly train'd,
Stuft (as they ſay) with honourable parts,
Proportion'd as one's heart could wiſh a man,—
And then to have a wretched puling fool,
A whining mammet, in her fortune's tender,
To anſwer—*I'll not wed,—I cannot love,—*
I am too young,—I pray you, pardon me;—
But, an you will not wed, I'll pardon you:
Graze where you will, you ſhall not house with me;
Look to't, think on't, I do not use to jeſt.
Thursday is near; lay hand on heart, advise:
An you be mine, I'll give you to my friend;
An you be not, hang, beg, ſtarve, die i' the ſtreets,
For, by my ſoul, I'll ne'er acknowledge thee,
Nor what is mine ſhall never do thee good:
Truſt to't, bethink you, I'll not be forſworn. [*Exit.*

Jul. Is there no pity ſitting in the clouds,
That ſees into the bottom of my grief?—
O, ſweet my mother, caſt me not away!
Delay this marriage for a month, a week;
Or, if you do not, make the bridal bed
In that dim monument where *Tybalt* lies.

L. C. Talk not to me, for I'll not ſpeak a word;
Do as thou wilt, for I have done with thee. [*Exit.*

Jul. O God!—O nurſe, how ſhall this be prevented?
My husband is on earth, my faith in heaven;
How ſhall that faith return again to earth,

Unleſs that husband ſend it me from heaven
By leaving earth? comfort me, counſel me.—
Alack, alack, that heaven ſhould practiſe ſtratagems,
Upon ſo ſoft a ſubject as myſelf!—
What ſay'ſt thou? haſt thou not a word of joy?
Some comfort, nurſe.
Nur. 'Faith, here 'tis: *Romeo*
Is baniſhed; and all the world to nothing,
That he dares ne'er come back to challenge you;
Or, if he do, it needs muſt be by ſtealth.
Then, ſince the caſe ſo ſtands as now it doth,
I think it beſt you marry'd with the county:
O, he's a lovely gentleman! Romeo!
Romeo's a diſh-clout to him; an eagle, madam,
Hath not ſo green, ſo quick, ſo fair an eye
As *Paris* hath. Beſhrew my very heart,
I think you are happy in this ſecond match,
For it excels your firſt: or if it did not,
Your firſt is dead; or 'twere as good he were,
As living here and you no uſe of him.
Jul. Speakeſt thou from thy heart?
Nur. And from my ſoul too;
Or elſe beſhrew them both.
Jul. Amen!
Nur. What?
Jul. Well, thou haſt comforted me marvelous much.
Go in; and tell my lady, I am gone,
Having diſpleas'd my father, to *Lawrence*' cell,
To make confeſſion, and to be abſolv'd.
Nur. Marry, I will; and this is wisely done. [*Exit.*
Jul. Ancient damnation! o moſt wicked fiend!
Is it more ſin—to wiſh me thus forſworn,

Or to diſpraise my lord with that ſame tongue
Which ſhe hath prais'd him with above compare
So many thouſand times?—Go, counſellor;
Thou and my boſom henceforth ſhall be twain.—
I'll to the friar, to know his remedy;
If all elſe fail, myſelf have power to die. [*Exit.*

SCENE II. *Friar* Lawrence's *Cell.*

Enter Friar Lawrence, *and* PARIS.

Fri. On thurſday, ſir? the time is very ſhort.
PAR. My father *Capulet* will have it ſo;
And I am nothing ſlow, to ſlack his haſte.
Fri. You ſay, you do not know the lady's mind;
Uneven is the courſe, I like it not.
PAR. Immoderately ſhe weeps for *Tybalt*'s death,
And therefore have I little talk'd of love;
For *Venus* ſmiles not in a houſe of tears.
Now, ſir, her father counts it dangerous,
That ſhe do give her ſorrow ſo much ſway;
And, in his wisdom, haſts our marriage,
To ſtop the inundation of her tears:
Which, too much minded by herſelf alone,
May be put from her by ſociety:
Now do you know the reaſon of this haſte.
Fri. "I would, I knew not why it ſhould be ſlow'd."
Look, ſir, here comes the lady towards my cell.

Enter JULIET.

PAR. Happily met, my lady, and my wife.
JUL. That may be, ſir, when I may be a wife.
PAR. That may be, muſt be, love, on thurſday next.
JUL. What muſt be ſhall be.
Fri. That's a certain text.

PAR. Come you to make confeſſion to this father?
JUL. To anſwer that, were to confeſs to you.
PAR. Do not deny to him, that you love me.
JUL. I will confeſs to you, that I love him.
PAR. So will you, I am ſure, that you love me.
JUL. If I do ſo, it will be of more price
Being ſpoke behind your back, than to your face.
PAR. Poor ſoul, thy face is much abus'd with tears.
JUL. The tears have got ſmall victory by that;
For it was bad enough, before their ſpite. [port.
PAR. Thou wrong'ſt it, more than tears, with that re-
JUL. That is no wrong, ſir, that is but a truth:
And what I ſpake, I ſpake it to my face.
PAR. Thy face is mine, and thou haſt ſlander'd it.
JUL. It may be ſo, for it is not mine own.—
Are you at leisure, holy father, now;
Or ſhall I come to you at evening maſs?
Fri. My leisure ſerves me, penſive daughter, now:—
My lord, we muſt entreat the time alone.
PAR. God ſheild, I ſhould diſturb devotion!—
Juliet, on thurſday early will I rouze you:
'Till then, adieu; and keep this holy † kiſs.
[*Exit* PARIS.
JUL. O, ſhut the door! and, when thou haſt done ſo,
Come weep with me; Paſt hope, paſt cure, paſt help!
Fri. Ah, *Juliet*, I already know thy grief;
It ſtrains me paſt the compaſs of my wits:
I hear thou muſt, and nothing may prorogue it,
On thurſday next be marry'd to this count.
JUL. Tell me not, friar, that thou hear'ſt of this,
Unleſs thou tell me how I may prevent it:
If, in thy wisdom, thou canſt give no help,

Do thou but call my resolution wise,
And with this † knife I'll help it presently.
God join'd my heart and *Romeo*'s, thou our hands;
And ere this hand, by thee to *Romeo* ſeal'd,
Shall be the label to another deed,
Or my true heart with treacherous revolt
Turn to another, this † ſhall ſlay them both:
Therefore, out of thy long-experienc'd time,
Give me ſome present counſel; or, behold,
'Twixt my extreams and me this bloody knife
Shall play the umpire, arbitrating that
Which the commiſſion of thy years and art
Could to no iſſue of true honour bring.
Be not ſo long to ſpeak; I long to die,
If what thou ſpeak'ſt ſpeak not of remedy.
Fri. Hold, daughter; I do ſpy a kind of hope,
Which craves as deſperate an execution
As that is deſperate which we would prevent.
If, rather than to marry county *Paris*,
Thou haſt the ſtrength of will to ſlay thyſelf;
Then is it likely, thou wilt undertake
A thing like death to chide away this ſhame,
That cop'ſt with death himſelf to ſcape from it;
And, if thou dar'ſt, I'll give thee remedy.
Jul. O, bid me leap, rather than marry *Paris*,
From off the battlements of any tower;
Or walk in thieviſh ways; or bid me lurk
Where ſerpents are; chain me with roaring bears;
Or hide me nightly in a charnel houſe,
O'er-cover'd quite with dead men's rattling bones,
With reeky ſhanks, and yellow chapleſs ſculls;
Or bid me go into a new-made grave,

And hide me with a dead man in his ſhroud,
Things that, to hear them told, have made me tremble;
And I will do it without fear or doubt,
To live an unſtain'd wife to my ſweet love.
Fri. Hold, then; go home, be merry, give conſent
To marry *Paris:* Wedneſday is to-morrow;
To-morrow night look that thou lie alone,
Let not thy nurſe lie with thee in thy chamber:
Take thou this † vial, being then in bed,
And this diſtilled liquor drink thou off:
When, preſently, through all thy veins ſhall run
A cold and drowzy humour; for no pulſe
Shall keep his native progreſs, but ſurceaſe;
No warmth, no breath, ſhall teſtify thou liv'ſt;
The roſes in thy lips and cheeks ſhall fade
To paly aſhes; thy eyes' windows fall,
Like death, when he ſhuts up the day of life;
Each part, depriv'd of ſupple government,
Shall ſtiff, and ſtark, and cold appear like death:
And in this borrow'd likeneſs of ſhrunk death
Thou ſhalt continue two and forty hours,
And then awake as from a pleaſant ſleep.
Now when the bridegroom in the morning comes
To rouze thee from thy bed, there art thou dead:
Then (as the manner of our country is)
In thy beſt robes uncover'd on the bier,
Thou ſhalt be born to that ſame antient vault
Where all the kindred of the *Capulets* lie.
In the mean time, againſt thou ſhalt awake,
Shall *Romeo* by my letters know our drift;
And hither ſhall he come, and he and I
Will watch thy waking, and that very night

26 v. *Note.*

Shall *Romeo* bear thee hence to *Mantua*.
And this ſhall free thee from this preſent ſhame;
If no inconſtant toy, nor womaniſh fear,
Abate thy valour in the acting it.
Jul. Give me, o give me! tell me not of fear.
Fri. Hold†; get you gone, be ſtrong and proſperous
In this reſolve: I'll ſend a friar with ſpeed
To *Mantua*, with my letters to thy lord. [afford.
Jul. Love give me ſtrength! and ſtrength ſhall help
Farewel, dear father. [*Exeunt, ſeverally.*

SCENE III. *Hall in* Capulet's *Houſe.*

Enter Capulet, *his* Lady, Nurſe, *and* Servants.

Cap. So many gueſts invite as here† are writ.—
[*to a Servant; who goes out.*
Sirrah, go hire me twenty cunning cooks.

1. *S.* You ſhall have none ill, ſir; for I'll try if they can lick their fingers.

Cap. How canſt thou try them ſo?

1. *S.* Marry, ſir, 'tis an ill cook that cannot lick his own fingers: therefore he, that cannot lick his fingers, goes not with me.

Cap. Go, begone.— [*Exit* Servant.
We ſhall be much unfurniſh'd for this time.—
What, is my daughter gone to friar *Lawrence?*
Nur. Ay, forſooth.
Cap. Well, he may chance to do ſome good on her:
A peeviſh ſelf-will'd harlotry it is.

Enter Juliet.

Nur. See, where ſhe comes from ſhrift with merry look.
Cap. How now, my head-ſtrong? where have you been gadding?

5 Give me, give me, O tell

Jul. Where I have learnt me to repent the ſin
Of diſobedient oppoſition
To you, and your beheſts; and am enjoin'd
By holy *Lawrence* to fall proſtrate here,
To beg your pardon: Pardon, I beſeech you!
Henceforward I am ever rul'd by you.
Cap. Send for the county, go, tell him of this;
I'll have this knot knit up to-morrow morning.
Jul. I met the youthful lord at *Lawrence*' cell;
And gave him what becoming love I might,
Not ſtepping-o'er the bounds of modeſty.
Cap. Why, I am glad on't; this is well,—ſtand up,—
This is as't ſhould be:—Let me ſee the county;
Ay, marry, go, I ſay, and fetch him hither.—
Now, afore God, this holy reverend friar—
All our whole city is much bound to him.
Jul. Nurſe, will you go with me into my closet,
To help me ſort ſuch needful ornaments
As you think fit to furniſh me to-morrow.
L. C. No, not 'till thursday; there is time enough.
Cap. Go, nurſe, go with her; we'll to church to-morrow.
[*Exeunt* JULIET, *and* Nurſe.
L. C. We ſhall be ſhort in our proviſion;
'Tis now near night.
Cap. Tuſh! I will ſtir about,
And all things ſhall be well, I warr'nt thee, wife:
Go thou to *Juliet*, help to deck up her;
I'll not to bed to-night; let me alone,
I'll play the huswife for this once.—What ho!—
They are all forth: Well, I will walk myſelf
To county *Paris*, to prepare him up
Againſt to-morrow: my heart is wondrous light,

---

[10] becomed

Since this ſame wayward girl is ſo reclaim'd. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV. Juliet'*s Chamber.*

Enter JULIET, *and Nurſe.*

Jul. Ay, those attires are beſt: But, gentle nurſe,
I pray thee, leave me to myſelf to-night;
For I have need of many orisons
To move the heavens to ſmile upon my ſtate,
Which, well thou know'ſt, is croſs and full of ſin.

Enter Lady Capulet.

L. C. What, are you busy, ho? need you my help?

Jul. No, madam; we have cull'd ſuch neceſſaries
As are behoveful for our ſtate to-morrow:
So please you, let me now be left alone,
And let the nurſe this night ſet up with you;
For, I am ſure, you have your hands full all,
In this ſo ſudden buſineſs.

L. C. Good night!
Get thee to bed, and reſt; for thou haſt need.

[*Exeunt* Lady, *and Nurſe.*

Jul. Farewel!—God knows, when we ſhall meet again.
I have a faint cold fear thrills through my veins,
That almoſt freezes up the heat of life:
I'll call them back again to comfort me;—
Nurſe!—What ſhould ſhe do here?
My dismal ſcene I needs muſt act alone.—
Come, vial.—
What if this mixture do not work at all?
Shall I be marry'd then to-morrow morning?
No, no; this † ſhall forbid it;—lie thou there.—
What if it be a poison, which the friar

Subtly hath miniſter'd to have me dead;
Leſt in this marriage he ſhould be diſhonour'd,
Because he marry'd me before to *Romeo?*
I fear, it is: and yet, methinks, it ſhould not,
For he hath ſtill been try'd a holy man.
How if, when I am lay'd into the tomb,
I wake before the time that *Romeo*
Come to redeem me? there's a fearful point!
Shall I not then be ſtifl'd in the vault,
To whose foul mouth no healthſome air breaths in,
And there die ſtrangl'd ere my *Romeo* comes?
Or, if I live, is it not very like,
The horrible conceit of death and night,
Together with the terror of the place,—
As in a vault, an ancient receptacle,
Where, for these many hundred years, the bones
Of all my bury'd anceſtors are packt;
Where bloody *Tybalt*, yet but green in earth,
Lies feſt'ring in his ſhroud; where, as they ſay,
At ſome hours in the night ſpirits resort;—
Alack, alack, is it not like, that I,
So early waking,—what with loathſome ſmells;
And ſhrieks like mandrakes torn out of the earth,
That living mortals, hearing them, run mad;—
O, if I wake, ſhall I not be diſtraught,
Environed with all these hideous fears?
And madly play with my forefathers' joints?
And pluck the mangl'd *Tybalt* from his ſhroud?
And, in this rage, with ſome great kinsman's bone,
As with a club, daſh out my deſperate brains?
O, look! methinks, I ſee my cousin's ghoſt
Seeking out *Romeo*, that did ſpit his body

Upon a rapier's point:— Stay, *Tybalt*, ſtay! —
Romeo, I come! this do I drink to thee.
[*drinks; throws away the Vial, and caſts herſelf upon the Bed. Scene closes.*

SCENE V. *The Hall.*

Enter Lady Capulet, *and* Nurſe.

L. C. Hold, take these † keys, and fetch more ſpices, nurſe.

Nur. They call for dates and quinces in the paſtry.

Enter CAPULET, *haſtily.*

CAP. Come, ſtir, ſtir, ſtir; the ſecond cock hath crow'd,
The curfeu bell hath rung, 'tis three o'clock:—
Look to the bak'd meats, good *Angelica:*
Spare not for coſt.

Nur. Go, go, you cot-quean, go,
Get you to bed; 'faith, you'll be ſick to-morrow
For this night's watching.

CAP. No, not a whit; What! I have watch'd ere now
All night for a leſs cause, and ne'er been ſick.

L. C. Ay, you have been a mouſe-hunt in your time;
But I will watch you from ſuch watching now.
[*Exeunt* Lady, *and* Nurſe.

CAP. A jealous-hood, a jealous-hood.—Now, fellow,

Enter divers Servants, *with logs, baſkets*, &c.

What's there?

1. *S.* Things for the cook, ſir; but I know not what.

CAP. Make haſte, make haſte. [*Exit* Ser.] Sirrah, fetch drier logs;
Call *Peter*, he will ſhew you where they are.

2. *S.* I have a head, ſir, that will find out logs,
And never trouble *Peter* for the matter. [*Exit.*

Cap. Maſs, and well ſaid; A merry whorſon! ha,
Thou ſhalt be logger-head. Good faith, 'tis day:
The county will be here with muſick ſtraight,
[*Muſick within.*
For ſo he ſaid he would. I hear him near:—
Nurſe!—Wife! what, ho!—what, nurſe, I ſay!

Enter Nurſe.

Go, waken *Juliet*, go, and trim her up;
I'll go and chat with *Paris*:—hey, make haſte,
Make haſte! the bridegroom he is come already;
Make haſte, I ſay! [*Exeunt.*

SCENE VI. *Anti-room of* Juliet'*s Chamber. Door of the Chamber open, and* Juliet *upon her Bed.*

Enter Nurſe.

Nur. Miſtreſs! what, miſtreſs! *Juliet!*—faſt, I warrant her:—
Why, lamb! why, lady!—fie, you ſlug-abed!—
Why, love, I ſay! madam! ſweet heart! why, bride!—
What, not a word?—you take your pen'-orths now;
Sleep for a week; for the next night, I warrant,
The county *Paris* hath ſet up his reſt,
That you ſhall reſt but little.—God forgive me,
(Marry, and amen) how ſound is ſhe aſleep!
I needs muſt wake her:—Madam! madam! madam!
[*goes towards the Bed.*
Ay, let the county take you in your bed;
He'll fright you up, i'faith.—Will it not be?
[*undraws the Curtains.*
What, dreſt! and in your cloaths! and down again!
I muſt needs wake you:—Lady! lady! lady!
[*ſhaking her.*
Alas, alas!—Help, help! my lady's dead!—

O wel-a-day, that ever I was born!—
Some *aqua-vitæ*, ho!—My lord!—my lady!
Enter Lady Capulet.
L. C. What noiſe is here?
Nur. O lamentable day!
L. C. What is the matter?
Nur. Look,†look! O heavy day!
L. C. O me, o me!—my child, my only life,
Revive, look up, or I will die with thee!—
Help, help!—call help.
Enter CAPULET.
Cap. For ſhame, bring *Juliet* forth; her lord is come.
Nur. She's dead, deceaſ'd, ſhe's dead; alack the day!
L. C. Alack the day, ſhe's dead, ſhe's dead, ſhe's dead!
Cap. Ha! let me ſee her:—Out, alas! ſhe's cold;
Her blood is ſettl'd, and her joints are ſtiff;
Life and theſe lips have long been ſeperated:
Death lies on her, like an untimely froſt
Upon the ſweeteſt flower of all the field.
Nur. O lamentable day!
L. C. O woful time! [wail,
Cap. Death, that hath ta'en her hence to make me
Ties up my tongue, and will not let me ſpeak.
Enter Friar Lawrence, *and* PARIS; Muſicians,
and Servants, after them.
Fri. Come, is the bride ready to go to church?
Cap. Ready to go, but never to return:—
O ſon, the night before thy wedding day
Hath death lain with thy wife; ſee, there ſhe lies,
Flower as ſhe was, deflow'red now by him.—
Death is my ſon-in-law, death is my heir,
My daughter he hath wedded! I will die,

And leave him all; life leaving, all is death's.
Par. Have I thought long to ſee this morning's face,
And doth it give me ſuch a ſight as this?
L. C. Accurſt, unhappy, wretched, hateful day;
Moſt miserable hour, that e'er time ſaw
In laſting labour of his pilgrimage!
But one, poor one, one poor and loving child,
But one thing to rejoice and ſolace in,
And cruel death hath catch'd it from my ſight!
Nur. O woe! o woful, woful, woful day!
Moſt lamentable day, moſt woful day,
That ever, ever, I did yet behold!
O day, o day, o day, o hateful day!
Never was ſeen ſo black a day as this:
O woful day, o woful day!
Par. Beguil'd, divorced, wronged, ſpighted, ſlain;
Moſt déteſtable death, by thee beguil'd,
By cruel cruel thee quite overthrown!—
O love! o life! not life, but love in death!
Cap. Deſpis'd, diſtreſſed, hated, martyr'd, kill'd!—
Uncomfortable time, why cam'ſt thou now
To murther murther our ſolemnity?—
O child, o child,—my ſoul, and not my child,—
Dead art thou, dead! alack, my child is dead;
And, with my child, my joys are buried!
Fri. Peace, ho, for ſhame! confusion's cure lives not
In these confusions. Heaven and yourſelf
Had part in this fair maid; now heaven hath all,
And all the better is it for the maid:
Your part in her you could not keep from death;
But heaven keeps his part in eternal life.
The moſt you ſought was—her promotion;

1 living 26 care

For 'twas your heaven, ſhe ſhould be advanc'd:
And weep ye now, ſeeing ſhe is advanc'd,
Above the clouds, as high as heaven itſelf?
O, in this love, you love your child ſo ill,
That you run mad, ſeeing that ſhe is well:
She's not well marry'd, that lives marry'd long;
But ſhe's beſt marry'd, that dies marry'd young.
Dry up your tears, and ſtick your roſemary
On this fair corſe; and, as the cuſtom is,
In all her beſt array bear her to church:
For though fond nature bids us all lament,
Yet nature's tears are reaſon's merriment.
Cap. All things, that we ordained feſtival,
Turn from their office to black funeral:
Our inſtruments, to melancholy bells;
Our wedding chear, to a ſad burial feaſt;
Our ſolemn hymns to ſullen dirges change;
Our bridal flowers ſerve for a bury'd corſe,
And all things change them to the contrary.
Fri. Sir, go you in,—and, madam, go with him,—
And go, ſir *Paris*;—every one prepare
To follow this fair corſe unto her grave:
The heavens do lour upon you, for ſome ill;
Move them no more, by croſſing their high will.
[*Exeunt Friar* Lawrence, PARIS, CAPULET, *and Lady* Capulet. *Door ſhut.*
1. *M.* 'Faith, we may put up our pipes, and be gone.
Nur. Honeſt good-fellows, ah, put up, put up;
For, well you know, this is a pitiful caſe. [*Exit.*
1. *M.* Ay, by my troth, the caſe may be amended.
Enter another Servant.
Ser. Muſicians, o, muſicians, *Heart's eaſe, heart's eaſe*;

O, an you will have me live, play—*heart's eaſe.*

1. *M.* Why *heart's eaſe?*

Ser. O, muſicians, because my heart itſelf plays—*My heart is full of woe:* O, play me ſome merry dump, to comfort me.

1. *M.* Not a dump we; 'tis no time to play now.

Ser. You will not then?

1. *M.* No.

Ser. I will then give it you ſoundly.

1. *M.* What will you give us?

Ser. No money, on my faith; but the gleek: I will give you the minſtrel.

1. *M.* Then will I give you the ſerving-creature.

Ser. Then will I lay the ſerving-creature's dagger on your pate. I will carry no crotchets: I'll *re* you, I'll *fa* you; Do you note me?

1. *M.* An you *re* us, and *fa* us, you note us.

2. *M.* Pray you, put up your dagger, and put out your wit.

Ser. Then have at you with my wit; I will dry-beat you with an iron wit, and put up my iron dagger. Anſwer me like men;

When griping grief the heart doth wound,
and doleful dumps the mind oppreſs,
then muſick, with her ſilver ſound,

why *ſilver ſound?* why *muſick with her ſilver ſound?*—What ſay you, *Simon Catling?*

1. *M.* Marry, ſir, because ſilver hath a ſweet ſound.

Ser. Pratee.—What ſay you, *Hugh Rebeck?*

2. *M.* I ſay—*ſilver ſound,* because muſicians ſound for ſilver.

Ser. Pratee too.—What ſay you, *James Sound-poſt?*

3. *M.* 'Faith, I know not what to ſay.

Ser. O, I cry you mercy! you are the ſinger: I will ſay for you; It is — *muſick with her ſilver ſound*, because ſuch fellows as you have ſeldom gold for ſounding:—

then muſick, with her ſilver ſound,
with ſpeedy help doth lend redreſs.
[*Exit, ſinging.*

1. *M.* What a peſtilent knave is this ſame?

2. *M.* Hang him *Jack!* Come, we'll in here; tarry for the mourners, and ſtay dinner. [*Exeunt.*

ACT V.

SCENE I. Mantua. *A Street.*

Enter ROMEO.

Rom. If I may truſt the flattering truth of ſleep,
My dreams preſage ſome joyful news at hand:
My boſom's lord ſits lightly on his throne;
And, all this day, an unaccuſtom'd ſpirit
Lifts be above the ground with chearful thoughts.
I dreamt, my lady came and found me dead;
(Strange dream! that gives a dead man leave to think)
And breath'd ſuch life with kiſſes in my lips,
That I reviv'd, and was an emperor.
Ah me! how ſweet is love itſelf poſseſt,
When but love's ſhadows are ſo rich in joy?
Enter BALTHAZAR.
News from *Verona!*—How now, *Balthazar?*
Doſt thou not bring me letters from the friar?
How doth my lady? Is my father well?

How doth my *Juliet?* that I aſk again;
For nothing can be ill, if ſhe be well.
Bal. Then ſhe is well, and nothing can be ill;
Her body ſleeps in *Capulets'* monument,
And her immortal part with angels lives;
I ſaw her lay'd low in her kindred's vault,
And presently took poſt to tell it you:
O pardon me for bringing these ill news,
Since you did leave it for my office, ſir.
Rom. Is it even ſo? then I deny you, ſtars.—
Thou know'ſt my lodging: get me ink and paper,
And hire poſt-horſes; I will hence to-night.
Bal. I do beſeech you, ſir, have patience:
Your looks are pale and wild, and do import
Some miſadventure.
Rom. Tuſh, thou art deceiv'd;
Leave me, and do the thing I bid thee do:
Haſt thou no letters to me from the friar?
Bal. No, my good lord.
Rom. No matter: Get thee gone,
And hire those horſes; I'll be with thee ſtraight.
[*Exit* BALTHAZAR.
Well, *Juliet*, I will lie with thee to-night.
Let's ſee for means:—O, miſchief, thou art ſwift
To enter in the thoughts of deſperate men!
I do remember an apothecary,—
And hereabouts he dwells,—whom late I noted
In tatter'd weeds, with overwhelming brows,
Culling of ſimples; meager were his looks,
Sharp misery had worn him to the bones:
And in his needy ſhop a tortoiſe hung,
An alligator ſtuft, and other ſkins

4 *Capels*

Of ill-ſhap'd fiſhes; and about his ſhelves
A beggarly account of empty boxes,
Green earthen pots, bladders, and muſty ſeeds,
Remnants of packthread, and old cakes of roses,
Were thinly ſcatter'd, to make up a ſhew.
Noting this penury, to myſelf I ſaid—
An if a man did need a poison now,
Whose ſale is present death in *Mantua*,
Here lives a caitiff wretch would ſell it him.
O, this ſame thought did but fore-run my need;
And this ſame needy man muſt ſell it me.
As I remember, this ſhould be the houſe:
Being holiday, the beggar's ſhop is ſhut.—
What ho, apothecary!

Enter Apothecary.

Apo. Who calls ſo loud?

Rom. Come hither, man. I ſee, that thou art poor;
Hold, there is forty ducats: let me have
A dram of poison; ſuch ſoon-ſpeeding geer
As will diſperſe itſelf through all the veins,
That the life-weary taker may fall dead;
And that the trunk may be diſcharg'd of breath
As violently, as haſty powder fir'd
Doth hurry from the fatal cannon's womb.

Apo. Such mortal drugs I have; but *Mantua*'s law
Is death, to any he that utters them.

Rom. Art thou ſo bare, and full of wretchedneſs,
And fear'ſt to die? famine is in thy cheeks,
Need and oppreſſion ſtareth in thine eyes,
Contempt and beggary hangs upon thy back,
The world is not thy friend, nor the world's law:
The world affords no law to make thee rich;

Then be not poor, but break it, and take this.
Apo. My poverty, but not my will, conſents.
Rom. I pay thy poverty, and not thy will.
Apo. Put this † in any liquid thing you will,
And drink it off; and, if you had the ſtrength
Of twenty men, it would diſpatch you ſtraight.
Rom. There is thy † gold; worſe poison to men's ſouls,
Doing more murthers in this loathſome world,
Than these poor compounds that thou may'ſt not ſell:
I ſell thee poison, thou haſt ſold me none.
Farewel; buy food, and get thyſelf in fleſh.—
Come, cordial, and not poison; go with me
To *Juliet*'s grave, for there muſt I use thee. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II. *Friar* Lawrence*'s Cell.*

Enter Friar John.

F. J. Holy *Franciſcan* friar, brother, ho!

Enter Friar Lawrence.

F. L. This ſame ſhould be the voice of friar *John.*—
Welcome from *Mantua:* What ſays *Romeo?*
Or, if his mind be writ, give me his letter.
F. J. Going to find a bare-foot brother out,
One of our order, to aſſociate me,
Here in this city visiting the ſick,
And finding him, the ſearchers of the town,
Suſpecting that we both were in a houſe
Where the infectious peſtilence did reign,
Seal'd up the doors, and would not let us forth;
So that my ſpeed to *Mantua* there was ſtay'd.
F. L. Who bare my letter then to *Romeo?*
F. J. I could not ſend it,—here † it is again,—
Nor get a meſſenger to bring it thee,

So fearful were they of infection.
F. L. Unhappy fortune! by my brotherhood,
The letter was not nice, but full of charge,
Of dear impórt; and the neglecting it
May do much danger: Friar *John*, go hence;
Get me an iron crow, and bring it ſtraight
Unto my cell.
F. J. Brother, I'll go and bring it thee. [*Exit.*
F. L. Now muſt I to the monument alone;
Within these three hours will fair *Juliet* wake;
She will beſhrew me much, that *Romeo*
Hath had no notice of these accidents:
But I will write again to *Mantua*,
And keep her at my cell 'till *Romeo* come;
Poor living corſe, clos'd in a dead man's tomb. [*Exit.*

SCENE III. *A Church-yard; in it, a Monument belonging to the* Capulets.

Enter PARIS; *a* Page *with him, bearing Flowers, and a Torch.*

PAR. Give me thy torch, boy: Hence, and ſtand aloof;—
Yet put it out, [*giving it back.*] for I would not be ſeen.
[*Boy puts out the Torch.*
Under yon' yew-trees lay thee all along,
Holding thine ear cloſe to the hollow ground;
So ſhall no foot upon the church-yard tread,
(Being looſe, unfirm, with digging up of graves)
But thou ſhalt hear it: whiſtle then to me,
As ſignal that thou hear'ſt ſomething approach.
Give me those flowers. Do as I bid thee, go.
Pag. "I am almoſt afraid to ſtand alone"
"Here in the church-yard; yet I will adventure." [*retires.*

Par. Sweet flower, [*going up to the Tomb.*] with flowers thy bridal bed I † ſtrew:
O woe, thy canopy is duſt and ſtones!
Which with ſweet water nightly I will dew;
Or, wanting that, with tears diſtill'd by moans:
The obſequies, that I for thee will keep
Nightly, ſhall be—to ſtrew thy grave, and weep.
[*Boy whiſtles.*
The boy gives warning, ſomething doth approach.
What curſed foot wanders this way to-night,
To croſs my obſequies, and true love's rites?
What, with a torch!—muffle me, night, a while. [*retires.*

Enter ROMEO; BALTHAZAR *with him,*
bearing a Torch, Mattock, &c.

Rom. Give me that mattock, and the wrenching iron.
[*takes them, and approaches the Tomb.*
Hold, take this ‡ letter; early in the morning
See thou deliver it to my lord and father.
Give me the light: Upon thy life I charge thee,
Whate'er thou hear'ſt or ſee'ſt, ſtand all aloof,
And do not interrupt me in my courſe.
Why I deſcend into this bed of death
Is, partly, to behold my lady's face:
But, chiefly, to take thence from her dead finger
A precious ring; a ring, that I muſt uſe
In dear employment: therefore hence, be gone:—
But if thou jealous doſt return to pry
In what I farther ſhall intend to do,
By heaven, I will tear thee joint by joint,
And ſtrew this hungry church-yard with thy limbs:
The time and my intents are ſavage, wild;
More fierce, and more inexorable far,

Than empty tigers, or the roaring ſea.
Bal. I will be gone, ſir, and not trouble you.
Rom. So ſhalt thou ſhew me friendſhip. Take thou ‡ that:
Live, and be proſperous; and farewel, good fellow.
Bal. "For all this ſame, I'll hide me hereabout;"
"His looks I fear, and his intents I doubt." [*retires.*
Rom. Thou déteſtable maw, thou womb of death,
[*fixing his Mattock in the Tomb.*
Gorg'd with the deareſt morſel of the earth,
Thus I enforce thy rotten jaws to open, [*Tomb opens.*
And, in deſpite, I'll cram thee with more food.
Par. This is that baniſh'd haughty *Mountague*,
That murder'd my love's couſin; —with which grief,
It is ſuppoſed, the fair creature dy'd,—
And here is come to do ſome villanous ſhame
To the dead bodies: I will apprehend him.—
Stop thy unhallow'd toil, vile *Mountague*;
[*draws, and ruſhes forward.*
Can vengeance be purſu'd further than death?
Condemned villain, I do apprehend thee:
Obey, and go with me; for thou muſt die.
Rom. I muſt, indeed; and therefore came I hither —
Good gentle youth, tempt not a deſperate man,
Fly hence and leave me; think upon theſe gone,
Let them affright thee. I beſeech thee, youth,
Put not another ſin upon my head,
By urging me to fury; o, be gone:
By heaven, I love thee better than myſelf;
For I come hither arm'd againſt myſelf:
Stay not, be gone; live, and hereafter ſay—
A madman's mercy bid thee run away.

PAR. I do defy thy conjuration,
And apprehend thee for a felon here.
ROM. Wilt thou provoke me? then have at thee, boy.
[*draws, and they fight.*
Pag. O lord! they fight: I will go call the watch.
[*Exit* Page.
PAR. O, I am ſlain!—[*falls.*] If thou be merciful,
Open the tomb, lay me with *Juliet.* [*dies.*
ROM. In faith, I will:—Let me peruſe this face;—
[*holds the Torch to it.*
Mercutio's kinsman, noble county *Paris:*—
What ſaid my man, when my betoſſed ſoul
Did not attend him as we rode? I think,
He told me, *Paris* ſhould have marry'd *Juliet:*
Said he not ſo? or did I dream it ſo?
Or am I mad, hearing him talk of *Juliet,*
To think it was ſo?—O, give me thy hand,
One writ with me in ſour miſfortune's book!
I'll bury thee in a triumphant grave,—
A grave? o, no; a lanthorn, ſlaughter'd youth,
For here lies *Juliet*, and her beauty makes
This vault a feaſting presence full of light.
Death, lie thou there by a dead man interr'd.
[*enters the Tomb, carrying in the Body.*
How oft when men are at the point of death
Have they been merry, which their keepers call
A lightning before death? o, how may I
Call this a lightning?—O, my love! my wife!
Death, that hath ſuck'd the honey of thy breath,
Hath had no power yet upon thy beauty:
Thou art not conquer'd; beauty's enſign yet
Is crimson in thy lips, and in thy cheeks,

---

[1] commiration

And death's pale flag is not advanced there.—
Tybalt, ly'ſt thou there in thy bloody ſheet?
O, what more favour can I do to thee,
Than with that hand that cut thy youth in twain
To ſunder his that was thine enemy?
Forgive me, couſin!—Ah, dear *Juliet*,
Why art thou yet ſo fair? Shall I believe
That unſubſtantial death is amorous;
And that the lean abhorred monſter keeps
Thee here in dark to be his paramour?
For fear of that, I will ſtill ſtay with thee;
And never from this palace of dim night
Depart again: here, here will I remain
[*throwing himſelf by her.*
With worms that are thy chamber-maids; o, here
Will I ſet up my everlaſting reſt;
And ſhake the yoke of inauſpicious ſtars
From this world-weary'd fleſh.—Eyes, look your laſt;
Arms, take your laſt embrace; and lips, o you
The doors of breath, ſeal with a righteous kiſs
A dateleſs bargain to engroſſing death.—
Come, bitter conduct, come, unſavoury guide,
[*pours it into a Cup.*
Thou deſperate pilot, now at once run on
The daſhing rocks my ſea-ſick weary bark!
Here's to my love!—[*drinks.*] O true apothecary!
Thy drugs are quick.—Thus with a kiſs I die.
[*kiſſes her, and expires.*

Enter, at other end the Yard, Friar Lawrence, *with a Lanthorn, Crow, and Spade.*

Fri. Saint *Francis* be my ſpeed! how oft to-night
Have my old feet ſtumbl'd at graves?—Who's there?

Bal. Here's one, a friend, and one that knows you well.

Fri. Bliſs be upon you! Tell me, good my friend,
What torch is yond', that vainly lends his light
To grubs and eyeleſs ſculls? as I discern,
It burneth in the *Capulets'* monument.

Bal. It doth ſo, holy ſir; and there's my maſter,
One that you love.

Fri. Who is it?

Bal. *Romeo.*

Fri. How long hath he been there?

Bal. Full half an hour.

Fri. Go with me to the vault.

Bal. I dare not, ſir:
My maſter knows not, but I am gone hence;
And fearfully did menace me with death,
If I did ſtay to look on his intents.

Fri. Stay then, I'll go alone;—Fear comes upon me;
O, much I fear ſome ill unlucky thing.

Bal. As I did ſleep under this yew-tree here,
I dreamt my maſter and another fought,
And that my maſter ſlew him.

Fri. *Romeo?*— [*leaves him, and goes forward.*
Alack, alack! what blood is this, which ſtains
The ſtony entrance of this ſepulcher?—
What mean these maſterleſs and gory ſwords
To lie diſcolour'd by this place of peace?—
[*enters the Monument.*
Romeo! o, pale!—Who elſe? what, *Paris* too?
And ſteep'd in blood?—Ah, what an únkind hour
Is guilty of this lamentable chance!—
The lady ſtirs. [JULIET *wakes, and looks about her.*

Jul. O comfortable friar, where is my lord?
I do remember well where I ſhould be,
And there I am; Where is my *Romeo?* [*Noise within.*
Fri. I hear ſome noise.—Lady, come from that neſt
Of death, contagion, and unnatural ſleep;
A greater power than we can contradict
Hath thwarted our intents; come, come away:
Thy husband in thy boſom there lies dead;
And *Paris* too; come, I'll diſpoſe of thee
Among a ſiſterhood of holy nuns:
Stay not to queſtion, for the watch is coming;
Come, go, good *Juliet*,—[*Noise again.*] I dare ſtay no longer.
[*Exit, haſtily.*
Jul. Go, get thee hence, for I will not away.—
What's here? a cup, clos'd in my true love's hand?
Poiſon, I ſee, hath been his timeleſs end:—
O churl, drink all; and leave no friendly drop,
To help me after?—I will kiſs thy lips;
Haply, ſome poiſon yet doth hang on them,
To make me die with a reſtorative. [*kiſſes him.*
Thy lips are warm.
1. *W.* [*within.*] Lead, boy; Which way?
Jul. Yea, noise? then I'll be brief.—O happy dagger!
[*taking* Romeo's.
This is thy ſheath; [*ſtabs herſelf.*] there ruſt, and let me die. [*throws herſelf upon her Lover, and expires.*

Enter Watch, *and the* Page.

Pag. This is the place; there, where the torch doth burn.
1. *W.* The ground is bloody; Search about the church-yard;
Go, ſome of you, whoe'er you find, attach.
[*Exeunt ſome of the Watch, the reſt enter the Tomb.*

12 no longer ſtay

Pitiful ſight! here lies the county ſlain;—
And *Juliet* bleeding; warm, and newly dead,
Who here hath lain these two days buried.—
Go, tell the prince,—run to the *Capulets*,—
Raise up the *Mountagues*,—ſome others ſearch:—
[*Exeunt other Watch.*
We ſee the ground whereon these woes do lie;
But the true ground of all these piteous woes,
We cannot without circumſtance deſcry.

Enter ſome of the Watch, with BALTHAZAR.

2. *W.* Here's *Romeo*'s man, we found him in the church-yard.

1. *W.* Hold him in ſafety, 'till the prince come hither.

Enter Others, with Friar Lawrence.

3. *W.* Here is a friar, that trembles, ſighs, and weeps;
We took this mattock and this ſpade from him,
As he was coming from this church-yard ſide.

1. *W.* A great ſuſpicion; Stay the friar too.

Enter Prince, *and Attendants.*

Pri. What miſadventure is ſo early up,
That calls our perſon from our morning's reſt?

Enter CAPULET, *his* Lady, *and Others.*

CAP. What ſhould it be, that they ſo ſhriek abroad?

L. C. The people in the ſtreet cry—*Romeo*,
Some—*Juliet*, and ſome—*Paris*; and all run,
With open out-cry, toward our monument.
[Prince, *and the reſt, enter the Monument.*

Pri. What fear is this, which ſtartles in our ears?
[*to the Watch.*

1. *W.* Sovereign, here lies the county *Paris* ſlain;
And *Romeo* dead; and *Juliet*, dead before,
Warm and new kill'd.

Pri. Search, ſeek, and know how this foul murther comes.

1. *W.* Here is a friar, and ſlaughter'd *Romeo*'s man;
With inſtruments upon them, fit to open
These dead men's tombs. [bleeds!

Cap. O heaven!—O, wife, look how our daughter
This dagger hath miſ-ta'en, for, lo, his houſe
Is empty on the back of *Mountague*,
And is miſ-ſheathed in my daughter's bosom.

L. C. O me! this ſight of death is as a bell,
That warns my old age to a ſepulcher.

Enter MOUNTAGUE, *and Others.*

Pri. Come, *Mountague*; for thou art early up,
To ſee thy ſon and heir now early down.

Mou. Alas, my liege, my wife is dead to-night;
Grief of my ſon's exile hath ſtopt her breath:
What further woe conſpires againſt my age?

Pri. Look, and thou ſhalt ſee. [*ſhowing* Romeo.

Mou. O thou untaught! what manners is in this,
To preſs before thy father to a grave?

Pri. Seal up the mouth of outrage for a while,
[*comes from the Monument.*
'Till we can clear these ambiguities,
And know their ſpring, their head, their true deſcent;
And then will I be general of your woes,
And lead you even to death: mean time forbear,
And let miſchance be ſlave to patience.—
Bring forth the parties of ſuſpicion.

[Balthazar, *and the Friar, brought forth.*

Fri. I am the greateſt, able to do leaſt,
Yet moſt ſuſpected, as the time and place
Doth make againſt me, of this direful murther;

And here I ſtand, both to impeach and purge
Myſelf condemned and myſelf excus'd.
Pri. Then ſay at once what thou doſt know in this.
Fri. I will be brief, for my ſhort date of breath
Is not ſo long as is a tedious tale.
Romeo, there dead, was husband to that *Juliet*;
And ſhe, there dead, that *Romeo*'s faithful wife:
I marry'd them; and their ſtoln marriage-day
Was *Tybalt*'s dooms-day, whose untimely death
Baniſh'd the new-made bridegroom from this city;
For whom, and not for *Tybalt*, *Juliet* pin'd.
You—to remove that ſiege of grief from her—
Betroth'd, and would have marry'd her perforce,
To county *Paris*: Then comes ſhe to me;
And, with wild looks, bid me devise ſome means
To rid her from this ſecond marriage,
Or, in my cell, there would ſhe kill herſelf.
Then gave I her, ſo tutor'd by my art,
A ſleeping potion; which ſo took effect
As I intended, for it wrought on her
The form of death: mean time I writ to *Romeo*,
That he ſhould hither come as this dire night,
To help to take her from her borrow'd grave,
Being the time the potion's force ſhould ceaſe.
But he which bore my letter, friar *John*,
Was ſtay'd by accident; and yeſternight
Return'd my letter back: Then all alone,
At the prefixed hour of her waking,
Came I to take her from her kindred's vault;
Meaning to keep her cloſely at my cell,
'Till I conveniently could ſend to *Romeo*:
But, when I came, (ſome minute ere the time

Of her awaking) here untimely lay
The noble *Paris*, and true *Romeo*, dead.
She wakes; and I entreated her come forth,
And bear this work of heaven with patience:
But then a noiſe did ſcare me from the tomb;
And ſhe, too deſperate, would not go with me,
But (as it ſeems) did violence on herſelf.
All this I know; and to the marriage
Her nurſe is privy: And, if ought in this
Miſcarry'd by my fault, let my old life
Be ſacrific'd, ſome hour before his time,
Unto the rigour of ſevereſt law.
Pri. We ſtill have known thee for a holy man.—
Where's *Romeo*'s man? what can he ſay in this?
Bal. I brought my maſter news of *Juliet*'s death;
And then in poſt he came from *Mantua*,
To this ſame place, to this ſame monument.
This †letter he early bid me give his father;
And threaten'd me with death, going in the vault,
If I departed not, and left him there.
Pri. Give me the letter, I will look on it.—
[Balthazar *gives the Letter.*
Where is the county's page, that rais'd the watch?—
Sirrah, what made your maſter in this place?
Pag. He came with flowers to ſtrew his lady's grave;
And bid me ſtand aloof, and ſo I did:
Anon, comes one with light to ope the tomb;
And, by and by, my maſter drew on him;
And then I ran away to call the watch.
Pri. This letter doth make good the friar's words,
Their courſe of love, the tidings of her death:
And here he writes—that he did buy a poiſon

Of a poor 'pothecary, and therewithal
Came to this vault to die, and lie with *Juliet.*—
Where be these enemies, *Capulet*, *Mountague?*—
See, what a ſcourge is lay'd upon your hate,
That heaven finds means to kill your joys with love:
And I, for winking at your diſcords too,
Have loſt a brace of kinsmen; all are puniſh'd.
Cap. O, brother *Mountague*, give me thy hand:
This is my daughter's jointure, for no more
Can I demand.
Mou. But I can give thee more:
For I will raise her ſtatue in pure gold;
That, while *Verona* by that name is known,
There ſhall no figure at ſuch rate be ſet,
As that of true and faithful *Juliet.*
Cap. As rich ſhall *Romeo* by his lady lie;
Poor ſacrifices of our enmity.
Pri. A glooming peace this morning with it brings;
The ſun, for ſorrow, will not ſhew his head:
Go hence, to have more talk of these ſad things;
Some ſhall be pardon'd, and ſome puniſhed:
For never was a ſtory of more woe,
Than this of *Juliet* and her *Romeo.* [*Exeunt.*

HAMLET.

Perſons represented.

Hamlet, *Prince of* Denmark:
Claudius, *King of* Denmark, *his Uncle.*
Polonius, *a great Officer:*
Cornelius,
Voltimand, *Gentlemen of the*
Rosincrantz, *and* *Court of* Claudius.
Guildenſtern,
Laertes, *Son to* Polonius:
Reynaldo, *a Domeſtick.*
Horatio, *Friend to* Hamlet:
Franciſco, *a Soldier*; Bernardo,
and Marcellus, *Officers.*
Osrick, *a Courtier*; *another Courtier:*
Gentlemen, two; *Clowns, two, Grave-diggers*;
Prieſt, Player, Sailor, Servant to Horatio.
Ghoſt of Hamlet's *Father.*
Fortinbras, *a Prince of* Norway:
a Captain: an Embaſſador.
Prologue; *Duke, Dutcheſs, and their*
Nephew, Presenters in the Interlude.

Gertrude, Hamlet's *Mother, Queen to* Claudius.
Ophelia, *Daughter of* Polonius.

Lords, Ladies, and divers other Attendants; *Prieſts,*
Players, Sailors, Officers, and Soldiers.

Scene, Elſinour.

HAMLET.

ACT I.

SCENE I. Elſinour. *Platform of the Caſtle.*

FRANCISCO *upon his Poſt*; *Enter, to him,* BERNARDO.

Ber. Who's there?

Fra. Nay, anſwer me; ſtand, and unfold
Yourſelf.

Ber. Long live the king!

Fra. *Bernardo?*

Ber. He.

Fra. You come moſt carefully upon your hour.

Ber. 'Tis now ſtrook twelve; get thee to bed, *Franciſco.*

Fra. For this relief, much thanks: 'tis bitter cold,
And I am ſick at heart.

Ber. Have you had quiet guard?

Fra. Not a mouſe ſtirring.

Ber. Well, good night.
If you do meet *Horatio* and *Marcellus,*
The rivals of my watch, bid them make haſte.

Enter HORATIO, *and* MARCELLUS.

Fra. I think, I hear them:—Stand, ho! who is there?
Hor. Friends to this ground:
Mar. And liegemen to the *Dane.*
Fra. Give you good night.
Mar. O, farewel, honeſt ſoldier:
Who hath reliev'd you?
Fra. *Bernardo* hath my place:
Give you good night. [*Exit* Francisco.
Mar. Hola! *Bernardo!*
Ber. Say,
What, is *Horatio* there?
Hor. A piece of him.
Ber. Welcome, *Horatio*;—welcome, good *Marcellus.*
Hor. What, has this thing appear'd again to-night?
Ber. I have ſeen nothing.
Mar. *Horatio* ſays, 'tis but our fantaſy;
And will not let belief take hold of him,
Touching this dreaded ſight, twice ſeen of us:
Therefore I have intreated him along,
With us to watch the minutes of this night;
That, if again this apparition come,
He may approve our eyes, and ſpeak to it.
Hor. Tuſh, tuſh, 'twill not appear.
Ber. Sit down a while;
And let us once again aſſail your ears,
That are ſo fortify'd againſt our ſtory,
What we have two nights ſeen.
Hor. Well, ſit we down,
And let us hear *Bernardo* ſpeak of this.
Ber. Laſt night of all,
When yon' ſame ſtar, that's weſtward from the pole,
Had made his courſe t' illume that part of heaven

Where now it burns, *Marcellus*, and myſelf,
The bell then beating one,—
Enter Ghoſt.
Mar. Peace, break thee off; look, where it comes again!
Ber. In the ſame figure, like the king that's dead.
Mar. Thou art a ſcholar, ſpeak to it, *Horatio.*
Ber. Looks it not like the king? mark it, *Horatio.*
Hor. Moſt like: it harrows me with fear, and wonder.
Ber. It would be ſpoke to.
Mar. Speak to it, *Horatio.*
Hor. What art thou, that usurp'ſt this time of night,
Together with that fair and warlike form
In which the majeſty of bury'd *Denmark*
Did ſometimes march? by heaven I charge thee, ſpeak.
Mar. It is offended.
Ber. See, it ſtalks away.
Hor. Stay; ſpeak; I charge thee, ſpeak. [*Exit* Ghoſt.
Mar. 'Tis gone, and will not anſwer.
Ber. How now, *Horatio?* you tremble, and look pale:
Is not this ſomething more than fantaſy?
What think you on't?
Hor. Before my God, I might not this believe
Without the ſenſible and true avouch
Of mine own eyes.
Mar. Is it not like the king?
Hor. As thou art to thyſelf:
Such was the very armour he had on,
When he the ambitious *Norway* combated;
So frown'd he once, when, in an angry parle,
He ſmote the ſledded *Polack* on the ice.
'Tis ſtrange.

18 ſpeake, ſpeake 31 pollax

Mar. Thus, twice before, and jump at this dead hour,
With martial ſtalk hath he gone by our watch.
Hor. In what particular thought to work, I know not;
But, in the groſs and ſcope of mine opinion,
This bodes ſome ſtrange eruption to our ſtate.
Mar. Good now ſit down, and tell me, he that knows,
Why this ſame ſtrict and moſt observant watch
So nightly toils the ſubject of the land;
And why ſuch daily caſt of brazen cannon,
And foreign mart for implements of war;
Why ſuch impreſs of ſhip-wrights, whose ſore taſk
Does not divide the ſunday from the week:
What might be toward, that this ſweaty haſte
Doth make the night joint-labourer with the day;
Who is't, that can inform me?
Hor. That can I;
At leaſt, the whiſper goes ſo. Our laſt king,
Whose image even but now appear'd to us,
Was, as you know, by *Fortinbras* of *Norway*,
Thereto prick'd on by a moſt emulate pride,
Dar'd to the combat; in which, our valiant *Hamlet*
(For ſo this ſide of our known world eſteem'd him)
Did ſlay this *Fortinbras:* who, by a ſeal'd compact,
Well ratify'd by law, and heraldry,
Did forfeit, with his life, all those his lands,
Which he ſtood ſeiz'd of, to the conqueror:
Againſt the which, a moiety competent
Was gaged by our king; which had return
To the inheritance of *Fortinbras*,
Had he been vanquiſher; as, by the ſame comart,
And carriage of the article deſign'd,
His fell to *Hamlet:* Now, ſir, young *Fortinbras*.

Of unimproved mettle hot and full,
Hath in the ſkirts of *Norway*, here and there,
Shark'd up a liſt of lawleſs resolutes,
For food and diet, to ſome enterprize
That hath a ſtomack in't; which is no other,
(As it doth well appear unto our ſtate)
But to recover of us, by ſtrong hand,
And terms compulſatory, those foreſaid lands
So by his father loſt: And this, I take it,
Is the main motive of our preparations;
The ſource of this our watch, and the chief head
Of this poſt-haſte and romage in the land.
Ber. I think, it be no other, but even ſo:
Well may it ſort, that this portentous figure
Comes armed through our watch; ſo like the king
That was, and is the queſtion of these wars.
Hor. A mote it is, to trouble the mind's eye.
In the moſt high and palmy ſtate of *Rome*,
A little ere the mightieſt *Julius* fell,
The graves ſtood tenantleſs, and the ſheeted dead
Did ſqueak and gibber in the *Roman* ſtreets;
Stars ſhone with trains of fire; dews of blood fell;
Disaſters dim'd the ſun; and the moiſt ſtar,
Upon whose influence *Neptune*'s empire ſtands,
Was ſick almoſt to dooms-day with eclipſe.
And even the like precurſe of fierce events,—
As harbingers preceding ſtill the fates,
And prologue to the omen coming on,—
Have heaven and earth together demonſtrated
Unto our climatures and countrymen.
Re-enter Ghoſt.
But, ſoft; behold; lo, where it comes again!

22 v. *Note*. 23 Diſaſters in the

I'll croſs it, though it blaſt me.—Stay, illusion;
If thou haſt any ſound, or uſe of voice,
Speak to me:
If there be any good thing to be done,
That may to thee do ease, and grace to me,
Speak to me:
If thou art privy to thy country's fate,
Which, hapily, foreknowing may avoid,
O, ſpeak:
Or if thou haſt uphoarded in thy life
Extorted treasure in the womb of earth,
For which, they ſay, you ſpirits oft walk in death, [*Ilus.*
Speak of it; [*Cock crows.*] ſtay, and ſpeak.—Stop it, *Marce-*
MAR. Shall I ſtrike at it with my partizan?
HOR. Do, if it will not ſtand.
BER. 'Tis here.
HOR. 'Tis here.
MAR. 'Tis gone. [*Exit* Ghoſt.
We do it wrong, being ſo majeſtical,
To offer it the ſhow of violence;
For it is, as the air, invulnerable,
And our vain blows malicious mockery.
BER. It was about to ſpeak, when the cock crew.
HOR. And then it ſtarted, like a guilty thing
Upon a fearful ſummons. I have heard,
The cock, that is the trumpet to the morn,
Doth with his lofty and ſhrill-ſounding throat
Awake the god of day; and, at his warning,
Whether in ſea or fire, in earth or air,
The extravagant and erring ſpirit hies
To his confine: and of the truth herein
This present object made probation.

Mar. It faded on the crowing of the cock.
Some ſay, that ever 'gainſt that ſeaſon comes
Wherein our ſaviour's birth is celebrated,
This bird of dawning ſingeth all night long:
And then, they ſay, no ſpirit dares ſtir abroad;
The nights are wholeſome; then no planets ſtrike,
No fairy takes, no witch hath power to charm,
So hallow'd and ſo gracious is the time.
Hor. So have I heard, and do in part believe it.
But, look, the morn, in ruſſet mantle clad,
Walks o'er the dew of yon' high eaſtward hill:
Break we our watch up; and, by my advice,
Let us impart what we have ſeen to-night
Unto young *Hamlet*; for, upon my life,
This ſpirit, dumb to us, will ſpeak to him:
Do you conſent we ſhall acquaint him with it,
As needful in our loves, fitting our duty?
Mar. Let's do't, I pray; and I this morning know
Where we ſhall find him moſt convenient. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II. *The ſame. A Room of State in the ſame.*

Enter King, Queen, *and* HAMLET; *with* POLONIUS, LAERTES, *Lords*, &c. VOLTIMAND, *and* CORNELIUS.

Kin. Though yet of *Hamlet* our dear brother's death
The memory be green; and that it us befitted
To bear our hearts in grief, and our whole kingdom
To be contracted in one brow of woe;
Yet ſo far hath diſcretion fought with nature,
That we with wiſeſt ſorrow think on him,
Together with remembrance of ourſelves.
Therefore our ſometime ſiſter, now our queen,

The imperial jointreſs of this warlike ſtate,
Have we, as 'twere, with a defeated joy,—
With one auſpicious, and one dropping eye;
With mirth in funeral, and with dirge in marriage;
In equal ſcale weighing delight and dole,—
Taken to wife: nor have we herein bar'd
Your better wiſdoms, which have freely gone
With this affair along: For all, our thanks.
Now follows, that you know, young *Fortinbras*,—
Holding a weak ſuppoſal of our worth;
Or thinking, by our late dear brother's death,
Our ſtate to be diſjoint and out of frame,—
Co-leagued with this dream of his advantage,
He hath not fail'd to peſter us with meſſage,
Importing the ſurrender of those lands
Loſt by his father, with all bands of law,
To our moſt valiant brother. So much for him.
Now for ourſelf, and for this time of meeting.
Thus much the buſineſs is: We have here † writ
To *Norway*, uncle of young *Fortinbras*,—
Who, impotent and bed-rid, ſcarcely hears
Of this his nephew's purpoſe,—to ſuppreſs
His further gait herein; in that the levies,
The liſts, and full proportions, are all made
Out of his ſubject:—and we here diſpatch
You, good *Cornelius*, and you, *Voltimand*,
For bearers of this greeting to old *Norway*;
Giving to you no further perſonal power
To buſineſs with the king, more than the ſcope
Of these ‡ dilated articles allow.
Farewel; and let your haſte commend your duty. [duty.
Cor. *Vol.* In that, and all things, will we ſhow our

Kin. We doubt it nothing; heartily farewel.—
[*Exeunt* VOLTIMAND, *and* CORNELIUS.
And now, *Laertes*, what's the news with you?
You told us of ſome ſuit; What is't, *Laertes?*
You cannot ſpeak of reaſon to the *Dane*,
And loſe your voice: What would'ſt thou beg, *Laertes*,
That ſhall not be my offer, not thy aſking?
The head is not more native to the heart,
The hand more inſtrumental to the mouth,
Than to the throne of *Denmark* is thy father.
What would'ſt thou have, *Laertes?*
Lae. My dread lord,
Your leave and favour to return to *France:*
From whence though willingly I came to *Denmark*,
To ſhow my duty in your coronation;
Yet now, I muſt confeſs, that duty done,
My thoughts and wiſhes bend again toward *France*,
And bow them to your gracious leave and pardon.
Kin. Have you your father's leave?—What ſays *Polonius?*
Pol. He hath, my lord, wrung from me my ſlow leave
By labourſome petition; and, at laſt,
Upon his will I ſeal'd my hard conſent:
I do beſeech you, give him leave to go.
Kin. Take thy fair hour, *Laertes*; time be thine,
And thy beſt graces ſpend it at thy will.—
But now, my couſin *Hamlet*, and my ſon,—
Ham. "A little more than kin, and leſs than kind."
Kin. How is it that the clouds ſtill hang on you?
Ham. Not ſo, my lord, I am too much i' the ſun.
Que. Good *Hamlet*, caſt thy nighted colour off,
And let thine eye look like a friend on *Denmark*.
Do not, for ever, with thy vailed lids

10 is the throne of Denmarke to

Seek for thy noble father in the duſt:
Thou know'ſt, 'tis common; all, that live, muſt die,
Paſſing through nature to eternity.
Ham. Ay, madam, it is common.
Que. If it be,
Why ſeems it ſo particular with thee?
Ham. Seems, madam! nay, it is; I know not ſeems.
'Tis not alone my inky cloak, good mother,
Nor cuſtomary ſuits of ſolemn black,
Nor windy ſuſpiration of forc'd breath,
No, nor the fruitful river in the eye,
Nor the dejected 'haviour of the viſage,
Together with all forms, modes, ſhapes of grief,
That can denote me truly: Theſe, indeed, ſeem,
For they are actions that a man might play:
But I have that within, which paſſes ſhow;
Theſe, but the trappings and the ſuits of woe.
Kin. 'Tis ſweet and commendable in your nature, *Hamlet*,
To give theſe mourning duties to your father:
But, you muſt know, your father loſt a father;
That father, loſt, loſt his; and the ſurviver bound,
In filial obligation, for ſome term
To do obſequious ſorrow: But to perſever
In obſtinate condolement, is a courſe
Of impious ſtubbornneſs; 'tis unmanly grief:
It ſhows a will moſt incorrect to heaven;
A heart unfortify'd, or mind impatient;
An underſtanding ſimple and unſchool'd:
For what, we know, muſt be, and is as common
As any the moſt vulgar thing to ſenſe,
Why ſhould we, in our peeviſh oppoſition,
Take it to heart? Fie! 'tis a fault to heaven,

A fault againſt the dead, a fault to nature,
To reason moſt abſurd; whose common theme
Is death of fathers; and who ſtill hath cry'd,
From the firſt corſe 'till he that dy'd to-day,
This muſt be ſo. We pray you, throw to earth
This unprevailing woe; and think of us
As of a father: for, let the world take note,
You are the moſt immediate to our throne;
And, with no leſs nobility of love
Than that which deareſt father bears his ſon,
Do I impart toward you. For your intent
In going back to ſchool in *Wittenberg*,
It is moſt retrograde to our desire:
And, we beſeech you, bend you to remain
Here, in the chear and comfort of our eye,
Our chiefeſt courtier, cousin, and our ſon.
Que. Let not thy mother lose her prayers, *Hamlet*;
I pray thee, ſtay with us, go not to *Wittenberg*.
Ham. I ſhall in all my beſt obey you, madam.
Kin. Why, 'tis a loving and a fair reply;
Be as ourſelf in *Denmark*.—Madam, come;
This gentle and unforc'd accord of *Hamlet*
Sits ſmiling to my heart: in grace whereof,
No jocond health, that *Denmark* drinks to-day,
But the great cannon to the clouds ſhall tell;
And the king's rouze the heavens ſhall bruit again,
Reſpeaking earthly thunder. Come, away.
[*Exeunt* King, Queen, *Lords*, &c. Pol. *and* Lae.
Ham. O, that this too-too-ſolid fleſh would melt,
Thaw, and resolve itſelf into a dew!
Or that the everlaſting had not fix'd
His canon 'gainſt ſelf-ſlaughter! O God, o God!

How weary, ſtale, flat, and unprofitable
Seem to me all the uſes of this world!
Fie on't! ah, fie! 'tis an unweeded garden,
That grows to ſeed; things rank, and groſs in nature,
Posseſs it meerly. That it ſhould come to this!
But two months dead;—nay, not ſo much, not two:
So excellent a king; that was, to this,
Hyperion to a ſatyr: ſo loving to my mother,
That he might not let e'en the winds of heaven
Visit her face too roughly. Heaven and earth!
Muſt I remember? why, ſhe would hang on him,
As if encreaſe of appetite had grown
By what it fed on: And yet, within a month,—
Let me not think on't; Frailty, thy name is woman:—
A little month; or ere those ſhoes were old,
With which ſhe follow'd my poor father's body,
Like *Niobe*, all tears; why ſhe, even ſhe,—
O heaven! a beaſt, that wants diſcourſe of reason,
Would have mourn'd longer,—marry'd with my uncle,
My father's brother; but no more like my father,
Than I to *Hercules:* Within a month;
Ere yet the ſalt of moſt unrighteous tears
Had left the fluſhing in her gauled eyes,
She marry'd:—O moſt wicked ſpeed, to poſt
With ſuch dexterity to inceſtuous ſheets!
It is not, nor it cannot come to, good:
But break, my heart; for I muſt hold my tongue.

Enter HORATIO, MARCELLUS, *and* BERNARDO.

HOR. Hail to your lordſhip.

HAM. I am glad to ſee you well:
Horatio,—or I do forget myſelf.

HOR. The ſame, my lord, and your poor ſervant ever.

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9 not beteene the

Ham. Sir, my good friend; I'll change that name with [you.
And what make you from *Wittenberg, Horatio?*—
Marcellus?

Mar. My good lord,—

Ham. I am very glad to ſee you; good even, ſir.—
But what, in faith, make you from *Wittenberg?*

Hor. A truant diſpoſition, good my lord.

Ham. I would not hear your enemy ſay ſo;
Nor ſhall you do my ear that violence,
To make it truſter of your own report
Againſt yourſelf: I know, you are no truant.
But what is your affair in *Elſinour?*
We'll teach you to drink deep, ere you depart.

Hor. My lord, I came to ſee your father's funeral.

Ham. I pray thee, do not mock me, fellow ſtudent;
I think, it was to ſee my mother's wedding.

Hor. Indeed, my lord, it follow'd hard upon.

Ham. Thrift, thrift, *Horatio*; the funeral bak'd meats
Did coldly furniſh forth the marriage tables.
'Would I had met my deareſt foe in heaven,
Or ever I had ſeen that day, *Horatio!*—
My father,—Methinks, I ſee my father.

Hor. Where, my lord?

Ham. In my mind's eye, *Horatio.*

Hor. I ſaw him once, he was a goodly king.

Ham. He was a man, take him for all in all,
I ſhall not look upon his like again.

Hor. My lord, I think I ſaw him yeſternight.

Ham. Saw! who?

Hor. My lord, the king your father.

Ham. The king my father!

Hor. Seaſon your admiration for a while

With an attent ear; 'till I may deliver,
Upon the witneſs of these gentlemen,
This marvel to you.
Ham. For God's love, let me hear.
Hor. Two nights together had these gentlemen,
Marcellus and *Bernardo*, on their watch,
In the dead waſte and middle of the night,
Been thus encounter'd. A figure like your father,
Armed at point, exactly, cap-a-pe,
Appears before them, and, with ſolemn march,
Goes ſlow and ſtately by them: thrice he walk'd,
By their oppreſt and fear-ſurprized eyes,
Within his truncheon's length; whilſt they, diſtill'd
Almoſt to jelly with the act of fear,
Stand dumb and ſpeak not to him. This to me
In dreadful ſecreſy impart they did;
And I with them, the third night, kept the watch:
Where, as they had deliver'd, both in time,
Form of the thing, each word made true and good,
The apparition comes: I knew your father,
These hands are not more like.
Ham. But where was this?
Mar. My lord, upon the platform where we watch'd.
Ham. Did you not ſpeak to it?
Hor. My lord, I did;
But anſwer made it none: yet once, methought,
It lifted up it's head, and did addreſs
Itſelf to motion, like as it would ſpeak:
But, even then, the morning cock crew loud;
And at the ſound it ſhrunk in haſte away,
And vaniſh'd from our ſight.
Ham. 'Tis very ſtrange.

Hor. As I do live, my honour'd lord, 'tis true;
And we did think it writ down in our duty,
To let you know of it.
Ham. Indeed, indeed, ſirs, but this troubles me.
Hold you the watch to-night?
Mar. Ber. We do, my lord.
Ham. Arm'd, ſay you?
Mar. Ber. Arm'd, my lord.
Ham. From top to toe?
Mar. Ber. My lord, from head to foot.
Ham. Then ſaw you not his face.
Hor. O, yes, my lord; he wore his beaver up.
Ham. What, look'd he frowningly?
Hor. A countenance more
In ſorrow than in anger.
Ham. Pale, or red?
Hor. Nay, very pale.
Ham. And fix'd his eyes upon you?
Hor. Moſt conſtantly.
Ham. I would, I had been there.
Hor. It would have much amaz'd you.
Ham. Very like,
Very like: Stay'd it long?
Hor. While one with moderate haſte
Might tell a hundred.
Mar. Ber. Longer, longer.
Hor. Not when I ſaw't.
Ham. His beard was grizl'd? no?
Hor. It was, as I have ſeen it in his life,
A ſable ſilver'd.
Ham. I will watch to-night;
Perchance, 'twill walk again.

Hor. I war'nt, it will.

Ham. If it aſſume my noble father's perſon,
I'll ſpeak to it, though hell itſelf ſhould gape,
And bid me hold my peace. I pray you all,
If you have hitherto conceal'd this ſight,
Let it be tenable in your ſilence ſtill;
And whatſoever elſe ſhall hap to-night,
Give it an underſtanding, but no tongue;
I will requite your loves: So, fare you well:
Upon the platform, 'twixt eleven and twelve,
I'll visit you.

Hor. Mar. Ber. Our duty to your honour.

Ham. Your loves, as mine to you: Farewel.
[*Exeunt* Hor. Mar. *and* Ber.
My father's ſpirit in arms! all is not well;
I doubt ſome foul play: 'would, the night were come;
'Till then ſit ſtill, my ſoul: Foul deeds will rise,
Though all the earth o'erwhelm them, to men's eyes. [*Ex.*

SCENE III. *The ſame. A Room in* Polonius' *Apartment.*

Enter Laertes, *and* Ophelia.

Lae. My neceſſaries are embark'd; farewel:
And, ſiſter, as the winds give benefit,
And convoy is aſſiſtant, do not ſleep,
But let me hear from you.

Oph. Do you doubt that?

Lae. For *Hamlet*, and the trifling of his favour,
Hold it a faſhion, and a toy in blood;
A violet in the youth of primy nature,
Forward, not permanent, ſweet, but not laſting,
The perfume and ſuppliance of a minute,
No more.

OPH. No more but ſo?
LAE. Think it no more:
For nature, creſcent, does not grow alone
In thews, and bulk; but, as this temple waxes,
The inward ſervice of the mind and ſoul
Grows wide withal. Perhaps, he loves you now;
And now no ſoil, nor cautel, doth beſmirch
The virtue of his will: but, you muſt fear,
His greatneſs weigh'd, his will is not his own:
For he himſelf is ſubject to his birth:
He may not, as unvalu'd perſons do,
Carve for himſelf; for on his choice depends
The ſanity and health of the whole ſtate;
And therefore muſt his choice be circumſcrib'd
Unto the voice and yielding of that body,
Whereof he is the head: Then if he ſays, he loves you,
It fits your wisdom ſo far to believe it,
As he in his particular act and place
May give his ſaying deed; which is no further,
Than the main voice of *Denmark* goes withal.
Then weigh what loſs your honour may ſuſtain,
If with too credent ear you liſt his ſongs;
Or lose your heart; or your chaſt treasure open
To his unmaſter'd importunity:
Fear it, *Ophelia*, fear it, my dear ſiſter;
And keep you in the rear of your affection,
Out of the ſhot and danger of desire.
The charieſt maid is prodigal enough,
If ſhe unmaſk her beauty to the moon:
Virtue itſelf ſcapes not calumnious ſtrokes:
The canker galls the infants of the ſpring,
Too oft before their buttons be diſclos'd;

[13] ſanctity

And in the morn and liquid dew of youth
Contagious blaſtments are moſt imminent.
Be wary then: beſt ſafety lies in fear;
Youth to itſelf rebels, though none elſe near.
Oph. I ſhall the effect of this good leſſon keep,
As watchman to my heart: But, good my brother,
Do not, as ſome ungracious paſtors do,
Shew me the ſteep and thorny way to heaven;
Whilſt, like a puft and reckleſs libertine,
Himſelf the primrose path of dalliance treads,
And recks not his own read.
Lae. O, fear me not.
I ſtay too long;—But here my father comes:—
Enter Polonius.
A double bleſſing is a double grace;[*kneeling to* Polonius.
Occasion ſmiles upon a ſecond leave.
Pol. Yet here, *Laertes!* aboard, aboard, for ſhame;
The wind ſits in the ſhoulder of your ſail,
And you are ſtay'd for: There,† my bleſſing with you;
And these few precepts in thy memory
Look thou character. Give thy thoughts no tongue,
Nor any unproportion'd thought his act.
Be thou familiar, but by no means vulgar.
The friends thou haſt, and their adoption try'd,
Grapple them to thy ſoul with hooks of ſteal;
But do not dull thy palm with entertainment
Of each new-hatch'd unfledg'd comrade. Beware
Of entrance to a quarrel; but, being in,
Bear't that the opposed may beware of thee.
Give every man thine ear, but few thy voice:
Take each man's cenſure, but reserve thy judgment.
Coſtly thy habit as thy purſe can buy,

But not expreſſ'd in fancy; rich, not gaudy:
For the apparel oft proclaims the man;
And they in *France*, of the beſt rank and ſtation,
Are moſt ſelect and generous, chief in that.
Neither a borrower, nor a lender be:
For loan oft loſes both itſelf and friend;
And borrowing dulls the edge of husbandry.
This above all,— To thine own ſelf be true;
And it muſt follow, as the night the day,
Thou canſt not then be falſe to any man.
Farewel; my bleſſing ſeaſon this in thee!
Lae. Moſt humbly do I take my leave, my lord.
Pol. The time inveſts you; go, your ſervants tend.
Lae. Farewel, *Ophelia*; and remember well
What I have ſaid to you.
Oph. 'Tis in my memory lock'd,
And you yourſelf ſhall keep the key of it.
Lae. Farewel. [*Exit* Laertes.
Pol. What is't, *Ophelia*, he hath ſaid to you?
Oph. So please you, ſomething touching the lord *Hamlet*.
Pol. Marry, well bethought:
'Tis told me, he hath very oft of late
Given private time to you; and you yourſelf
Have of your audience been moſt free and bounteous:
If it be ſo, (as ſo 'tis put on me,
And that in way of caution) I muſt tell you,
You do not underſtand yourſelf ſo clearly,
As it behoves my daughter, and your honour:
What is between you? give me up the truth.
Oph. He hath, my lord, of late made many tenders
Of his affection to me.
Pol. Affection? puh! you ſpeak like a green girl,

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4 Are of a moſt

Unſifted in ſuch perilous circumſtance.
Do you believe his tenders, as you call them?
Oph. I do not know, my lord, what I ſhould think.
Pol. Marry, I will teach you: think yourſelf a baby;
That you have ta'en these tenders for true pay,
Which are not ſterling. Tender yourſelf more dearly,
Or (not to crack the wind of the poor phraſe,
Wringing it thus) you'll tender me a fool.
Oph. My lord, he hath importun'd me with love
In honourable faſhion.
Pol. Ay, faſhion you may call it; go to, go to. [lord,
Oph. And hath given countenance to his ſpeech, my
With almoſt all the holy vows of heaven.
Pol. Ay, ſpringes to catch woodcocks. I do know,
When the blood burns, how prodigal the ſoul
Lends the tongue vows: These blazes, gentle daughter,
Giving more light than heat,—extinct in both,
Even in their promiſe, as it is a making,—
You muſt not take for fire. From this time,
Be ſomething ſcanter of your maiden preſence;
Set your entreatments at a higher rate,
Than a command to parley. For lord *Hamlet*,
Believe ſo much in him, That he is young;
And with a larger tether may he walk,
Than may be given you: In few, *Ophelia*,
Do not believe his vows: for they are brokers;
Not of that die which their inveſtments ſhow,
But meer implorers of unholy ſuits;
Breathing like ſanctify'd and pious bawds,
The better to beguile. This is for all,—
I would not, in plain terms, from this time forth,
Have you ſo ſlander any moment's leiſure,

[8] Wrong it [28] implorators [29] bonds

As to give words or talk with the lord *Hamlet.*
Look to't, I charge you; come your ways.
  Oph. I ſhall
Obey, my lord. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV. *The ſame. The Platform.*

Enter Hamlet, Horatio, *and* Marcellus.

Ham. The air bites ſhrewdly; it is very cold.
Hor. It is a nipping and an eager air.
Ham. What hour now?
Hor. I think, it lacks of twelve.
Mar. No, it is ſtrook.
Hor. Indeed? I heard it not: it then draws near the [ſeason,
Wherein the ſpirit held his wont to walk.
[*Flouriſh of Trumpets,* &c. *and Ordinance going off, heard within.*
What does this mean, my lord?
Ham. The king doth wake to-night, and takes his ['rouse,
Keeps waſſel, and the ſwaggering up-ſpring reels;
And, as he drains his draughts of *Rheniſh* down,
The kettle-drum, and trumpet, thus bray out
The triumph of his pledge.
Hor. Is it a cuſtom?
Ham. Ay, marry, is't:
But, to my mind,—though I am native here,
And to the manner born,—it is a cuſtom
More honour'd in the breach, than the obſervance.
This heavy-headed revel eaſt and weſt
Makes us traduc'd, and tax'd of other nations:
They clepe us, drunkards, and with ſwiniſh phraſe
Soil our addition; and, indeed, it takes
From our atchievements, though perform'd at height,

The pith and marrow of our attribute.
So oft it chances in particular men;
That, for ſome vicious mole of nature in them,—
As in their birth, (wherein they are not guilty,
Since nature cannot choose his origin)
By the o'er-growth of ſome complexion,
Oft breaking down the pales and forts of reason;
Or by ſome habit, that too much o'er-leavens
The form of plauſive manners;—that these men,—
Carrying, I ſay, the ſtamp of one defect;
Being nature's livery, or fortune's ſtar,—
Their virtues elſe (be they as pure as grace,
As infinite as man may undergo)
Shall in the general cenſure take corruption
From that particular fault: The dram of baſe
Doth all the noble ſubſtance of worth out,
To his own ſcandal.

Enter Ghoſt.

Hor. Look, my lord, it comes!
Ham. Angels and miniſters of grace defend us!—
Be thou a ſpirit of health, or goblin damn'd,
Bring with thee airs from heaven, or blaſts from hell,
Be thy intents wicked, or charitable,
Thou com'ſt in ſuch a queſtionable ſhape,
That I will ſpeak to thee; I'll call thee, *Hamlet,*
King, father, royal *Dane:* O, anſwer me!
Let me not burſt in ignorance! but tell,
Why thy canoniz'd bones, hearſed in death,
Have burſt their cearments; why the ſepulcher,
Wherein we ſaw thee quietly interr'd,
Hath op'd his ponderous and marble jaws,
To caſt thee up again: What may this mean,—

6 their ore- 12 His ver- 15 of eaſe 16 of a doubt

That thou, dead corſe, again, in compleat ſteel,
Reviſit'ſt thus the glimpſes of the moon,
Making night hideous; and we fools of nature
So horridly to ſhake our diſpoſition,
With thoughts beyond the reaches of our ſouls?
Say, why is this? wherefore? what ſhould we do?
Hor. It beckons you to go away with it,
As if it ſome impartment did desire
To you alone.
Mar. Look, with what courteous action
It waves you to a more removed ground:
But do not go with it.
Hor. No, by no means.
Ham. It will not ſpeak; then I will follow it.
Hor. Do not, my lord.
Ham. Why, what ſhould be the fear?
I do not ſet my life at a pin's fee:
And, for my ſoul, what can it do to that,
Being a thing immortal as itſelf?
It waves me forth again; I'll follow it.
Hor. What, if it tempt you toward the flood, my lord;
Or to the dreadful ſummit of the cliff,
That beetles o'er his baſe into the ſea?
And there aſſume ſome other horrible form,
Which might deprive your ſovereignty of reaſon,
And draw you into madneſs? think of it:
The very place puts toys of deſperation,
Without more motive, into every brain,
That looks ſo many fathoms to the ſea,
And hears it roar beneath.
Ham. It waves me ſtill:—
Go on, I'll follow thee.

Mar. You ſhall not go, my lord.
Ham. Hold off your hands.
Hor. Be rul'd, you ſhall not go.
Ham. My fate cries out,
And makes each petty artery in this body
Hardy as the *Nemean* lion's nerve.—
Still am I call'd?—unhand me, gentlemen;
By heaven, I'll make a ghoſt of him that lets me:
I ſay, away:—Go on, I'll follow thee.
[*Exeunt* Ghoſt, *and* HAMLET.
Hor. He waxes deſperate with imagination.
Mar. Let's follow; 'tis not fit thus to obey him.
Hor. Have after: To what iſſue will this come?
Mar. Something is rotten in the ſtate of *Denmark.*
Hor. Heaven will direct it.
Mar. Nay, let's follow him. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE V. *The ſame. Another Part of the ſame.*

Enter Ghoſt, *and* HAMLET.

Ham. Whither wilt thou lead me? ſpeak, I'll go no further.
Gho. Mark me.
Ham. I will.
Gho. My hour is almoſt come,
When I to ſulph'rous and tormenting flames
Muſt render up myſelf.
Ham. Alas, poor ghoſt!
Gho. Pity me not, but lend thy ſerious hearing
To what I ſhall unfold.
Ham. Speak, I am bound to hear.
Gho. So art thou to revenge, when thou ſhalt hear.
Ham. What?
Gho. I am thy father's ſpirit;

[6] As hardy as

Doom'd for a certain term to walk the night;
And, for the day, confin'd to faſt in fires,
'Till the foul crimes, done in my days of nature,
Are burnt and purg'd away. But that I am forbid
To tell the ſecrets of my prison-houſe,
I could a tale unfold, whose lighteſt word
Would harrow up thy ſoul; freeze thy young blood;
Make thy two eyes, like ſtars, ſtart from their ſpheres;
Thy knotty and combined locks to part,
And each particular hair to ſtand an end,
Like quills upon the fretful porcupine:
But this eternal blazon muſt not be
To ears of fleſh and blood: Liſt, liſt, o liſt!
If thou didſt ever thy dear father love,—
  Ham. O heaven!
  Gho. Revenge his foul and moſt unnatural murther.
  Ham. Murther?
  Gho. Murther moſt foul, as in the beſt it is;
But this moſt foul, ſtrange, and unnatural.
  Ham. Haſte me to know't; that I, with wings as ſwift
As meditation, or the thoughts of love,
May ſweep to my revenge.
  Gho. I find thee apt;
And duller ſhould'ſt thou be than the fat weed
That rots itſelf in ease on *Lethe* wharf,
Would'ſt thou not ſtir in this. Now, *Hamlet*, hear:
'Tis given out, that, ſleeping in my orchard,
A ſerpent ſtung me; ſo the whole ear of *Denmark*
Is by a forged proceſs of my death
Rankly abus'd: but know, thou noble youth,
The ſerpent, that did ſting thy father's life,
Now wears his crown.

Ham. O my prophetick ſoul! my uncle?
Gho. Ay, that inceſtuous, that adulterate beaſt,
With witchcraft of his wit, with traiterous gifts,
(O wicked wit, and gifts, that have the power
So to ſeduce!) won to his ſhameful luſt
The will of my moſt ſeeming-virtuous queen:
O, *Hamlet*, what a falling-off was there!
From me, whose love was of that dignity,
That it went hand in hand even with the vow
I made to her in marriage; and to decline
Upon a wretch, whose natural gifts were poor
To those of mine!
But virtue, as it never will be mov'd,
Though lewdneſs court it in a ſhape of heaven;
So luſt, though to a radiant angel link'd,
Will ſate itſelf in a celeſtial bed,
And prey on garbage.
But, ſoft! methinks, I ſcent the morning air;
Brief let me be: Sleeping within my orchard,
My cuſtom always of the afternoon,
Upon my ſecure hour thy uncle ſtole,
With juice of curſed hebenon in a viol,
And in the porches of mine ears did pour
The leperous diſtilment; whose effect
Holds ſuch an enmity with blood of man,
That, ſwift as quick-ſilver, it courſes through
The natural gates and allies of the body;
And, with a ſudden vigour, it doth poſſet
And curd, like eager droppings into milk,
The thin and wholeſome blood: ſo did it mine;
And a moſt inſtant tetter bark'd about,
Moſt lazar-like, with vile and loathſome cruſt

All my ſmooth body.
Thus was I, ſleeping, by a brother's hand,
Of life, of crown, of queen, at once diſpatch'd:
Cut off even in the bloſſoms of my ſin,
Unhouſel'd, unanointed, unanneal'd;
No reck'ning made, but ſent to my account
With all my imperfections on my head:
O horrible! o horrible! moſt horrible!
If thou haſt nature in thee, bear it not;
Let not the royal bed of *Denmark* be
A couch for luxury and damned inceſt.
But, howſoever thou purſu'ſt this act,
Taint not thy mind, nor let thy ſoul contrive
Againſt thy mother ought; leave her to heaven,
And to those thorns that in her boſom lodge,
To prick and ſting her. Fare thee well at once;
The glow-worm ſhews the matin to be near,
And 'gins to pale his uneffectual fire:
Adieu, adieu, adieu; remember me. [*Exit* Ghoſt.
HAM. O all you hoſt of heaven! o earth! What elſe?
And ſhall I couple hell?—Hold, hold, my heart;
And you, my ſinews, grow not inſtant old,
But bear me ſtiffly up!—Remember thee?
Ay, thou poor ghoſt, while memory holds a ſeat
In this diſtracted globe. Remember thee?
Yea, from the table of my memory
I'll wipe away all trivial fond records,
All ſaws of books, all forms, all preſſures paſt,
That youth and observation copy'd there;
And thy commandment all alone ſhall live
Within the book and volume of my brain,
Unmix'd with baſer matter: yes, by heaven.

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5 diſappointed, 21 hell, ∂ fie, hold

O moſt pernicious woman!
O villain, villain, ſmiling, damned villain!
My tables,—meet it is, I ſet it down,
That one may ſmile, and ſmile, and be a villain;
At leaſt, I'm ſure, it may be ſo in *Denmark:*
So, uncle, there † you are: Now to my word;
It is,
Adieu, adieu; remember me. I have ſworn't.
Hor. [*within.*] My lord, my lord,—
Mar. [*within.*] Lord *Hamlet,*—
Hor. [*within.*] Heaven ſecure him!
Ham. So be it!
Mar. [*within.*] Illo, ho, ho, my lord!
Ham. Hillo, ho, ho, boy! come, bird, come.
Enter HORATIO, *and* MARCELLUS.
Mar. How is't, my noble lord?
Hor. What news, my lord?
Ham. O, wonderful!
Hor. Good my lord, tell it.
Ham. No; you will reveal it.
Hor. Not I, my lord, by heaven.
Mar. Nor I, my lord.
Ham. How ſay you then; would heart of man once think it?—
But you'll be ſecret,—
Hor. *Mar.* Ay, by heaven, my lord.
Ham. There's ne'er a villain, dwelling in all *Denmark,*
But he's an arrant knave.
Hor. There needs no ghoſt, my lord, come from the grave,
To tell us this.
Ham. Why, right; you are i' the right:
And ſo, without more circumſtance at all,
I hold it fit, that we ſhake hands, and part:

You, as your buſineſs, and desire, ſhall point you;—
For every man hath buſineſs, and desire,
Such as it is,—and, for my own poor part,
Look you, I will go pray.
Hor. These are but wild and whirling words, my lord.
Ham. I'm ſorry, they offend you, heartily;
'Faith, heartily.
Hor. There's no offence, my lord.
Ham. Yes, by ſaint *Patrick*, but there is, *Horatio*,
And much offence too. Touching this vision here,—
It is an honeſt ghoſt, that let me tell you:
For your desire to know what is between us,
O'er-maſter't as you may. And now, good friends,
As you are friends, ſcholars, and ſoldiers,
Give me one poor requeſt.
Hor. What is't, my lord? we will.
Ham. Never make known what you have ſeen to-night.
Hor. *Mar.* My lord, we will not.
Ham. Nay, but ſwear't.
Hor In faith,
My lord, not I.
Mar. Nor I, my lord, in faith.
Ham. Upon my † ſword.
Mar. We have ſworn, my lord, already.
Ham. Indeed, upon my ſword, indeed.
Gho. [*beneath.*] Swear.
Ham. Ha, ha, boy! ſay'ſt thou ſo? art thou there, true-penny?—
Come on,—you hear this fellow in the cellaridge,—
Conſent to ſwear.
Hor. Propose the oath, my lord.
Ham. Never to ſpeak of this that you have ſeen,
Swear by my ſword.

7 Yes faith

Gho. [*beneath.*] Swear.
Ham. *Hic et ubique?* then we'll ſhift our ground:—
Come hither, gentlemen, and lay your hands
Again upon my ſword; Swear by my ſword,
Never to ſpeak of this that you have heard.
Gho. [*beneath.*] Swear by his ſword.
Ham. Well ſaid, old mole! canſt work i' the earth ſo faſt?
A worthy pioneer!—Once more remove, good friends.
Hor. O day and night, but this is wondrous ſtrange!
Ham. And therefore as a ſtranger give it welcome.
There are more things in heaven and earth, *Horatio*,
Than are dreamt of in your philoſophy.
But come;
Here, as before, never, ſo help you mercy,
How ſtrange or odd ſoe'er I bear myſelf,—
As I, perchance, hereafter ſhall think meet
To put an antick diſpoſition on,—
That you, at ſuch time ſeeing me, never ſhall
(With arms encumber'd † thus; or this † head-ſhake;
Or by pronouncing of ſome doubtful phraſe,
As, *Well, well, we know*;—or, *We could, an if*
we would;—or, *If we liſt to ſpeak*;—or, *There*
be, an if they might;—
Or ſuch ambiguous giving-out) denote
That you know ought of me: This do you ſwear,
So grace and mercy at your moſt need help you!
Gho. [*beneath.*] Swear.
Ham. Reſt, reſt, perturbed ſpirit.—So, gentlemen,
With all my love I do commend me to you:
And what ſo poor a man as *Hamlet* is
May do, to expreſs his love and friending to you,
God willing, ſhall not lack. Let us go in together;

24 out, to note)

And ſtill your fingers on your lips, I pray.
The time is out of joint;—O curſed ſpight!
That ever I was born to ſet it right!—
Nay, come, let's go together. [*Exeunt.*

ACT II.

SCENE I. *The ſame. A Room in* Polonius' *Houſe.*

Enter POLONIUS, *and* REYNALDO.

POL. Give him this † money, and these † notes, *Reynaldo.*

REY. I will, my lord.

POL. You ſhall do marvelous wisely, good *Reynaldo,*
Before you visit him, to make inquiry
Of his behaviour.

REY. My lord, I did intend it.

POL. Marry, well ſaid; very well ſaid. Look you, ſir,
Inquire me firſt what *Dantz'ckers* are in *Paris;*
And how, and who, what means, and where they keep,
What company, at what expence; and finding,
By this encompaſſment and drift of queſtion,
That they do know my ſon, come you more nearer
Than your particular demands will touch it:
Take you, as 'twere, ſome diſtant knowledge of him,
As thus, *I know his father, and his friends,*
And, in part, him,—Do you mark this, *Reynaldo?*

REY. Ay, very well, my lord.

POL. *And, in part, him; but,* you may ſay, *not well:*
But, if't be he I mean, he's very wild;
Addicted ſo and ſo;—and there put on him
What forgeries you please: marry, none ſo rank

As may diſhonour him; take heed of that;
But, ſir, ſuch wanton, wild, and usual ſlips,
As are companions noted and moſt known
To youth and liberty.
Rey. As gaming, my lord.
Pol. Ay, or drinking, fencing, ſwearing, quarrelling,
Drabbing; you may go ſo far.
Rey. My lord, that would diſhonour him.
Pol. 'Faith, no; as you may ſeason it in the charge.
You muſt not put another ſcandal on him,
That he is open to incontinency;
That's not my meaning: but breath his faults ſo quaintly,
That they may ſeem the taints of liberty;
The flaſh and out-break of a fiery mind;
A ſavageneſs in unreclaimed blood,
Of general aſſault.
Rey. But, my good lord,—
Pol. Wherefore ſhould you do this?
Rey. Ay, my good lord,
I would know that.
Pol. Marry, ſir, here's my drift;
And, I believe, it is a fetch of warrant:
You laying these ſlight ſullies on my ſon,
As 'twere a thing a little ſoil'd i' the working,
Mark you, Your party in converſe, him you would ſound,
Having ever ſeen, in the prenominate crimes,
The youth, you breath of, guilty, be aſſur'd,
He closes with you in this conſequence;
Good ſir, or ſo; or, *Friend*, or, *Gentleman*,—
According to the phrase, or the addition,
Of man, and country.
Rey. Very good, my lord.

Pol. And then, ſir, does he this,—He does—What was I
About to ſay? I was about to ſay
Something: Where did I leave?
Rey. At, closes in the conſequence.
Pol. At, closes in the conſequence,—*Ay, marry;*
He closes with you thus: *I know the gentleman;*
I ſaw him yeſterday, or t' other day,
Or then, or then; with ſuch, or ſuch: and, as you ſay,
There was he gaming; there o'er-took in his 'rouse;
There falling out at tennis: or, perchance,
I ſaw him enter ſuch a houſe of ſale,
(*Videlicet*, a brothel) *or ſo forth.*
See you now;
Your bait of falſehood takes this carp of truth:
And thus do we of wisdom and of reach,
With windlaſſes, and with aſſays of bias,
By indirections find directions out;
So, by my former lecture and advice,
Shall you my ſon: You have me, have you not?
Rey. My lord, I have.
Pol. God be wi' you; fare you well.
Rey. Good my lord,—
Pol. Observe his inclination in yourſelf.
Rey. I ſhall, my lord.
Pol. And let him ply his musick.
Rey. Well, my lord. [*Exit* REYNALDO.
Enter OPHELIA, *haſtily.*
Pol. Farewel.—How now, *Ophelia?* what's the matter?
Oph. O, my lord, my lord, I have been ſo affrighted!
Pol. With what, i' the name of heaven?

Oph. My lord, as I was ſowing in my cloſet,
Lord *Hamlet*,—with his doublet all unbrac'd;
No hat upon his head; his ſtockings foul'd,
Ungarter'd, and down-gyred to his ancle;
Pale as his ſhirt; his knees knocking each other;
And with a look ſo piteous in purport,
As if he had been looſed out of hell,
To ſpeak of horrors,—he comes before me.
Pol. Mad for thy love?
Oph. My lord, I do not know;
But, truly, I do fear it.
Pol. What ſaid he?
Oph. He took me by the wriſt, and held me hard:
Then goes he to the length of all his arm;
And, with his other hand thus † o'er his brow,
He falls to ſuch peruſal of my face,
As he would draw it. Long time ſtay'd he ſo:
At laſt,—a little ſhaking of mine arm,
And thrice his head thus † waving up and down,—
He rais'd a ſigh ſo piteous and profound,
As it did ſeem to ſhatter all his bulk,
And end his being: That done, he lets me go:
And, with his head over his ſhoulder turn'd,
He ſeem'd to find his way without his eyes;
For out o' doors he went without their helps,
And, to the laſt, bended their light on me.
Pol. Come, go with me; I will go ſeek the king.
This is the very extaſy of love;
Whoſe violent property foredoes itſelf,
And leads the will to deſperate undertakings,
As oft as any paſſion under heaven,
That does afflict our natures. I am ſorry,—

What have you given him any hard words of late?
Oph. No, my good lord; but, as you did command,
I did repel his letters, and deny'd
His acceſs to me.
Pol. That hath made him mad.
I am ſorry, that with better heed, and judgment,
I had not quoted him: I fear'd, he did but trifle,
And meant to wrack thee; but, beſhrow my jealouſy!
By heaven, it is as proper to our age
To caſt beyond ourſelves in our opinions,
As it is common for the younger ſort
To lack diſcretion. Come, go we to the king:
This muſt be known; which, being kept cloſe, might move
More grief to hide, than hate to utter love.
Come. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II. *The ſame. A Room in the Caſtle.*

Enter King, Queen, *and Attendants*;
Rosincrantz, *and* Guildenstern.

Kin. Welcome, dear *Rosincrantz*, and *Guildenſtern!*
Moreover that we much did long to ſee you,
The need, we have to use you, did provoke
Our haſty ſending. Something have you heard
Of *Hamlet*'s transformation; ſo I call it,
Sith nor the exterior nor the inward man
Resembles that it was: What it ſhould be,
More than his father's death, that thus hath put him
So much from the underſtanding of himſelf,
I cannot dream of: I entreat you both,
That,—being of ſo young days brought up with him;
And, ſince, ſo neighbour'd to his youth, and humour,—
That you vouchſafe your reſt here in our court

Some little time: ſo by your companies
To draw him on to pleaſures; and to gather,
So much as from occaſion you may glean,
Whether ought, to us unknown, afflicts him thus,
That, open'd, lies within our remedy.
Que. Good gentlemen, he hath much talk'd of you;
And, ſure I am, two men there are not living,
To whom he more adheres. If it will pleaſe you,
To ſhew us ſo much gentry, and good will,
As to expend your time with us a while,
For the ſupply and profit of our hope,
Your viſitation ſhall receive ſuch thanks
As fits a king's remembrance.
Ros. Both your majeſties
Might, by the ſovereign power you have of us,
Put your dread pleaſures more into command
Than to entreaty.
Gui. But we both obey;
And here give up ourſelves, in the full bent,
To lay our ſervice freely at your feet,
To be commanded.
Kin. Thanks, *Roſincrantz,* and gentle *Guildenſtern.*
Que. Thanks, *Guildenſtern,* and gentle *Roſincrantz:*
And I beſeech you inſtantly to viſit
My too-much-changed ſon.—Go, ſome of you,
And bring theſe gentlemen where *Hamlet* is.
Gui. Heavens make our preſence, and our practices,
Pleaſant, and helpful, to him!
Que. Ay, amen!
[*Exeunt* Ros. *and* Gui. *Attendants with them.*
Enter Polonius.
Pol. The embaſſadors from *Norway,* my good lord,

Are joyfully return'd.
Kin. Thou ſtill haſt been the father of good news.
Pol. Have I, my lord? Aſſure you, my good liege,
I hold my duty, as I hold my ſoul,
Both to my God and to my gracious king:
And I do think, (or elſe this brain of mine
Hunts not the trail of policy ſo ſure
As it hath us'd to do) that I have found
The very cause of *Hamlet*'s lunacy.
Kin. O, ſpeak of that; that do I long to hear.
Pol. Give firſt admittance to the embaſſadors;
My news ſhall be the fruit to that great feaſt.
Kin. Thyſelf do grace to them, and bring them in.
[*Exit* POLONIUS.
He tells me, my dear *Gertrude*, he hath found
The head and ſource of all your ſon's diſtemper.
Que. I doubt, it is no other but the main;
His father's death, and our o'er-haſty marriage.

Re-enter POLONIUS, *with* VOLTIMAND, *and* Cornelius.

Kin. Well, we ſhall ſift him.—Welcome, my good friends!
Say, *Voltimand*, what from our brother *Norway?*
Vol. Moſt fair return of greetings, and desires.
Upon our firſt, he ſent out to ſuppreſs
His nephew's levies; which to him appear'd
To be a preparation 'gainſt the *Polack*;
But, better look'd into, he truly found
It was againſt your highneſs: Whereat griev'd,—
That ſo his ſickneſs, age, and impotence,
Was falſely born in hand,—ſends out arreſts
On *Fortinbras*; which he, in brief, obeys;

Receives rebuke from *Norway*; and, in fine,
Makes vow before his uncle, never more
To give the aſſay of arms againſt your majeſty.
Whereon old *Norway*, overcome with joy,
Gives him three thousand crowns in annual fee;
And his commiſſion, to employ those ſoldiers,
So levy'd as before, againſt the *Polack:*
With an entreaty, herein ‡ further ſhown,
That it might please you to give quiet paſs
Through your dominions for this enterprize;
On ſuch regards of ſafety, and allowance,
As therein are ſet down.
Kin. It likes us well;
And, at our more conſider'd time, we'll read,
Anſwer, and think upon this buſineſs.
Mean time, we thank you for your well-took labour:
Go to your reſt; at night we'll feaſt together:
Moſt welcome home! [*Exeunt* Vol. *and* Cor.
Pol. This buſineſs is well ended.
My liege, and madam, to expoſtulate
What majeſty ſhould be, what duty is,
Why day is day, night night, and time is time,
Were nothing but to waſte night, day, and time.
Therefore,—ſince brevity is the ſoul of wit,
And tedioufneſs the limbs and outward flouriſhes,—
I will be brief: Your noble ſon is mad:
Mad call I it; for, to define true madneſs,
What is't, but to be nothing elſe but mad:
But let that go.
Que. More matter, with leſs art.
Pol. Madam, I ſwear, I use no art at all.
That he is mad, is true: 'tis true, 'tis pity;

3÷ mad 'tis true,

And pity 'tis, 'tis true: a fooliſh figure;
But farewel it, for I will use no art.
Mad let us grant him then: and now remains,
That we find out the cause of this effect;
Or, rather ſay, the cause of this defect;
For this effect, defective, comes by cause:
Thus it remains, and the remainder thus.
Perpend.
I have a daughter; have, while ſhe is mine;
Who, in her duty and obedience, mark,
Hath given me † this: Now gather, and ſurmise.
To the celeſtial, and, my ſoul's fair *idol,*
The moſt beatify'd Ophelia,—
That's an ill phrase, a vile phrase; that *beatify'd*
Is a vile phrase: But you ſhall hear;—
These in her excellent white bosom, these.
Que. Came this from *Hamlet* to her?
Pol. Good madam, ſtay a while; I will be faithful.—
Doubt thou, the ſtars are fire;
Doubt, that the ſun doth move;
Doubt truth to be a lier;
But never doubt, I love.
O *dear* Ophelia, *I am ill at these numbers; I have not art to reckon my groans: but that I love thee beſt, o moſt beſt, believe it. Adieu.* *Thine evermore, moſt dear lady, whilſt this machine is to him*
Hamlet.
This, in obedience, hath my daughter ſhown me:
And, more above, hath his ſollicitings,
As they fell out by time, by means, and place,
All given to mine ear.
Kin. But how hath ſhe

13 & 14 *beautified*

Receiv'd his love?
Pol. What do you think of me?
Kin. As of a man faithful and honourable. [ink,
Pol. I would fain prove ſo. But what might you th-
When I had ſeen this hot love on the wing,
(As I perceiv'd it, I muſt tell you that,
Before my daughter told me) what might you,
Or my dear majeſty your queen here, think,
If I had play'd the deſk, or table-book;
Or given my heart a working, mute and dumb;
Or look'd upon this love with idle ſight,
What might you think? no, I went round to work,
And my young miſtreſs thus I did beſpeak;
Lord Hamlet *is a prince out of thy ſphere*;
This muſt not be: and then I preſcripts gave her,
That ſhe ſhould lock herſelf from his resort,
Admit no meſſengers, receive no tokens.
Which done, ſhe took the fruits of my advice:
And he, repulſed, (a ſhort tale to make)
Fell into a ſadneſs; then into a faſt;
Thence to a watching; thence into a weakneſs;
Thence to a lightneſs; and, by this declenſion,
Into the madneſs wherein now he raves,
And all we wail for.
Kin. Do you think, 'tis this?
Que. It may be, very likely.
Pol. Hath there been ſuch a time, (I'd fain know that)
That I have poſitively ſaid, '*Tis ſo*,
When it prov'd otherwiſe?
Kin. Not that I know.
Pol. Take † this from † this, if this be otherwiſe:

If circumſtances lead me, I will find
Where truth is hid, though it were hid indeed
Within the center.
Kin. How may we try it further?
Pol. You know, ſometimes he walks for hours together
Here in the lobby.
Que. So he does, indeed.
Pol. At ſuch a time I'll looſe my daughter to him:
Be you and I behind an arras then;
Mark the encounter: if he love her not,
And be not from his reason fall'n thereon,
Let me be no aſſiſtant for a ſtate,
But keep a farm, and carters.
Kin. We will try it.

Enter Hamlet, *with a Book in his Hand.*

Que. But, look, where ſadly the poor wretch comes reading.
Pol. Away, I do beſeech you, both away;
I'll board him presently:—O, give me leave.—
[*Exeunt* King, Queen, *and Train.*
How does my good lord *Hamlet?*
Ham. Well, god-'a-mercy.
Pol. Do you know me, my lord?
Ham. Excellent well;
You are a fiſhmonger.
Pol. Not I, my lord.
Ham. Then I would you were ſo honeſt a man.
Pol. Honeſt, my lord?
Ham. Ay, ſir; to be honeſt, as this world goes, is to be one man pick'd out of ten thouſand.
Pol. That's very true, my lord.

5 walkes ſoure houres

Ham. For if the ſun breed maggots in a dead dog, being a God kiſſing carrion,— Have you a daughter?

Pol. I have, my lord.

Ham. Let her not walk i' the ſun: conception is a bleſſing; but not as your daughter may conceive: friend, look to't.

Pol. " How ſay you by that? ſtill harping on my"
" daughter: Yet he knew me not at firſt; he ſaid, I"
" was a fiſhmonger: He is far gone, far gone: and,"
" truly, in my youth I ſuffer'd much extremity for"
" love; very near this. I'll ſpeak to him again."—What do you read, my lord?

Ham. Words, words, words.

Pol. What is the matter, my lord?

Ham. Between who?

Pol. I mean, the matter that you read, my lord.

Ham. Slanders, ſir: for the ſatyrical rogue ſays here, that old men have grey beards; that their faces are wrinkl'd; their eyes purging thick amber, and plumtree gum; and that they have a plentiful lack of wit, together with moſt weak hams: All which, ſir, though I moſt powerfully and potently believe, yet I hold it not honeſty to have it thus ſet down; for yourſelf, ſir, ſhall grow old as I am, if like a crab you could go backward.

Pol. " Though this be madneſs, yet there is me-"
" thod in't."—Will you walk out of the air, my lord?

Ham. Into my grave?

Pol. Indeed, that is out of the air.—" How preg-"
" nant, ſometimes, his replies are! a happineſs that of-"
" ten madneſs hits on, which reaſon and ſanity could"
" not ſo proſperouſly be deliver'd of. I will leave him;"

and ſuddenly contrive the means of meeting between" "him and my daughter."—My lord, I will take my leave of you.

Ham. You cannot, ſir, take from me any thing that I will more willingly part withal; except my life, except my life, except my life.

Pol. Fare you well, my lord.

Ham. These tedious old fools!

Enter Rosincrantz, *and* Guildenstern.

Pol. You go to ſeek the lord *Hamlet*; there he is.

Ros. God ſave you, ſir! [*Exit* Polonius.

Gui. My honour'd lord,—

Ros. My moſt dear lord,—

Ham. My excellent good friends! How doſt thou, *Guildenſtern?* Ah, *Rosincrantz!* Good lads, how do you both?

Ros. As the indifferent children of the earth.

Gui. Happy, in that we are not over-happy;
On fortune's cap we are not the very button.

Ham. Nor the ſoals of her ſhoe?

Ros. Neither, my lord.

Ham. Then you live about her waſte, or in the middle of her favours?

Gui. 'Faith, her privates we.

Ham. In the ſecret parts of fortune? o, moſt true; ſhe is a ſtrumpet. What news?

Ros. None, my lord; but that the world's grown honeſt.

Ham. Then is dooms-day near: But your news is not true. Let me queſtion more in particular: What have you, my good friends, deserved at the hands of fortune, that ſhe ſends you to priſon hither?

Gui. Prison, my lord!

Ham. *Denmark*'s a priſon.

Ros. Then is the world one.

Ham. A goodly one; in which there are many confines, wards, and dungeons; *Denmark* being one of the worſt.

Ros. We think not ſo, my lord.

Ham. Why, then 'tis none to you; for there is nothing either good or bad, but thinking makes it ſo: to me it is a priſon.

Ros. Why, then your ambition makes it one; 'tis too narrow for your mind.

Ham. O God, I could be bounded in a nut-ſhell, and count myſelf a king of infinite ſpace; were it not that I have bad dreams.

Gui. Which dreams, indeed, are ambition: for the very ſubſtance of the ambitious is meerly the ſhadow of a dream.

Ham. A dream itſelf is but a ſhadow.

Ros. Truly, and I hold ambition of ſo airy and light a quality, that it is but a ſhadow's ſhadow.

Ham. Then are our beggars, bodies; and our monarchs, and out-ſtretch'd heroes, the beggars' ſhadows: Shall we to the court? for, by my fey, I cannot reaſon.

Ros. *Gui*. We'll wait upon you.

Ham. No ſuch matter: I will not ſort you with the reſt of my ſervants; for, to ſpeak to you like an honeſt man, I am moſt dreadfully attended. But, in the beaten way of friendſhip, what make you at *Elſinour?*

Ros. To viſit you, my lord; no other occaſion.

Ham. Beggar that I am; I am even poor in thanks: but I thank you: and, ſure, dear friends, my thanks are too dear at a halfpenny. Were you not ſent for? Is it your own inclining? Is it a free viſitation? Come, deal juſtly with me: come, come; nay, ſpeak.

Gui. What ſhould we ſay, my lord?

Ham. Any thing; but to the purpoſe. You were ſent for; and there is a kind of confeſſion in your looks, which your modeſties have not craft enough to colour: I know, the good king and queen have ſent for you.

Ros. To what end, my lord?

Ham. That you muſt teach me. But let me conjure you, by the rights of our fellowſhip, by the conſonancy of our youth, by the obligation of our ever-preſerved love, and by what more dear a better propoſer could charge you withal, be even and direct with me, whether you were ſent for, or no?

Ros. What ſay you? [*to* Gui.

Ham. Nay, then I have an eye of you;—if you love me, hold not off.

Gui. My lord, we were ſent for.

Ham. I will tell you why; ſo ſhall my anticipation prevent your diſcovery, and your ſecrecy to the king and queen moult no feather. I have of late, (but, wherefore, I know not) loſt all my mirth, foregone all cuſtom of exercises: and, indeed, it goes ſo heavily with my diſpoſition, that this goodly frame, the earth, ſeems to me a ſteril promontory; this moſt excellent canopy, the air, look you, this brave o'er-hanging firmament, this majeſtical roof fretted with golden fire, why, it appears no other thing to me, than a foul and peſtilent congregation of vapours. What a piece of work is a man! How noble in reason! how infinite in faculties! in form, and moving, how expreſs and admirable! in action, how like an angel! in apprehenſion, how like a god! the beauty of the world, the paragon of animals! And yet, to me, what is this quinteſſence of duſt? man delights not me, nor woman neither; though, by your ſmiling, you ſeem to ſay ſo.

Ros. My lord, there was no ſuch ſtuff in my thoughts.

Ham. Why did you laugh then, when I ſaid, *Man delights not me?*

Ros. To think, my lord, if you delight not in man, what lenten entertainment the players ſhall receive from you: we 'coſted them on the way; and hither are they coming, to offer you ſervice.

Ham. He, that plays the king, ſhall be welcome; his majeſty ſhall have tribute of me: the advent'rous knight ſhall use his foyl, and target: the lover ſhall not ſigh gratis; the humorous man ſhall end his part in peace: the clown ſhall make those laugh, whose lungs are tickl'd o' the ſere; and the lady ſhall ſay her mind freely, or the blank verſe ſhall halt for't. What players are they?

Ros. Even those you were wont to take delight in, the tragedians of the city.

Ham. How chances it, they travel? their residence, both in reputation and profit, was better both ways.

Ros. I think, their inhibition comes by the means of the late innovation.

Ham. Do they hold the ſame eſtimation, they did when I was in the city? Are they ſo follow'd?

Ros. No, indeed, are they not.

Ham. How comes it? Do they grow ruſty?

Ros. Nay, their endeavour keeps in the wonted pace: But there is, ſir, an aiery of children, little eyaſes, that

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11 we coted

cry out on the top of the queſtion, and are moſt tyrannically clap'd for't: these are now the faſhion; and ſo berattle the common ſtages, (ſo they call them) that many, wearing rapiers, are afraid of gooſe-quills, and dare ſcarce come thither.

Ham. What, are they children? Who maintains them? how are they eſcoted? Will they purſue the quality no longer than they can ſing? will they not ſay afterwards, if they ſhould grow themſelves to common players, (as it is like, moſt, if their means are not better) their writers do them wrong, to make them exclaim againſt their own ſucceſſion?

Ros. 'Faith, there has been much to do on both ſides; and the nation holds it no ſin, to tarre them to controverſy: There was, for a while, no money bid for argument, unleſs the poet and the player went to cuffs in the queſtion.

Ham. Is't poſſible?

Gui. O, there has been much throwing about of brains.

Ham. Do the boys carry it away?

Ros. Ay, that they do, my lord; *Hercules*, and his load too.

Ham. It is not very ſtrange: for my uncle is king of *Denmark*; and those, that would make mouths at him while my father liv'd, give twenty, forty, fifty, a hundred ducats a-piece, for his picture in little. 'Sblood, there is ſomething in this more than natural, if philoſophy could find it out. [*Flouriſh of Trumpets within.*

Gui. There are the players.

Ham. Gentlemen, you are welcome to *Elſinour*. Your hands, come: The appurtenance of welcome is faſhion and ceremony: let me comply with you in the garb; leſt my extent to the players, which, I tell you, muſt ſhew fairly outward, ſhould more appear like entertainment than yours. You are welcome: but my uncle-father, and aunt-mother, are deceiv'd.

Gui. In what, my dear lord?

Ham. I am but mad north-north-weſt: when the wind is ſoutherly, I know a hawk from a hernſhaw.

Enter Polonius.

Pol. Well be with you, gentlemen!

Ham. Hark you, *Guildenſtern*;—and you too;—at each ear a hearer: That great baby, you ſee there, is not yet out of his ſwadling clouts.

Ros. Hapily, he is the ſecond time come to them: for, they ſay, an old man is twice a child.

Ham. I will propheſy: he comes to tell me of the players; mark it:—You ſay right, ſir: o' monday morning; 'twas then, indeed.

Pol. My lord, I have news to tell you.

Ham. My lord, I have news to tell you. When *Roſcius* was an actor in *Rome*,—

Pol. The actors are come hither, my lord.

Ham. Buz, buz!

Pol. Upon my honour.

Ham. *Then came each actor on his aſs*,—

Pol. The beſt actors in the world, either for tragedy, comedy, hiſtory, paſtoral, paſtoral-comical, hiſtorical-paſtoral, ſcene undividable, or poem unlimited. *Seneca* cannot be too heavy, nor *Plautus* too light: For the law of writ, and the liberty, theſe are the only men.

Ham. O Jephtha, *judge of* Israel,—what a treaſure hadſt thou!

Pol. What a treaſure had he, my lord?

Ham. Why,—*One fair daughter, and no more,*
The which he loved paſſing well.

Pol. "Still on my daughter."

Ham. Am I not i' the right, old *Jephtha?*

Pol. If you call me *Jephtha*, my lord, I have a daughter, that I love paſſing well.

Ham. Nay, that follows not.

Pol. What follows then, my lord?

Ham. Why, as *By lot, God wot,*—and then, you know, *It came to paſs, As moſt like it was,*—The firſt row of the *pont-chanſons* will ſhow you more; for, look, where my abridgement comes.—

Enter certain Players, *uſher'd.*

You are welcome, maſters; welcome, all:—I am glad to ſee thee well:—welcome, good friends.—O, old friend! Why, thy face is valanc'd ſince I ſaw thee laſt; Com'ſt thou to beard me in *Denmark?*—What, my young lady and miſtreſs! By-'r-lady, your ladiſhip is nearer to heaven, than when I ſaw you laſt, by the altitude of a chopine. Pray God, your voice, like a piece of uncurrent gold, be not crack'd within the ring.—Maſters, you are all welcome. We'll e'en to't like *French* falconers, fly at any thing we ſee: We'll have a ſpeech ſtraight: come, give us a taſte of your quality; come, a paſſionate ſpeech.

1. *P.* What ſpeech, my good lord?

Ham. I heard thee ſpeak me a ſpeech once,—but it was never acted; or, if it was, not above once: for the play, I remember, pleas'd not the million; 'twas caviare to the general: but it was (as I receiv'd it, and others, whoſe judgments, in ſuch matters, cried in the top of mine) an excellent play; well digeſted in the ſcenes, ſet

down with as much modeſty as cunning. I remember, one ſaid, there were no ſalts in the lines, to make the matter ſavoury; nor no matter in the phraſe, that might indite the author of affection: but call'd it, an honeſt method; as wholeſome as ſweet, and by very much more handſome than fine. One ſpeech in it I chiefly lov'd: 'twas *Æneas*' talk to *Dido*; and thereabout of it eſpecially, where he ſpeaks of *Priam*'s ſlaughter: If it live in your memory, begin at this line; Let me ſee, let me ſee;
The rugged Pyrrhus, *like the* Hyrcanian *beaſt*,—
'tis not ſo; it begins with *Pyrrhus*:
The rugged Pyrrhus,—*he, whoſe ſable arms,*
Black as his purpoſe, did the night reſemble
When he lay couched in the ominous horſe,—
Hath now this dread and black complexion ſmear'd
With heraldry more diſmal; head to foot
Now is he total gules; horridly trick'd
With blood of fathers, mothers, daughters, ſons;
Bak'd and impaſted with the parching ſtreets,
That lend a tyrannous and a damned light
To their lords' murther: Roaſted in wrath, and fire,
And thus o'er-ſized with coagulate gore,
With eyes like carbuncles, the helliſh Pyrrhus
Old grand-ſire Priam *ſeeks*:—So, proceed you.

Pol. 'Fore God, my lord, well ſpoken; with good accent, and good diſcretion.

1. *P.* *Anon he finds him,*
Striking too ſhort at Greeks; *his antique ſword,*
Rebellious to his arm, lies where it falls,
Repugnant to command: Unequal match'd,
Pyrrhus *at* Priam *drives*; *in rage, ſtrikes wide;*
But with the whiff and wind of his fell ſword

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2 no ſallets in

The unnerved father falls. Then ſenſeleſs Ilium,
Seeming to feel this blow, with flaming top
Stoops to his baſe; and with a hideous craſh
Takes priſoner Pyrrhus' *ear: for, lo, his ſword,*
Which was declining on the milky head
Of reverend Priam, *ſeem'd i' the air to ſtick:*
So, as a painted tyrant, Pyrrhus *ſtood;*
And, like a neutral to his will and matter,
Did nothing.
But, as we often ſee, againſt ſome ſtorm,
A ſilence in the heavens, the rack ſtand ſtill,
The bold winds ſpeechleſs, and the orb below
As huſh as death: anon, the dreadful thunder
Doth rend the region: So, after Pyrrhus' *pauſe,*
A rouſed vengeance ſets him new a' work:
And never did the Cyclops' *hammers fall*
On Mars'*s armour, forg'd for proof eterne,*
With leſs remorſe than Pyrrhus' *bleeding ſword*
Now falls on Priam.—
Out, out, thou ſtrumpet, fortune!—All you gods,
In general ſynod, take away her power;
Break all the ſpokes and fellies from her wheel,
And bowl the round nave down the hill of heaven,
As low as to the fiends!

Pol. This is too long.

Ham. It ſhall to the barber's, with your beard.—Pr'ythee, ſay on;—He's for a jig, or a tale of bawdry, or he ſleeps:—ſay on; come to *Hecuba*.

1. *P. But who, a woe! had ſeen the ennobl'd queen,*

Ham. The ennobl'd queen!

Pol. That's good; ennobl'd queen is good.

1. *P. Run barefoot up and down, threat'ning the flames*

With biſſon rheum; a clout upon that head
Where late the diadem ſtood; and, for a robe,
About her lank and all o'er-teemed loins
A blanket, in the alarm of fear caught up;
Who this had ſeen, with tongue in venom ſteep'd,
'Gainſt fortune's ſtate would treason have pronounc'd?
But if the gods themſelves did ſee her then,
When ſhe ſaw Pyrrhus *make malicious ſport*
In mincing with his ſword her husband's limbs;
The inſtant burſt of clamour that ſhe made,
(Unleſs things mortal move them not at all)
Would have made milch the burning eyes of heaven,
And paſſioned the gods.

Pol. Look, whe'r he has not turn'd his colour, and has tears in's eyes.—Pr'ythee, no more.

Ham. 'Tis well; I'll have thee ſpeak out the reſt of this ſoon.—Good my lord, will you ſee the players well beſtow'd? Do you hear, let them be well used; for they are the abſtract, and brief chronicles, of the time: After your death you were better have a bad epitaph, than their ill report while you live.

Pol. My lord, I will use them according to their desert.

Ham. God's-bodikin, man, much better: Use every man after his desert, and who ſhall 'ſcape whipping? Use them after your own honour and dignity: the leſs they deserve, the more merit is in your bounty. Take them in.

Pol. Come, ſirs.

Ham. Follow him, friends: we'll hear a play to-morrow.—Doſt thou hear me, old friend; can you play the murther of *Gonzago?*

[13] paſſion in the

1. *P.* Ay, my lord.

Ham. We'll ha't to-morrow night. You could, for a need, ſtudy a ſpeech of ſome dozen lines, or ſixteen lines, which I would ſet down, and inſert in't? could you not?

1. *P.* Ay, my lord.

☞ *Ham.* Very well. Follow that lord; and look you mock him not.— [*Exeunt* Polonius, *and* Players.] My good friends, I'll leave you 'till night: you are welcome to *Elſinour.*

Ros. Good, my lord. [*Exeunt* Ros. *and* Gui.

Ham. Ay, ſo, God be wi'you:—Now I am alone.
O, what a rogue and peasant ſlave am I!
Is it not monſtrous, that this player here,
But in a fiction, in a dream of paſſion,
Could force his ſoul ſo to his own conceit,
That, from her working, all his viſage wan'd;
Tears in his eyes, diſtraction in his aſpect,
A broken voice, and his whole function ſuiting
With forms to his conceit? And all for nothing!
For *Hecuba!*
What's *Hecuba* to him, or he to *Hecuba,*
That he ſhould weep for her? What would he do,
Had he the motive and the cue for paſſion,
That I have? He would drown the ſtage with tears,
And cleave the general ear with horrid ſpeech;
Make mad the guilty, and appal the free,
Confound the ignorant; and amaze, indeed,
The very faculties of eyes and ears.
Yet I,
A dull and muddy-mettl'd raſcal, peak,
Like *John-a-dreams,* unpregnant of my cauſe,

And can ſay nothing; no, not for a king,
Upon whoſe property, and moſt dear life,
A damn'd defeat was made. Am I a coward?
Who calls me villain? breaks my pate acroſs?
Plucks off my beard, and blows it in my face?
Tweaks me by the noſe? gives me the lie i' the throat,
As deep as to the lungs? Who does me this?
Ha! Why, I ſhould take it: for it cannot be,
But I am pigeon-liver'd, and lack gall
To make oppreſſion bitter; or, ere this,
I ſhould have fatted all the region kites
With this ſlave's offal: Bloody, bawdy villain!
Remorſeleſs, treacherous, lecherous, kindleſs villain!
Why, what an aſs am I? This is moſt brave;
That I, the ſon of a dear father murther'd,
Prompted to my revenge by heaven, and hell,
Muſt, like a whore, unpack my heart with words,
And fall a curſing, like a very drab,
A ſcullion!
Fie upon't! foh! About, my brains. Hum! I have heard,
That guilty creatures, ſitting at a play,
Have by the very cunning of the ſcene
Been ſtrook ſo to the ſoul, that presently
They have proclaim'd their malefactions:
For murther, though it have no tongue, will ſpeak
With moſt miraculous organ. I'll have these players
Play ſomething like the murther of my father,
Before mine uncle: I'll obſerve his looks;
I'll tent him to the quick; if he do blench,
I know my courſe. The ſpirit, that I have ſeen,
May be a devil: and the devil hath power
To aſſume a pleaſing ſhape; yea, and, perhaps,

Out of my weakneſs, and my melancholy,
(As he is very potent with ſuch ſpirits)
Abuses me to damn me: I'll have grounds
More relative than this; The play's the thing,
Wherein I'll catch the conſcience of the king. [*Exit.*

ACT III.

SCENE I. *The ſame. Another Room in the ſame.*
Enter King, Queen, POLONIUS, OPHELIA;
ROSINCRANTZ, *and* GUILDENSTERN.

Kin. And can you by no drift of conference
Get from him, why he puts on this confusion;
Grating ſo harſhly all his days of quiet
With turbulent and dangerous lunacy?
Ros. He does confeſs, he feels himſelf diſtracted;
But from what cause he will by no means ſpeak.
Gui. Nor do we find him forward to be ſounded;
But, with a crafty madneſs, keeps aloof,
When we would bring him on to ſome confeſſion
Of his true ſtate.
Que. Did he receive you well?
Ros. Moſt like a gentleman.
Gui. But with much forcing of his diſposition.
Ros. Niggard of queſtion; but, of our demands,
Moſt free in his reply.
Que. Did you aſſay him
To any paſtime?
Ros. Madam, it ſo fell out, that certain players
We o'er-raught on the way: of these we told him;
And there did ſeem in him a kind of joy

To hear of it: They are about the court;
And, as I think, they have already order
This night to play before him.
Pol. 'Tis moſt true:
And he beſeech'd me to entreat your majeſties,
To hear and ſee the matter.
Kin. With all my heart;
And it doth much content me, to hear him ſo inclin'd.—
Good gentlemen, give him a further edge,
And drive his purpose on to these delights.
Ros. We ſhall, my lord. [*Exeunt* Ros. *and* Gui.
Kin. Sweet *Gertrude*, leave us too:
For we have cloſely ſent for *Hamlet* hither;
That he, as 'twere by accident, may here
Affront *Ophelia:* Her father, and myſelf,
Will ſo beſtow ourſelves, that, ſeeing, unſeen,
We may of their encounter frankly judge;
And gather by him, as he is behav'd,
If't be the affliction of his love, or no,
That thus he ſuffers for.
Que. I ſhall obey you:—
And, for my part, *Ophelia*, I do wiſh,
That your good beauties be the happy cause
Of *Hamlet*'s wildneſs; ſo ſhall I hope, your virtues
Will bring him to his wonted way again,
To both your honours.
Oph. Madam, I wiſh it may. [*Exit* Queen.
Pol. *Ophelia*, walk you here:—Gracious, ſo please you,
We will beſtow ourſelves:—read on this † book;
That ſhow of ſuch an exercise may colour
Your lonelineſs.—We are oft to blame in this,—

'Tis too much prov'd,—that, with devotion's visage,
And pious action, we do ſugar o'er
The devil himſelf.

Kin. " O, 'tis too true! how ſmart"
" A laſh that ſpeech doth give my conſcience!"
" The harlot's cheek, beauty'd with plaſt'ring art,"
" Is not more ugly to the thing that helps it,"
" Than is my deed to my moſt painted word:"
" O heavy burthen!"

Pol. I hear him coming; let's withdraw, my lord.
[*Exeunt* King, *and* POLONIUS.

Enter HAMLET.

Ham. To be, or, not to be, that is the queſtion:
Whether 'tis nobler in the mind, to ſuffer
The ſlings and arrows of outragious fortune;
Or to take arms againſt a ſea of troubles,
And, by opposing, end them. To die; to ſleep;
No more? and, by a ſleep, to ſay we end
The heart-ach, and the thouſand natural ſhocks
That fleſh is heir to,—'tis a conſummation,
Devoutly to be wiſh'd. To die; to ſleep;—
To ſleep! perchance, to dream; Ay, there's the rub;
For in that ſleep of death what dreams may come,
When we have ſhuffl'd off this mortal coil,
Muſt give us pause: There's the reſpect,
That makes calamity of ſo long life:
For who would bear the whips and ſcorns of time,
The oppreſſor's wrong, the proud man's contumely,
The pangs of deſpis'd love, the law's delay,
The inſolence of office, and the ſpurns
That patient merit of the unworthy takes,
When he himſelf might his *quietus* make

With a bare bodkin? who would fardels bear,
To groan and ſweat under a weary life;
But that the dread of ſomething after death—
The undiſcover'd country, from whose bourn
No traveller returns—puzzles the will;
And makes us rather bear those ills we have,
Than fly to others that we know not of?
Thus conſcience does make cowards of us all:
And thus the native hue of resolution
Is ſickly'd o'er with the pale caſt of thought;
And enterprizes of great pith and moment,
With this regard, their currents turn away,
And lose the name of action. Soft you now;
The fair *Ophelia:*—Nymph, in thy orisons
Be all my ſins remember'd.
Oph. Good my lord,
How does your honour for this many a day?
Ham. I humbly thank you; well.
Oph. My lord, I have remembrances of yours,
That I have longed long to redeliver;
I pray you now, receive † them.
Ham. No, not I;
I never gave you ought.
Oph. My honour'd lord, you know right well, you did;
And, with them, words of ſo ſweet breath compos'd
As made the things more rich: their perfume loſt,
Take these again; for to the noble mind
Rich gifts wax poor, when givers prove unkind.
There, † my lord.
Ham. Ha, ha! are you honeſt?
Oph. My lord?

Ham. Are you fair?

Oph. What means your lordſhip?

Ham. That, if you be honeſt, and fair, your honeſty ſhould admit no diſcourſe to your beauty.

Oph. Could beauty, my lord, have better commerce than with honeſty?

Ham. Ay, truly; for the power of beauty will ſooner tranſform honeſty from what it is to a bawd, than the force of honeſty can tranſlate beauty into it's likeneſs: this was ſome time a paradox, but now the time gives it proof. I did love you once.

Oph. Indeed, my lord, you made me believe ſo.

Ham. You ſhould not have believ'd me: for virtue cannot ſo inoculate our old ſtock, but we ſhall reliſh of it: I lov'd you not.

Oph. I was the more deceived.

Ham. Get thee to a nunnery; Why would'ſt thou be a breeder of ſinners? I am myſelf indifferent honeſt; but yet I could accuse me of ſuch things, that it were better, my mother had not born me: I am very proud, revengeful, ambitious; with more offences at my beck, than I have thoughts to put them in, imagination to give them ſhape, or time to act them in: What ſhould ſuch fellows as I do crawling between earth and heaven? We are arrant knaves, all; believe none of us: Go thy ways to a nunnery. Where's your father?

Oph. At home, my lord.

Ham. Let the doors be ſhut upon him; that he may play the fool no where but in's own houſe. Farewel.

Oph. O, help him, you ſweet heavens!

Ham. If thou doſt marry, I'll give thee this plague for thy dowry; Be thou as chaſt as ice, as pure as ſnow,

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9 into his likenes

thou ſhalt not eſcape calumny. Get thee to a nunnery: farewel. Or, if thou wilt needs marry, marry a fool; for wise men know well enough, what monſters you make of them. To a nunnery, go; and quickly too: Farewel.

Oph. Heavenly powers, reſtore him!

Ham. I have heard of your paintings too well enough; God hath given you one face, and you make yourſelves another: you jig, you amble, and you liſp, and nickname God's creatures, and make your wantonneſs your ignorance: Go to, I'll no more on't; it hath made me mad. I ſay, we will have no more marriages: those that are marry'd already, all but one, ſhall live; the reſt ſhall keep as they are. To a nunnery, go. [*Exit* HAMLET.

Oph. O, what a noble mind is here o'erthrown!
The courtier's, ſoldier's, ſcholar's, eye, tongue, ſword;
The expectancy and rose of the fair ſtate,
The glaſs of faſhion, and the mold of form,
The observ'd of all observers, quite, quite down!
And I, of ladies moſt deject and wretched,
That ſuck'd the honey of his muſick vows,
Now ſee that noble and moſt ſovereign reason,
Like ſweet bells jangl'd, out of tune and harſh;
That unmatch'd form and feature of blown youth,
Blaſted with extaſy: O, woe is me,
To have ſeen what I have ſeen, ſee what I ſee!

Re-enter KING, *and* POLONIUS.

Kin. Love! his affections do not that way tend;
Nor what he ſpake, though it lack'd form a little,
Was not like madneſs. There's ſomething in his ſoul,
O'er which his melancholy ſits on brood;
And, I do doubt, the hatch, and the diſclose,

Will be ſome danger: Which for to prevent,
I have, in quick determination,
Thus ſet it down; He ſhall with ſpeed to *England*,
For the demand of our neglected tribute:
Haply, the ſeas, and countries different,
With variable objects, ſhall expel
This ſomething ſettl'd matter in his heart;
Whereon his brains ſtill beating, puts him thus
From faſhion of himſelf. What think you on't?
POL. It ſhall do well: But yet do I believe,
The origin and commencement of his grief
Sprung from neglected love.— How now, *Ophelia?*
You need not tell us, what lord *Hamlet* ſaid;
We heard it all.— My lord, do as you please;
But, if you hold it fit, after the play,
Let his queen mother all alone intreat him
To ſhow his grief; let her be round with him;
And I'll be plac'd, ſo please you, in the ear
Of all their conference: If ſhe find him not,
To *England* ſend him; or confine him, where
Your wisdom beſt ſhall think.
Kin. It ſhall be ſo:
Madneſs in great ones muſt not unwatch'd go. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II. *The ſame. A Hall in the ſame, fitted as for a Play. Enter* HAMLET, *and ſome of the* Players.

HAM. Speak the ſpeech, I pray you, as I pronounc'd it to you, trippingly on the tongue: but if you mouth it, as many of our players do, I had as lieve the town-cryer ſpoke my lines. Nor do not ſaw the air too much with your hand, thus; but use all gently: for in the very torrent, tempeſt, and, as I may ſay, whirlwind of your paſſion, you muſt acquire and beget a temperance, that may give it ſmoothneſs. O, it offends me to the ſoul, to hear a robuſtious periwig-pated fellow tear a paſſion to tatters, to very rags, to ſplit the ears of the groundlings; who, for the moſt part, are capable of nothing, but inexplicable dumb ſhows, and noise: I would have ſuch a fellow whip'd for o'er-doing *Termagant*; it out-herods *Herod*: Pray you, avoid it.

1. *P.* I warrant your honour.

Ham. Be not too tame neither, but let your own diſcretion be your tutor: ſute the action to the word, the word to the action; with this ſpecial observance, that you o'er-ſtep not the modeſty of nature: For any thing ſo o'er-done is from the purpose of playing, Whose end, both at the firſt, and now, was, and is, to hold, as 'twere, the mirrour up to nature; to ſhew virtue her feature, ſcorn her own image, and the very age and body of the time his form and preſſure: Now this, over-done, or come tardy off, though it makes the unſkillful laugh, cannot but make the judicious grieve; the cenſure of which one muſt, in your allowance, o'er-weigh a whole theatre of others. O, there be players, that I have ſeen play,—and heard others praise, and that highly,—not to ſpeak it prophanely, that, neither having the accent of chriſtians, nor the gait of chriſtian, pagan, nor man, have ſo ſtrutted, and bellow'd, that I have thought, ſome of nature's journeymen had made men, and not made them well, they imitated humanity ſo abominably.

1. *P.* I hope, we have reform'd that indifferently with us.

Ham. O, reform it altogether. And let those, that play your clowns, ſpeak no more than is ſet down for them: For there be of them, that will themſelves laugh, to ſet on ſome quantity of barren ſpectators to laugh too; though, in the mean time, ſome neceſſary queſtion of the play be then to be conſider'd: that's villanous; and ſhews a moſt pitiful ambition in the fool that uses it. Go make you ready.— [*Exeunt* Players.

Enter POLONIUS, ROSINCRANTZ, *and* Guildenſtern.

How now, my lord? will the king hear this piece of work?

Pol. And the queen too, and that presently.

Ham. Bid the players make haſte.— [*Exit* Pol.
Will you two help to haſten them?

Ros. Ay, my lord. [*Exeunt* Ros. *and* Gui.

Ham. What, ho; *Horatio!*

Enter HORATIO.

Hor. Here, ſweet lord, at your ſervice.

Ham. *Horatio*, thou art e'en as juſt a man
As e'er my converſation cop'd withal.

Hor. O, my dear lord,—

Ham. Nay, do not think I flatter:
For what advancement may I hope from thee;
That no revenue haſt, but thy good ſpirits,
To feed, and cloath thee? Why ſhould the poor be flatter'd?
No, let the candy'd tongue lick abſurd pomp;
And crook the pregnant hinges of the knee,
Where thrift may follow fawning. Doſt thou hear?
Since my dear ſoul was miſtreſs of her choice,
And could of men diſtinguiſh, her election
Hath ſeal'd thee for herſelf: for thou haſt been

As one, in ſuffering all, that ſuffers nothing;
A man, that fortune's buffets and rewards
Haſt ta'en with equal thanks: and bleſt are those,
Whose blood and judgment are ſo well comingl'd,
That they are not a pipe for fortune's finger
To ſound what ſtop ſhe please: Give me that man
That is not paſſion's ſlave, and I will wear him
In my heart's core, ay, in my heart of heart,
As I do thee. Something too much of this.
There is a play to-night before the king;
One ſcene of it comes near the circumſtance,
Which I have told thee, of my father's death.
I pr'ythee, when thou ſee'ſt that act a-foot,
Even with the very comment of thy ſoul
Observe my uncle: if his occult guilt
Do not itſelf unkennel in one ſpeech,
It is a damned ghoſt that we have ſeen;
And my imaginations are as foul
As *Vulcan*'s ſtithy: Give him heedful note:
For I mine eyes will rivet to his face;
And, after, we will both our judgments join,
In cenſure of his ſeeming.
Hor. Well, my lord:
If he ſteal ought, the whilſt this play is playing,
And ſcape detecting, I will pay the theft.
Ham. They are coming to the play; I muſt be idle:
Get you a place.

Daniſh *March. A Flouriſh.*

Enter King, Queen, POLONIUS, OPHELIA; ROSINCRANTZ, Guildenſtern, *and Others, attendant; Guard, carrying Torches, preceding.*

Kin. How fares our cousin *Hamlet?*

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15 occulted guilt

Ham. Excellent, i' faith; of the camelion's diſh: I eat the air, promise-cram'd: You cannot feed capons ſo.

Kin. I have nothing with this anſwer, *Hamlet*; these words are not mine. [*paſs to their Seats.*

Ham. No, nor mine now, my lord.—You play'd once i' the univerſity, you ſay?

Pol. That did I, my lord; and was accounted a good actor.

Ham. And what did you enact?

Pol. I did enact *Julius Cæsar*: I was kill'd i' the capitol; *Brutus* kill'd me.

Ham. It was a brute part of him, to kill ſo capital a calf there.—Be the players ready?

Ros. Ay, my lord; they ſtay upon your patience.

Que. Come hither, my dear *Hamlet*, ſit by me.

Ham. No, good mother, here's metal more attractive. [*ſeating himſelf at* Ophelia's *Feet.*

Pol. " O ho! do you mark that?" [*to the King.*

Ham. Lady, ſhall I lie in your lap?

Oph. No, my lord.

Ham. I mean, my head in your lap?

Oph. Ay, my lord.

Ham. Do you think, I meant country matters?

Oph. I think nothing, my lord.

Ham. That's a fair thought to lie between maids' legs.

Oph. What is, my lord?

Ham. Nothing.

Oph. You are merry, my lord.

Ham. Who, I?

Oph. Ay, my lord.

Ham. O God, your only jig-maker. What ſhould a man do, but be merry? for, look you, how cheerfully my mother looks, and my father dy'd within 's two hours.

Oph. Nay, 'tis twice two months, my lord.

Ham. So long? Nay, then let the devil wear black, for I'll have a ſute of ſables. O heavens! die two months ago, and not forgotten yet? Then there's hope, a great man's memory may out-live his life half a year: But, by-r-lady, he muſt build churches then: or elſe ſhall he ſuffer not thinking on, with the hobby-horſe; whose epitaph is, *For, o, for, o, the hobby-horſe is forgot.*

Musick. Dumb Show.

Enter a King, and a Queen, very lovingly; the Queen embracing him, and he her: ſhe kneels, and makes ſhew of proteſtation unto him; he takes her up, and declines his head upon her neck: lays him down upon a bank of flowers; ſhe, ſeeing him aſleep, leaves him. Anon, comes in another man; takes off his crown, kiſſes it, pours poison in the ſleeper's ears, and leaves him. The Queen returns; finds the King dead, and makes paſſionate action. The poisoner, with ſome three or four mutes, comes in again; ſeems to condole with her; the dead body is carry'd away. The poisoner woes the Queen with gifts; ſhe ſeems harſh a while, but, in the end, accepts love. [Exeunt.

Oph. What means this, my lord?

Ham. Marry, this is munching *Malicho*; it means miſchief.

Oph. Belike, this ſhow imports the argument of the play.

* *Enter* Prologue.

Ham. We ſhall know by this fellow: the players cannot keep counſel; they'll tell all.

Oph. Will he tell us what this ſhow meant?

Ham. Ay, or any ſhow that you'll ſhow him: Be not you aſham'd to ſhow, he'll not ſhame to tell you what it means.

Oph. You are naught, you are naught; I'll mark the play.

* Pro. *For us, and for our tragedy,*
* *Here ſtooping to your clemency,*
* *We beg your hearing patiently.*

Ham. Is this a prologue, or the poſy of a ring?

Oph. 'Tis brief, my lord.

Ham. As woman's love.

Enter a Duke, *and a* Dutcheſs.

* *Duk.* Full thirty times hath *Phœbus'* cart gone round
* *Neptune*'s ſalt waſh, and *Tellus'* orbed ground;
* And thirty dozen moons, with borrow'd ſheen,
* About the world have times twelve thirties been;
* Since love our hearts, and *Hymen* did our hands,
* Unite co-mutual in moſt ſacred bands.
* *Dut.* So many journies may the ſun and moon
* Make us again count o'er, ere love be done!
* But, woe is me, you are ſo ſick of late,
* So far from cheer, and from your former ſtate,
* That I diſtruſt you. Yet, though I diſtruſt,
* Diſcomfort you, my lord, it nothing muſt:
* For women's fear and love hold quantity;
* In neither ought, or in extremity:
* Now, what my love is, proof hath made you know;
* And as my love is ſiz'd, my fear is ſo.
* Where love is great, the littl'ſt doubts are fear;
* Where little fears grow great, great love grows there.
* *Duk.* 'Faith, I muſt leave thee, love, and ſhortly too;

* My operant powers their functions leave to do:
* And thou ſhalt live in this fair world behind,
* Honour'd, belov'd; and, haply, one as kind
* For husband ſhalt thou—
* *Dut.* O, confound the reſt!
* Such love muſt needs be treaſon in my breaſt:
* In ſecond husband let me be accurſt!
* None wed the ſecond, but who kill'd the firſt.
Ham. "That's wormwood."
* *Dut.* The inſtances, that ſecond marriage move,
* Are baſe reſpects of thrift, but none of love:
* A ſecond time I kill my husband dead,
* When ſecond husband kiſſes me in bed.
* *Duk.* I do believe, you think what now you ſpeak:
* But, what we do determine, oft we break.
* Purpoſe is but the ſlave to memory;
* Of violent birth, but poor validity:
* Which now, like fruit unripe, ſticks on the tree;
* But fall, unſhaken, when they mellow be.
* Moſt neceſſary 'tis, that we forget
* To pay ourſelves what to ourſelves is debt:
* What to ourſelves in paſſion we propoſe,
* The paſſion ending, doth the purpoſe loſe.
* The violence of either grief or joy
* Their own enactures with themſelves deſtroy:
* Where joy moſt revels, grief doth moſt lament;
* Grief joys, joy grieves, on ſlender accident.
* This world is not for aye; nor 'tis not ſtrange,
* That even our loves ſhould with our fortunes change;
* For 'tis a queſtion left us yet to prove,
* Whether love lead fortune, or elſe fortune love.
* The great man down, you mark, his favourite flies;

* The poor advanc'd makes friends of enemies.
* And hitherto doth love on fortune tend:
* For who not needs, ſhall never lack a friend;
* And who in want a hollow friend doth try,
* Directly ſeasons him his enemy.
* But, orderly to end where I begun,—
* Our wills, and fates, do ſo contrary run,
* That our devices ſtill are overthrown;
* Our thoughts are ours, their ends none of our own:
* So think thou wilt no ſecond husband wed;
* But die thy thoughts, when thy firſt lord is dead.
* *Dut.* Nor, earth, o, give me food; nor, heaven, light!
* Sport, and repose, lock from me, day, and night!
* To deſperation turn my truſt and hope!
* An anchor's cheer in prison be my ſcope!
* Each opposite, that blanks the face of joy,
* Meet what I would have well, and it deſtroy!
* Both here, and hence, purſue me laſting ſtrife,
* If, once a widow, ever I be wife!
HAM. If ſhe ſhould break it now,— [*to* Oph.
* *Duk.* 'Tis deeply ſworn. Sweet, leave me here a while;
* My ſpirits grow dull, and fain I would beguile
* The tedious day with ſleep. [*lays him down.*
* *Dut.* Sleep rock thy brain;
* And never come miſchance betwixt us twain!
[*Exit* Dutcheſs. Duke *ſleeps.*
HAM. Madam, how like you this play?
Que. The lady proteſts too much, methinks.
HAM. O, but ſhe'll keep her word.
Kin. Have you heard the argument? is there no offence in't?

12 Earth to give 15 And Anchors

Ham. No, no, they do but jeſt, poison in jeſt; no offence i' the world.

Kin. What do you call the play?

Ham. The mouſe-trap: Marry, how? Tropically. This play is the image of a murther done in *Vienna*: *Gonzago* is the duke's name; his wife, *Baptiſta*: you ſhall ſee anon; 'tis a knaviſh piece of work: But what of that? your majeſty, and we that have free ſouls, it touches us not: Let the gall'd jade winch, our withers are unwrung.—

* *Enter* Nephew, *with a Vial.*

This is one *Lucianus*, nephew to the duke.

Oph. You are as good as a chorus, my lord.

Ham. I could interpret between you and your love, if I could ſee the puppets dallying.

Oph. You are keen, my lord, you are keen.

Ham. It would coſt you a groaning, to take off my edge.

Oph. Still better, and worſe.

Ham. So you miſ-take husbands.—Begin, murtherer; leave thy damnable faces, and begin: Come, The croaking raven doth bellow for revenge.

* *Nep.* Thoughts black, hands apt, drugs fit, and time agreeing;
* Confederate ſeaſon, elſe no creature ſeeing;
* Thou mixture † rank, of midnight weeds collected,
* With *Hecat*'s ban thrice blaſted, thrice infected,
* Thy natural magick, and dire property,
* On wholeſome life usurps immediately.
[*pouring it in the Sleeper's Ear.*

Ham. He poisons him i' the garden for his eſtate; his name's *Gonzago*: the ſtory is extant, and written in very

12 the King

choice *Italian:* You ſhall ſee anon, now the murtherer gets the love of *Gonzago*'s wife.

Oph. The king riſes.

Ham. What, frighted with falſe fire!

Que. How fares my lord?

Pol. Give o'er the play.

Kin. Give me ſome light: away.

Pol. Lights, lights, lights!

[*Exeunt All but* Hamlet, *and* Horatio.

Ham. Why, let the ſtrooken deer go weep,
The heart ungalled play:
For ſome muſt watch, while ſome muſt ſleep;
So runs the world away.—

Would not this, ſir, and a foreſt of feathers, (if the reſt of my fortunes turn *Turk* with me) with two *Provencial* roses on my ray'd ſhoes, get me a fellowſhip in a cry of players, ſir?

Hor. Half a ſhare.

Ham. A whole one, I.
For thou doſt know, o *Damon* dear,
This realm diſmantl'd was
Of *Jove* himſelf; and now reigns here
A very, very—peacock.

Hor. You might have rhim'd.

Ham. O good *Horatio*, I'll take the ghoſt's word for a thouſand pound. Didſt perceive?

Hor. Very well, my lord.

Ham. Upon the talk of the poiſoning,—

Hor. I did very well note him.

Enter ROSINCRANTZ, *and* GUILDENSTERN.

Ham. Ha, ha!—Come, ſome muſick; come, the recorders.—

16 raz'd 23 paiock

For if the king like not the comedy,
Why then, belike, he likes it not, perdy.—
Come, ſome muſick.

Gui. Good my lord, vouchſafe me a word with you.

Ham. Sir, a whole hiſtory.

Gui. The king, ſir,—

Ham. Ay, ſir, what of him?

Gui. Is, in his retirement, marvelous diſtemper'd.

Ham. With drink, ſir?

Gui. No, my lord, with choler.

Ham. Your wiſdom ſhould ſhew itſelf more richer, to ſignify this to the doctor; for, for me to put him to his purgation, would, perhaps, plunge him into more choler.

Gui. Good my lord, put your diſcourſe into ſome frame, and ſtart not ſo wildly from my affair.

Ham. I am tame, ſir; pronounce.

Gui. The queen, your mother, in moſt great affliction of ſpirit, hath ſent me to you:

Ham. You are welcome. [*with great Ceremony.*

Gui. Nay, good my lord, this courteſy is not of the right breed. If it ſhall pleaſe you to make me a wholeſome anſwer, I will do your mother's commandment: if not, your pardon, and my return, ſhall be the end of buſineſs.

Ham. Sir, I cannot.

Ros. What, my lord?

Ham. Make you a wholeſome anſwer; my wit's diſeas'd: But, ſir, ſuch anſwer as I can make, you ſhall command; or, rather, as you ſay, my mother: therefore no more, but to the matter; My mother, you ſay,—

Ros. Then thus ſhe ſays; Your behaviour hath ſtrook her into amazement and admiration.

Ham. O wonderful ſon, that can ſo 'ſtoniſh a mother!—But is there no ſequel at the heels of this mother's admiration? impart.

Ros. She deſires to ſpeak with you in her cloſet, ere you go to bed.

Ham. We ſhall obey, were ſhe ten times our mother. Have you any further trade with us?

Ros. My lord, you once did love me.

Ham. And do ſtill, by theſe pickers and ſtealers.

Ros. Good my lord, what is your cauſe of diſtemper? you do, ſurely, bar the door upon your own liberty, if you deny your griefs to your friend.

Ham. Sir, I lack advancement.

Ros. How can that be, when you have the voice of the king himſelf for your ſucceſſion in *Denmark?*

Enter the Players, with Recorders.

Ham. Ay, ſir; but, *While the graſs grows*,—the proverb is ſomething muſty.—O, the recorders:—let me ſee †one.—"To withdraw with you:"—Why do you go about to recover the wind of me, as if you would drive me into a toil?

Gui. O, my lord, if my duty be too bold, my love is too unmannerly.

Ham. I do not well underſtand that. Will you play upon this † pipe?

Gui. My lord, I cannot.

Ham. I pray you.

Gui. Believe me, I cannot.

Ham. I beſeech you.

Gui. I know no touch of it, my lord.

Ham. 'Tis as eaſy as lying: govern theſe ventages with your fingers and the umber, give it breath with your mouth, and it will diſcourſe moſt eloquent musick: Look you, these are the ſtops.

Gui. But these cannot I command to any utterance of harmony; I have not the ſkill.

Ham. Why, look you now, how unworthy a thing you make of me? You would play upon me; you would ſeem to know my ſtops; you would pluck out the heart of my myſtery; you would ſound me, from my loweſt note to the top of my compaſs: and there is much musick, excellent voice, in this little organ; yet cannot you make it ſpeak. 'S blood, do you think, I am easier to be play'd on than a pipe? Call me what inſtrument you will, though you can fret me, you cannot play upon

Enter Polonius.

me.—God bleſs you, ſir!

Pol. My lord, the queen would ſpeak with you, and presently.

Ham. Do you ſee yonder cloud, that's almoſt in ſhape of a weazel?

Pol. By the maſs, and 'tis like a weazel, indeed.

Ham. Methinks, it is like a camel.

Pol. It is back'd like a camel.

Ham. Or like a whale.

Pol. Very like a whale.

Ham. Then will I come to my mother by and by.— They fool me [*to* Hor.] to the top of my bent.—I will come by and by.

Pol. I will ſay ſo. [*Exit* Polonius.

Ham. By and by is easily ſaid.—Leave me, friends.

[*Exeunt* Ros. *and* Gui. Horatio, *and the Players, withdraw.*

20 v. *Note.*

'Tis now the very witching time of night;
When church-yards yawn, and hell itſelf breaths out
Contagion to this world: Now could I drink hot blood;
And do ſuch bitter buſineſs, as the day
Would quake to look on. Soft, now to my mother.
O, heart, loſe not thy nature; let not ever
The ſoul of *Nero* enter this firm boſom:
Let me be cruel, not unnatural:
I will ſpeak daggers to her, but uſe none;
My tongue and ſoul in this be hypocrites:
How in my words ſoever ſhe be ſhent,
To give them ſeals never, my ſoul, conſent. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III. *The ſame. A Room in the ſame.*

Enter King, ROSINCRANTZ, *and* GUILDENSTERN.

Kin. I like him not; nor ſtands it ſafe with us,
To let his madneſs range. Therefore, prepare you;
I your commiſſion will forthwith diſpatch,
And he to *England* ſhall along with you:
The terms of our eſtate may not endure
Hazard ſo near us, as doth hourly grow
Out of his lunes.

Gui. We will ourſelves provide:
Moſt holy and religious fear it is,
To keep thoſe many many bodies ſafe,
That live, and feed, upon your majeſty.

Ros. The ſingle and peculiar life is bound,
With all the ſtrength and armour of the mind,
To keep itſelf from 'noyance: but much more
That ſpirit, upon whoſe weal depend and reſt
The lives of many. The ceaſe of majeſty
Dies not alone; but, like a gulf, doth draw

21 Lunacies 30 depends and reſts

What's near it, with it: It is a maſſy wheel,
Fixt on the ſummit of the higheſt mount,
To whoſe huge ſpokes ten thouſand leſſer things
Are mortiſ'd and adjoin'd; which, when it falls,
Each ſmall annexment, petty conſequence,
Attends the boiſtrous ruin. Never alone
Did the king ſigh, but with a general groan.
Kin. Arm you, I pray you, to this ſpeedy voyage;
For we will fetters put upon this fear,
Which now goes too free-footed.
Ros. We will haſte us. [*Exeunt* ROS. *and* GUI.
Enter POLONIUS.
Pol. My lord, he's going to his mother's closet;
Behind the arras I'll convey myſelf,
To hear the proceſs; I'll warrant, ſhe'll tax him home:
And, as you ſaid, and wisely was it ſaid,
'Tis meet, that ſome more audience than a mother,
Since nature makes them partial, ſhould o'er-hear
The ſpeech, of vantage. Fare you well, my liege:
I'll call upon you ere you go to bed,
And tell you what I know.
Kin. Thanks, dear my lord. [*Exit* POLONIUS.
O, my offence is rank, it ſmells to heaven;
It hath the primal eldeſt curſe upon't,
A brother's murther!—Pray can I not,
Though inclination be as ſharp as will;
My ſtronger guilt defeats my ſtrong intent;
And, like a man to double buſineſs bound,
I ſtand in pause where I ſhall firſt begin,
And both neglect. What if this curſed hand
Were thicker than itſelf with brother's blood?
Is there not rain enough in the ſweet heavens,

To waſh it white as ſnow? Whereto ſerves mercy,
But to confront the viſage of offence?
And what's in prayer, but this two-fold force,—
To be fore-ſtalled, ere we come to fall;
Or pardon'd, being down? Then I'll look up;
My fault is paſt. But, o, what form of prayer
Can ſerve my turn? Forgive me my foul murther!—
That cannot be; ſince I am ſtill poſseſt
Of thoſe effects for which I did the murther,
My crown, mine own ambition, and my queen.
May one be pardon'd, and retain the offence?
In the corrupted currents of this world,
Offence's gilded hand may ſhove by juſtice;
And oft 'tis ſeen, the wicked prize itſelf
Buys out the law: But 'tis not ſo above:
There is no ſhuffling, there the action lies
In his true nature; and we ourſelves compell'd,
Even to the teeth and forehead of our faults,
To give in evidence. What then? what reſts?
Try what repentance can: What can it not?
Yet what can it, when one can not repent?
O wretched ſtate! O boſom, black as death!
O limed ſoul; that, ſtruggling to be free,
Art more engag'd! Help, angels, make aſſay!
Bow, ſtubborn † knees! and, heart, with ſtrings of ſteel,
Be ſoft as ſinews of the new-born babe;
All may be well! [*remains in Action of Prayer.*

Enter HAMLET, *at a Diſtance.*

HAM. Now might I do it, pat, now he is praying;
And now I'll do't; [*drawing.*] And ſo he goes to heaven:
And ſo am I reveng'd? That would be ſcan'd:
A villain kills my father; and, for that,

I, his ſole ſon, do this ſame villain ſend
To heaven.
Why, this is hire and ſalary, not revenge.
He took my father groſly, full of bread;
With all his crimes broad blown, as fluſh as May;
And, how his audit ſtands, who knows, ſave heaven?
But, in our circumſtance and courſe of thought,
'Tis heavy with him: And am I then reveng'd,
To take him in the purging of his ſoul,
When he is fit and ſeaſon'd for his paſſage?
No.
Up,† ſword; and know thou a more horrid hint:
When he is drunk, aſleep, or in his rage;
Or in the inceſtuous pleaſures of his bed;
At gaming, ſwearing; or about ſome act
That has no reliſh of ſalvation in't:
Then trip him, that his heels may kick at heaven;
And that his ſoul may be as damn'd, and black,
As hell, whereto it goes. My mother ſtays:
This phyſick but prolongs thy ſickly days. [*Exit.*
Kin. My words fly up, [*riſes.*] my thoughts remain below:
Words, without thoughts, never to heaven go. [*Exit.*

SCENE IV. *The ſame. Another Room in the ſame.*

Enter Queen, *and* POLONIUS.

Pol. He will come ſtraight. Look, you lay home to him:
Tell him, his pranks have been too broad to bear with;
And that your grace hath ſcreen'd and ſtood between
Much heat and him. I'll ſilence me even † here.
Pray you, be round.

Que. I'll warrant you; fear me not.
Withdraw, I hear him coming. [Pol. *hides himſelf.*

Enter HAMLET, *abruptly.*

HAM. Now, mother; what's the matter?
Que. *Hamlet*, thou haſt thy father much offended.
HAM. Mother, you have my father much offended.
Que. Come, come, you anſwer with an idle tongue.
HAM. Go, go, you queſtion with a wicked tongue.
Que. Why, how now, *Hamlet?*
HAM. What's the matter now?
Que. Have you forgot me?
HAM. No, by the rood, not ſo:
You are the queen, your husband's brother's wife;
And, 'would it were not ſo, you are my mother.
Que. Nay, then I'll ſet those to you that can ſpeak.
HAM. Come, come, and ſit you down; you ſhall not budge;
You go not, 'till I ſet you up a glaſs,
Where you may ſee the inmoſt part of you.
Que. What wilt thou do? thou wilt not murther me?
Help, help, ho!
POL. [*behind.*] What, ho! help!
HAM. How now! a rat?
Dead, for a ducat, dead. [*making a Paſs at the Arras.*
POL. [*behind.*] O, I am ſlain. [*falls forward, and dies.*
Que. O me, what haſt thou done?
HAM. Nay, I know not:
Is it the king?
[*lifts up the Arras, and draws forth* Polonius.
Que. O, what a raſh and bloody deed is this!
HAM. A bloody deed;—almoſt as bad, good mother,
As kill a king, and marry with his brother.

Que. As kill a king?
Ham. Ay, lady, 'twas my word —
Thou wretched, raſh, intruding fool, farewel!
I took thee for thy better; take thy fortune:
Thou find'ſt, to be too busy, is ſome danger. —
Leave wringing of your hands: Peace, ſit you down;
And let me wring your heart: for ſo I ſhall,
If it be made of penetrable ſtuff;
If damned cuſtom have not braz'd it ſo,
That it be proof and bulwark againſt ſenſe.
Que. What have I done, that thou dar'ſt wag thy tongue
In noise ſo rude againſt me?
Ham. Such an act,
That blurs the grace and bluſh of modeſty;
Calls virtue, hypocrite; takes off the rose
From the fair forehead of an innocent love,
And ſets a bliſter there; makes marriage vows
As falſe as dicers' oaths: o, ſuch a deed,
As from the body of contraction plucks
The very ſoul; and ſweet religion makes
A rhapſody of words: Heaven's face doth glow;
Yea, this ſolidity and compound maſs,
With triſtful visage, as againſt the doom,
Is thought-ſick at the act.
Que. Ay me, what act,
That roars ſo loud, and thunders in the index?
Ham. Look here, upon this † picture, and on † this;
The counterfeit presentment of two brothers.
See, what a grace was ſeated on this † brow:
Hyperion's curls; the front of *Jove* himſelf;
An eye like *Mars*, to threaten and command;

A ſtation like the herald *Mercury*,
New-lighted on a heaven-kiſſing hill;
A combination, and a form, indeed,
Where every god did ſeem to ſet his ſeal,
To give the world aſſurance of a man:
This was your husband. Look you now, what follows:
Here † is your husband; like a mildew'd ear,
Blaſting his wholeſome brother. Have you eyes?
Could you on this fair mountain leave to feed,
And batten on this moor? Ha, have you eyes?
You cannot call it, love: for, at your age,
The hey-day in the blood is tame; it's humble,
And waits upon the judgment; And what judgment
Would ſtep from this to this? Senſe, ſure, you have;
Elſe, could you not have motion: But, ſure, that ſenſe
Is apoplex'd: for madneſs would not err;
Nor ſenſe to exſtaſy was ne'er ſo thral'd,
But it reserv'd ſome quantity of choice,
To ſerve in ſuch a difference. What devil was't,
That thus hath cozen'd you at hoodman-blind?
Eyes without feeling, feeling without ſight,
Ears without hands or eyes, ſmelling ſans all,
Or but a ſickly part of one true ſenſe
Could not ſo mope.
O ſhame! where is thy bluſh? Rebellious hell,
If thou canſt mutine in a matron's bones,
To flaming youth let virtue be as wax,
And melt in her own fire: proclaim no ſhame,
When the compulſive ardor gives the charge;
Since froſt itſelf as actively doth burn,
And reason panders will.
Que. O *Hamlet*, ſpeak no more:

Thou turn'ſt mine eyes into my very ſoul;
And there I ſee ſuch black and grained ſpots,
As will not leave their tinct.
Ham. Nay, but to live
In the rank ſweat of an inceſtuous bed;
Stew'd in corruption; honying, and making love,
Over the naſty ſty;—
Que. O, ſpeak to me no more;
These words like daggers enter in my ears;
No more, ſweet *Hamlet.*
Ham. A murtherer, and a villain:
A ſlave, that is not twentieth part the tythe
Of your precedent lord: a vice of kings:
A cutpurſe of the empire and the rule;
That from a ſhelf the precious diadem ſtole,
And put it in his pocket.
Que. No more.

Enter Ghoſt.

Ham. A king of ſhreds and patches:—
Save me, and hover o'er me with your wings,
You heavenly guards!—What would your gracious figure?
Que. Alas, he's mad.
Ham. Do you not come your tardy ſon to chide,
That, lapſ'd in time and paſſion, let's go by
The important acting of your dread command?
O, ſay.
Gho. Do not forget: This visitation
Is but to whet thy almoſt blunted purpose.
But, look, amazement on thy mother ſits:
O, ſtep between her and her fighting ſoul;
Conceit in weakeſt bodies ſtrongeſt works;
Speak to her, *Hamlet.*

Ham. How is it with you, lady?
Que. Alas, how is't with you?
That thus you bend your eye on vacancy,
And with the incorporal air do hold diſcourſe?
Forth at your eyes your ſpirits wildly peep;
And, as the ſleeping ſoldiers in the alarm,
Your bedded hair, like life in excrements,
Starts up, and ſtands an end. O gentle ſon,
Upon the heat and flame of thy diſtemper
Sprinkle cool patience. Whereon do you look?
Ham. On him! on him! look you, how pale he glares!
His form and cauſe conjoin'd, preaching to ſtones,
Would make them capable. — Do not look upon me;
Leſt, with this piteous action, you convert
My ſtern effects: then what I have to do
Will want true colour; tears, perchance, for blood.
Que. To whom do you ſpeak this?
Ham. Do you ſee nothing † there?
Que. Nothing at all; yet all, that is, I ſee.
Ham. Nor did you nothing hear?
Que. No, nothing, but ourſelves.
Ham. Why, look you † there; look, how it ſteals away;
My father, in his habit as he liv'd,
Look, where he goes, even now, out at the portal!
[*Exit* Ghoſt.
Que. This is the very coinage of your brain:
This bodileſs creation exſtaſy
Is very cunning in.
Ham. What exſtaſy?
My pulſe, as yours, doth temperately keep time,
And makes as healthful muſick: It is not madneſs,

That I have utter'd: bring me to the teſt,
And I the matter will re-word; which madneſs
Would gambol from. Mother, for love of grace,
Lay not that flattering unction to your ſoul,
That not your treſpaſs, but my madneſs, ſpeaks:
It will but ſkin and film the ulcerous place;
Whiles rank corruption, mining all within,
Infects unſeen. Confeſs yourſelf to heaven;
Repent what's paſt; avoid what is to come;
And do not ſpread the compoſt on the weeds,
To make them ranker. Forgive me this my virtue:
For, in the fatneſs of these purſy times,
Virtue itſelf of vice muſt pardon beg;
Yea, courb, and woo, for leave to do him good.
Que. O, *Hamlet*, thou haſt cleft my heart in twain.
Ham. O, throw away the worſer part of it,
And live the purer with the other half.
Good night: but go not to my uncle's bed;
Aſſume a virtue, if you have it not.
That monſter, cuſtom, who all ſenſe doth eat
Of habits evil, is angel yet in this;
That to the uſe of actions fair and good
He likewise gives a frock, or livery,
That aptly is put on: Refrain to-night;
And that ſhall lend a kind of eaſineſs
To the next abſtinence: the next, more easy:
For uſe almoſt can change the ſtamp of nature,
And maſter even the devil, or throw him out
With wondrous potency. Once more, good night:
And, when you are deſirous to be bleſt,
I'll bleſſing beg of you. For this † ſame lord,
I do repent; But heaven hath pleas'd it ſo,—

[21] habits devill,

To puniſh me with this, and this with me,—
That I muſt be their ſcourge and miniſter:
I will beſtow him, and will anſwer well
The death I gave him. So, again good night.—
I muſt be cruel, only to be kind:
Thus bad begins, and worſe remains behind.—
Hark, one word more, good lady.
Que. What ſhall I do!
Ham. Not this, by no means, that I bid you do:
Let the bloat king tempt you again to bed;
Pinch wanton on your cheek; call you, his mouſe;
And let him, for a pair of reechy kiſſes,
Or padling in your neck with his damn'd fingers,
Make you to ravel all this matter out,
That I eſſentially am not in madneſs,
But mad in craft. 'Twere good, you let him know:
For who, that's but a queen, fair, ſober, wiſe,
Would from a paddock, from a bat, a gib,
Such dear concernings hide? who would do ſo?
No, in deſpight of ſenſe, and ſecreſy,
Unpeg the baſket on the houſe's top,
Let the birds fly; and, like the famous ape,
To try concluſions, in the baſket creep,
And break your own neck down.
Que. Be thou aſſur'd, if words be made of breath,
And breath of life, I have no life to breath
What thou haſt ſaid to me.
Ham. I muſt to *England*; you know that?
Que. Alack,
I had forgot; 'tis ſo concluded on.
Ham. There's letters ſeal'd: and my two ſchool-fellows,—
Whom I will truſt, as I will adders fang'd,—

They bear the mandate; they muſt ſweep my way,
And marſhal me to knavery: Let it work;
For 'tis the ſport, to have the engineer
Hoiſt with his own petar: and't ſhall go hard,
But I will delve one yard below their mines,
And blow them at the moon: O, 'tis moſt ſweet,
When in one line two crafts directly meet.—
This man ſhall ſet me packing.
I'll lug the guts into the neighbour room:—
Mother, good night.—Indeed, this counſellor
Is now moſt ſtill, moſt ſecret, and moſt grave,
Who was in life a fooliſh prating knave.
Come, ſir, to † draw toward an end with you:—
Good night, mother.
[*Exeunt, ſeverally*; Hamlet *tugging in* Polonius.

ACT IV.

SCENE I. *The ſame.*

Enter King, Queen, Roſincrantz, *and* Guildenſtern.

Kin. There's matter in theſe ſighs, theſe profound heaves;
You muſt tranſlate; 'tis fit, we underſtand them:
Where is your ſon?
Que. Beſtow this place on us a little while.—
[*Exeunt* Ros. *and* Gui.
Ah, my good lord, what have I ſeen to-night?
Kin. What, *Gertrude?* How does *Hamlet?*
Que. Mad as the ſea, and wind, when both contend
Which is the mightier: In his lawleſs fit,

Behind the arras hearing ſomething ſtir,
Whips out his rapier, cries, *A rat, a rat*;
And, in this brainiſh apprehenſion, kills
The unſeen good old man.
Kin. O heavy deed!
It had been ſo with us, had we been there:
His liberty is full of threats to all;
To you yourſelf, to us, to every one.
Alas, how ſhall this bloody deed be anſwer'd?
It will be lay'd to us; whoſe providence
Should have kept ſhort, reſtrain'd, and out of haunt,
This mad young man: but, ſo much was our love,
We would not underſtand what was moſt fit;
But, like the owner of a foul diseaſe,
To keep it from divulging, let it feed
Even on the pith of life. Where is he gone?
Que. To draw apart the body he hath kill'd:
O'er whom his very madneſs, like ſome ore
Among a mineral of metals baſe,
Shows itſelf pure; he weeps for what is done.
Kin. O, *Gertrude*, come away!
The ſun no ſooner ſhall the mountains touch,
But we will ſhip him hence: and this vile deed
We muſt, with all our majeſty and ſkill,
Both countenance and excuse.—Ho, *Guildenſtern!*
Enter Rosincrantz, *and* Guildenſtern.
Friends both, go join you with ſome further aid:
Hamlet in madneſs hath *Polonius* ſlain,
And from his mother's closet hath he drag'd him:
Go, ſeek him out; ſpeak fair, and bring the body
Into the chapel. I pray you, haſte in this.—
[*Exeunt* Ros. *and* Gui.

Come, *Gertrude*, we'll call up our wiſeſt friends;
And let them know, both what we mean to do,
And what's untimely done: ſo, haply, ſlander,—
Whoſe whiſper o'er the world's diameter,
As level as the cannon to his blank,
Tranſports his poiſon'd ſhot,—may miſs our name,
And hit the woundleſs air. O, come away;
My ſoul is full of diſcord, and diſmay. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II. *The ſame. Another Room in the ſame.*

Enter HAMLET.

Ham. ——————Safely ſtow'd. But, ſoft;

Ros. &c. [*within.*] *Hamlet!* lord *Hamlet!*

Ham. What noiſe? who calls on *Hamlet?* O, here they come.

Enter ROSINCRANTZ, *and* GUILDENSTERN.

Ros. What have you done, my lord, with the dead body?

Ham. Compounded it with duſt, whereto 'tis kin.

Ros. Tell us where 'tis; that we may take it thence,
And bear it to the chapel.

Ham. Do not believe it.

Ros. Believe what?

Ham. That I can keep your counſel, and not mine own. Beſides, to be demanded of a ſpunge,—what replication ſhould be made by the ſon of a king?

Ros. Take you me for a ſpunge, my lord?

Ham. Ay, ſir; that ſoaks up the king's countenance, his rewards, his authorities But ſuch officers do the king beſt ſervice in the end: He keeps them, like an ape, in the corner of his jaw; firſt mouth'd, to be laſt ſwallow'd: when he needs what you have glean'd, it is but ſqueezing you, and, ſpunge, you ſhall be dry again.

Ros. I underſtand you not, my lord.

Ham. I am glad of it: A knaviſh ſpeech ſleeps in a fooliſh ear.

Ros. My lord, you muſt tell us where the body is, and go with us to the king.

Ham. The body is with the king, but the king is not with the body. The king is a thing—

Gui. A thing, my lord?

Ham. Of nothing: bring me to him. Hide, fox, and all after. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III. *The ſame. Another Room in the ſame.*

Enter King, *attended.*

Kin. I have ſent to ſeek him, and to find the body.
How dangerous is it, that this man goes looſe?
Yet muſt not we put the ſtrong law on him:
He's lov'd of the diſtracted multitude,
Who like not in their judgment, but their eyes;
And, where 'tis ſo, the offender's ſcourge is weigh'd,
But never the offence. To bear all ſmooth and even,
This ſudden ſending him away muſt ſeem
Deliberate pause: Diseases, deſperate grown,
By deſperate appliance are reliev'd,

Enter ROSINCRANTZ.

Or not at all.—How now? what hath befall'n?

Ros. Where the dead body is beſtow'd, my lord,
We cannot get from him.

Kin. But where is he?

Ros. Without, my lord; guarded, to know your pleasure.

Kin. Bring him before us.

Ros. Ho! bring in the lord.

Enter HAMLET, *and* Guildenſtern.

Kin. Now, *Hamlet*, where's *Polonius?*

HAM. At ſupper.

Kin. At ſupper? Where?

HAM. Not where he eats, but where he is eaten: a certain convocation of politick worms are e'en at him. Your worm is your only emperor for diet: we fat all creatures elſe, to fat us; and we fat ourſelves for maggots: Your fat king, and your lean beggar, is but variable ſervice; two diſhes, but to one table; that's the end.

Kin. Alas, alas!

HAM. A man may fiſh with the worm that hath eat of a king; and eat of the fiſh that hath fed of that worm.

Kin. What doſt thou mean by this?

HAM. Nothing, but to ſhew you how a king may go a progreſs through the guts of a beggar.

Kin. Where is *Polonius?*

HAM. In heaven; ſend thither to ſee: if your meſſenger find him not there, ſeek him in the other place yourſelf. But, indeed, if you find him not this month, you ſhall nose him as you go up the ſtairs into the lobby.

Kin. Go ſeek him there. [*to ſome Attendants.*

HAM. He will ſtay till you come. [*Ex unt Attendants.*

Kin. *Hamlet*, this deed, for thine eſpecial ſafety,—
Which we do tender; as we dearly grieve
For that which thou haſt done,—muſt ſend thee hence
With fiery quickneſs: Therefore, prepare thyſelf;
The bark is ready, and the wind at help,
The aſſociates tend, and every thing is bent
For *England.*

Ham. For *England?*
Kin. Ay, *Hamlet.*
Ham. Good.
Kin. So is it, if thou knew'ſt our-purpoſes.
Ham. I ſee a cherub, that ſees them.—But, come; for *England:*—Farewel, dear mother.
Kin. Thy loving father, *Hamlet.*
Ham. My mother: Father and mother is man and wife; man and wife is one fleſh: ſo, my mother.—Come, for *England.* [*Exit* HAMLET.
Kin. Follow him at foot; tempt him with ſpeed aboard;
Delay it not, I'll have him hence to-night:
Away; for every thing is ſeal'd and done,
That elſe leans on the affair: Pray you, make haſte.
[*Exeunt* ROS. *and* GUI.
And, *England*, if my love thou hold'ſt at ought,
(As my great power thereof may give thee ſenſe;
Since yet thy cicatrice looks raw and red
After the *Daniſh* ſword, and thy free awe
Pays homage to us) thou may'ſt not coldly ſet by
Our ſovereign proceſs; which imports at full,
By letters congruing to that effect,
The preſent death of *Hamlet.* Do it, *England*;
For like the hectick in my blood he rages,
And thou muſt cure me: 'Till I know 'tis done,
Howe'er my haps, my joys will ne'er begin. [*Exit.*

SCENE IV. *A Plain in* Denmark.

Enter FORTINBRAS, *and Forces, marching.*

For. Go, captain, from me greet the *Daniſh* king;
Tell him, that, by his licence, *Fortinbras*

Claims the conveyance of a promis'd march
Over his kingdom. You know the rendezvous.
If that his majeſty would ought with us,
We ſhall expreſs our duty in his eye,
And let him know ſo.
Cap. I will do't, my lord.
For. Go ſoftly on. [*Exeunt* For. *and Forces.*
Enter Hamlet, Rosincrantz, &c.
Ham. Good ſir, whoſe powers are theſe?
Cap. They are of *Norway*, ſir.
Ham. How purpos'd, ſir, I pray you?
Cap. Sir, againſt
Some part of *Poland.*
Ham. Who commands them, ſir?
Cap. The nephew to old *Norway*, *Fortinbras.*
Ham. Goes it againſt the main of *Poland*, ſir,
Or for ſome frontier?
Cap. Truly to ſpeak, ſir, and with no addition,
We go to gain a little patch of ground,
That hath in it no profit but the name.
To pay five ducats, five, I would not farm it;
Nor will it yield to *Norway*, or the *Pole*,
A ranker rate, ſhould it be ſold in fee.
Ham. Why, then the *Polack* never will defend it.
Cap. O, yes; it is already garriſon'd.
Ham. Two thouſand ſouls, and twenty thouſand ducats,
Will not debate the queſtion of this ſtraw:
This is the impoſthume of much wealth, and peace;
That inward breaks, and ſhows no cauſe without
Why the man dies.—I humbly thank you, ſir.
Cap. God be wi' you, ſir. [*Exit* Captain.

Ros. Will't please you go, my lord?
Ham. I will be with you ſtraight,
Go a little before. — [*Exeunt* Ros. *and the reſt.*
How all occaſions do inform againſt me,
And ſpur my dull revenge! What is a man,
If his chief good, and market of his time,
Be but to ſleep, and feed? a beaſt, no more.
Sure, he, that made us with ſuch large diſcourſe,
Looking before, and after, gave us not
That capability and godlike reaſon
To fuſt in us unus'd. Now, whether it be
Beſtial oblivion, or ſome craven ſcruple
Of thinking too preciſely on the event,—
A thought, which, quarter'd, hath but one part wiſdom;
And, ever, three parts coward,—I do not know
Why yet I live to ſay, *This thing's to do*;
Sith I have cauſe, and will, and ſtrength, and means
To do't. Examples, groſs as earth, exhort me:
Witneſs, this army, of ſuch maſs, and charge,
Led by a delicate and tender prince;
Whoſe ſpirit, with divine ambition puft,
Makes mouths at the inviſible event;
Expoſing what is mortal, and unſure,
To all that fortune, death, and danger, dare,
Even for an egg-ſhell. Rightly, to be great
Is not, not to ſtir without great argument;
But greatly to find quarrel in a ſtraw,
When honour's at the ſtake. How ſtand I then,
That have a father kill'd, a mother ſtain'd,
Excitements of my reaſon, and my blood,
And let all ſleep? while, to my ſhame, I ſee
The imminent death of twenty thouſand men,

That, for a fantaſy, and trick of fame,
Go to their graves like beds; fight for a plot,
Whereon the numbers cannot try the cauſe,
Which is not tomb enough, and continent,
To hide the ſlain? O, then, from this time forth,
My thoughts be bloody, or be nothing worth! [*Exit.*

SCENE V. Elſinour. *A Room in the Caſtle.*

Enter Queen, *attended*; HORATIO, *and a* Gentleman.

Que. ———— I will not ſpeak with her.
Gen. She is importunate; indeed, diſtract;
Her mood will needs be pity'd.
Que. What would ſhe have?
Gen. She ſpeaks much of her father; ſays, ſhe hears,
There's tricks i' the world; and hems, and beats her heart;
Spurns enviouſly at ſtraws; ſpeaks things in doubt,
That carry but half ſenſe: her ſpeech is nothing,
Yet the unſhaped uſe of it doth move
The hearers to collection; they aim at it,
And botch the words up fit to their own thoughts;
Which, as her winks, and nods, and geſtures yield them,
Indeed would make one think, there might be thought,
Though nothing ſure, yet much unhappily.
Hor. 'Twere good, ſhe were ſpoken with; for ſhe may ſtrew
Dangerous conjectures in ill-breeding minds:
Let her come in. [*Exit* Gen.
Que. " To my ſick ſoul, as ſin's true nature is,"
" Each toy ſeems prologue to ſome great amiſs;"
" So full of artleſs jealouſy is guilt,"
" It ſpills itſelf, in fearing to be ſpilt."

Enter OPHELIA, *wildly*.

Oph. Where is the beauteous majeſty of *Denmark?*

Que. How now, *Ophelia?*

Oph. *How ſhould I your true-love know* [ſings.
from another one?
By his cockle hat, and ſtaff,
and his ſandal ſhoon.

Que. Alas, ſweet lady, what imports this ſong?

Oph. Say you? nay, pray you, mark.
He is dead and gone, lady, [ſings.
he is dead and gone;
at his head a graſs-green turf,
at his heels a ſtone. O, o!

Que. Nay, but *Ophelia*,—

Oph. Pray you, mark.
White his ſhrowd as the mountain ſnow, [ſings.

Enter King.

Que. Alas, look here, my lord.

Oph. *Larded all with ſweet flowers;*
which bewept to the ground did go,
with true-love ſhowers.

Kin. How do you, pretty lady?

Oph. Well, God 'ild you. They ſay, the owl was a baker's daughter. Lord, we know what we are, but know not what we may be. God be at your table!

Kin. Conceit upon her father.

Oph. Pray, let's have no words of this; but when they aſk you, what it means, ſay you this:
To-morrow is St. Valentine'*s day,* [ſings.
all in the morn betime,
and I a maid at your window,
to be your Valentine:

29 did not go

Then up he roſe,
and d'on'd his cloaths,
and d'op'd the chamber door;
let in the maid,
that out a maid
never departed more.

Kin. Pretty *Ophelia!*

OPH. Indeed, without an oath, I'll make an end on't.

By Gis, and by [ſings.
St. Charity,
alack, and fie for ſhame!
young men will do't,
if they come to't;
by cock, they are to blame.
Before, quoth ſhe,
you tumbl'd me,
you promis'd me to wed:
He anſwers, *So would I ha' done,*
by yonder ſun,
an thou hadſt not come to my bed.

Kin. How long hath ſhe been thus?

OPH. I hope, all will be well. We muſt be patient: but I cannot choose but weep, to think, they would lay him i'the cold ground: My brother ſhall know of it, and ſo I thank you for your good counſel.—Come, my coach!—Good night, ladies; good night, ſweet ladies; good night, good night. [*Exit* OPHELIA.

Kin. Follow her cloſe; give her good watch, I pray you. [*Exeunt* HOR. *and Att.*
O! This is the poiſon of deep grief; it ſprings
All from her father's death. O *Gertrude, Gertrude,*
When ſorrows come, they come not ſingle ſpies,

---

15 Quoth ſhe, Before

But in battalions. Firſt, her father ſlain:
Next, your ſon gone; and he moſt violent author
Of his own juſt remove: The people muddy'd,
Thick and unwholſome in their thoughts, and whiſpers,
For good *Polonius'* death; and we have done
But greenly to interr him: Poor *Ophelia*
Divided from herſelf, and her fair judgment;
Without the which we are pictures, or meer beaſts.
Laſt, and as much containing as all these,
Her brother is in ſecret come from *France:*
Feeds on his wonder, keeps himſelf in clouds,
And wants not buzzers to infect his ear
With peſtilent ſpeeches of his father's death;
Wherein neceſſity, of matter beggar'd,
Will nothing ſtick our perſons to arraign
In ear and ear. O my dear *Gertrude*, this,
Like to a murthering piece, in many places
Gives me ſuperfluous death. [*Noise within.*

Que. Alack, what noise is this?

Kin. Where are my *Switzers?* let them guard the door: —

Enter a Gentleman, *haſtily.*

What is the matter?

Gen. Save yourſelf, my lord;
The ocean, overpeering of his liſt,
Eats not the flats with more impetuous haſte,
Than young *Laertes*, in a riotous head,
O'er-bears your officers! The rabble call him, lord:
And, as the world were now but to begin,
Antiquity forgot, cuſtom not known,
The ratifiers and props of every work,
They cry, *Choose we*; Laertes *ſhall be king:*

6 v. *Note.* 31 word,

Caps, hands, and tongues, applaud it to the clouds,
Laertes *ſhall be king*, Laertes *king!*
[*Noise again, and Shouts: Door aſſaulted.*

Que. How cheerfully on the falſe trail they cry!
O, this is counter, you falſe *Daniſh* dogs.

Kin. The doors are broke.

Enter LAERTES, *arm'd*; Danes *following.*

LAE. Where is this king?—Sirs, ſtand you all without.

Dan. No, let's come in.

LAE. I pray you, give me leave.

Dan. We will, we will. [*retiring without the Door.*

LAE. I thank you; keep the door.—O thou vile king,
Give me my father.

Que. Calmly, good *Laertes.*

LAE. That drop of blood, that's calm, proclaims me baſtard;
Cries, cuckold, to my father; brands the harlot
Even here, between the chaſt unſmirched brow
Of my true mother.

Kin. What is the cause, *Laertes,*
That thy rebellion looks ſo giant-like?—
Let him go, *Gertrude*; do not fear our perſon;
There's ſuch divinity doth hedge a king,
That treason can but peep to what it would,
Acts little of his will.—Tell me, *Laertes,*
Why thou art thus incenſ'd;—Let him go, *Gertrude*;—
Speak, man.

LAE. Where is my father?

Kin. Dead, Laertes.

Que. But not by him.

Kin. Let him demand his fill.

LAE. How came he dead? I'll not be juggl'd with:

To hell, allegiance! vows, to the blackeſt devil!
Conſcience, and grace, to the profoundeſt pit!
I dare damnation: To this point I ſtand,—
That both the worlds I give to negligence,
Let come what comes; only I'll be reveng'd
Moſt throughly for my father.
Kin. Who ſhall ſtay you?
Lae. My will, not all the world's:
And, for my means, I'll husband them ſo well,
They ſhall go far with little.
Kin. Good *Laertes*,
If you desire to know the certainty
Of your dear father's death, is't writ in your revenge,
That, ſweep-ſtake, you will draw both friend and foe,
Winner and loser?
Lae. None but his enemies.
Kin. Will you know them then?
Lae. To his good friends thus wide I'll ope my arms;
And, like the kind life-rend'ring pelican,
Repaſt them with my blood.
Kin. Why, now you ſpeak
Like a good child, and a true gentleman.
That I am guiltleſs of your father's death,
And am moſt ſenſibly in grief for it,
It ſhall as level to your judgment pierce
As day does to your eye. [*Noise within.*
Dan. [*within.*] Let her come in.
Lae. How now! what noise is that?
Enter Ophelia, *fantaſtically dreſt up with Flowers*, &c.
O heat, dry up my brains! tears, ſeven times ſalt,
Burn out the ſenſe and virtue of mine eye!—

---

14 ſoopſtake,

By heaven, thy madneſs ſhall be pay'd by weight,
'Till our ſcale turn the beam. O rose of May,
Dear maid, kind ſiſter, ſweet *Ophelia!*—
O heavens! is't poſſible, a young maid's wits
Should be as mortal as an old man's life?
Nature is fine in love: and, where 'tis fine,
It ſends ſome precious inſtance of itſelf
After the thing it loves.

Oph. *They bore him bare-fac'd on the bier,* [ſings.
and on his grave rains many a tear;—
Fare you well, my dove.

Lae. Hadſt thou thy wits, and didſt perſuade revenge,
It could not move thus.

Oph. You muſt ſing, Down, a-down, an you call him a-down-a. O, how the wheel becomes it! It is the falſe ſteward, that ſtole his maſter's daughter.

Lae. This nothing's more than matter.

Oph. There's ‡ rosemary, that's for remembrance; pray you, love, remember: and there is ‡ panſies, that's for thoughts.

Lae. A document in madneſs; thoughts and remembrance fitted.

Oph. There's ‡ fennel for you, and columbines:— There's ‡ rue for you;—and here's ſome for me: we may call it, herb of grace, o' ſundays:—you may wear your rue with a difference.—There's ‡ a daisy:—I would give you ſome violets; but they wither'd all, when my father dy'd: They ſay, he made a good end,—
For bonny ſweet Robin *is all my joy,*— [ſings.

Lae. Thought, and affliction, paſſion, hell itſelf,
She turns to favour and to prettineſs.

Oph. *And will he not come again?* [ſings.

and will he not come again?
No, no, he is dead,
go to thy death-bed,
he never will come again.

2.

His beard was as white as ſnow,
all flaxen was his pole:
he is gone, he is gone,
and we caſt away moan;
Gramercy on his ſoul!
And of all chriſtian ſouls, I pray God. God be wi' you!
[*Exit* OPHELIA.

LAE. Do you ſee this, o God!

Kin. *Laertes*, I muſt commune with your grief,
Or you deny me right. Go but apart,
Make choice of whom your wiseſt friends you will,
And they ſhall hear and judge 'twixt you and me:
If by direct or by collateral hand
They find us touch'd, we will our kingdom give,
Our crown, our life, and all that we call ours,
To you in ſatiſfaction; but, if not,
Be you content to lend your patience to us,
And we ſhall jointly labour with your ſoul
To give it due content.

LAE. Let this be ſo;
His means of death, his obſcure burial,—
No trophee ſword, nor hatchment o'er his bones,
No noble rite, nor formal oſtentation,—
Cry to be heard, as 'twere from heaven to earth,
That I muſt call 't in queſtion.

Kin. So you ſhall;
And, where the offence is, let the great axe fall.

I pray you, go with me. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE VI. *The ſame. Another Room in the ſame.*

Enter HORATIO, *and a* Servant.

HOR. What are they, that would ſpeak with me?

Ser. Sailors, ſir;
They ſay, they have letters for you.

HOR. Let them come in. — [*Exit* Servant.
I do not know from what part of the world
I ſhould be greeted, if not from lord *Hamlet.*

Enter Sailors.

1. *S.* God bleſs you, ſir.

HOR. Let him bleſs thee too.

1. *S.* He ſhall, ſir, an't please him. There's † a letter for you, ſir: it comes from th'embaſſador, that was bound for *England*; if your name be *Horatio*, as I am let to know it is.

HOR. [*reads.*] Horatio, *when thou ſhalt have over-look'd this, give these fellows ſome means to the king; they have letters for him. Ere we were two days old at ſea, a pirate of very warlike appointment gave us chace: Finding ourſelves too ſlow of ſail, we put on a compell'd valour: in the grapple, I boarded them: on the inſtant, they got clear of our ſhip; ſo I alone became their priſoner: They have dealt with me like thieves of mercy: but they knew what they did; I am to do a turn for them. Let the king have the letters I have ſent; and repair thou to me, with as much ſpeed as thou would'ſt fly death: I have words to ſpeak in thine ear, will make thee dumb; yet are they much too light for the bore of the matter: these good fellows will bring thee where I am.* Rosincrantz, *and* Guildenſtern, *hold their courſe for* England: *of them I have*

much to tell thee. Farewel. He that thou knoweſt thine,
Hamlet.

Come, I will give you way for these your letters;
And do't the ſpeedier, that you may direct me
To him from whom you brought them. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE VII. *The ſame. Another Room in the ſame.*
Enter King, *and* LAERTES.

Kin. Now muſt your conſcience my acquittance ſeal,
And you muſt put me in your heart for friend;
Sith you have heard, and with a knowing ear,
That he, which hath your noble father ſlain,
Purſu'd my life.

LAE. It well appears: But tell me
Why you proceeded not againſt these feats,
So crimeful and ſo capital in nature,
As by your ſafety, wisdom, all things elſe,
You mainly were ſtir'd up.

Kin. O, for two ſpecial reasons;
Which may to you, perhaps, ſeem much unſinew'd,
But yet to me they are ſtrong. The queen, his mother,
Lives almoſt by his looks; and for myſelf,
(My virtue, or my plague, be it either which)
She is ſo conjunctive to my life and ſoul,
That, as the ſtar moves not but in his ſphere,
I could not but by her. The other motive,
Why to a publick count I might not go,
Is, the great love the general gender bear him:
Who, dipping all his faults in their affection,
Would, like the ſpring that turneth wood to ſtone,
Convert his gyves to graces; ſo that my arrows,
Too ſlightly timber'd for ſo loud a wind,

Would have reverted to my bow again,
And not where I had aim'd them.
Lae. And ſo have I a noble father loſt;
A ſiſter driven into deſperate terms;
Whoſe worth, if praiſes may go back again,
Stood challenger on mount of all the age
For her perfections: But my revenge will come.
Kin. Break not your ſleeps for that: you muſt not think,
That we are made of ſtuff ſo flat and dull,
That we can let our beard be ſhook with danger,
And think it paſtime. You ſhortly ſhall hear more:
I lov'd your father, and we love ourſelf;
And that, I hope, will teach you to imagine,—
Enter a Gentleman.
How now? what news?
Gen. Letters, my lord, from *Hamlet:*
These ‡ to your majeſty; this † to the queen.
Kin. From *Hamlet!* Who brought them?
Gen. Sailors, my lord, they ſay: I ſaw them not;
They were given me by *Claudio,* he receiv'd them
Of him that brought them.
Kin. *Laertes,* you ſhall hear them:—
Leave us. [*Exit* Gentleman.

High and mighty, [reads.] *You ſhall know, I am ſet naked on your kingaom. To-morrow ſhall I beg leave to ſee your kingly eyes: when I ſhall, firſt aſking your pardon thereunto, recount the occasion of my ſudden return.*
Hamlet.

What ſhould this mean? Are all the reſt come back?
Or is it ſome abuſe, and no ſuch thing?
Lae. Know you the hand?

Kin. 'Tis *Hamlet*'s character. Naked!
And in a poſtſcript here he ſays, alone:
Can you advise me?
Lae. I am loſt in it, my lord. But let him come;
It warms the very ſickneſs in my heart,
That I ſhall live and tell him to his teeth,
Thus diddeſt thou.
Kin. If it be ſo, *Laertes*,—
As how ſhould it be ſo? how otherwise?
Will you be rul'd by me?
Lae. I will, my lord;
So you will not o'er-rule me to a peace.
Kin. To thine own peace. If he be now return'd,—
As checking at his voyage, and that he means
No more to undertake it,—I will work him
To an exploit, now ripe in my deviſe,
Under the which he ſhall not choose but fall:
And for his death no wind of blame ſhall breath;
But even his mother ſhall uncharge the practiſe,
And call it, accident.
Lae. My lord, I will be rul'd;
The rather, if you could devise it ſo
That I might be the organ.
Kin. It falls right.
You have been talk'd of ſince your travel much,
And that in *Hamlet*'s hearing, for a quality
Wherein, they ſay, you ſhine: your ſum of parts
Did not together pluck ſuch envy from him,
As did that one; and that, in my regard,
Of the unworthieſt ſiege.
Lae. What part is that, my lord?
Kin. A very riband in the cap of youth,

Yet needful too; for youth no leſs becomes
The light and careleſs livery that it wears,
Than ſettl'd age his ſables, and his weeds,
Importing health, and graveneſs. Two months ſince
Here was a gentleman of *Normandy*,—
I have ſeen myſelf, and ſerv'd againſt, the *French*,
And they can well on horſe-back: but this gallant
Had witchcraft in't; he grew unto his ſeat;
And to ſuch wondrous doing brought his horſe,
As he had been incorpſ'd and demy-natur'd
With the brave beaſt: ſo far he top'd my thought,
That I, in forgery of ſhapes and tricks,
Come ſhort of what he did.
  Lae. A *Norman* was't?
  Kin. A *Norman.*
  Lae. Upon my life, *Lamord.*
  Kin. The very ſame.
  Lae. I know him well; he is the brooch, indeed,
And jem of all the nation.
  Kin. He made confeſſion of you:
And gave you ſuch a maſterly report,
For art and exercise in your defence,
And for your rapier moſt eſpecial,
That he cry'd out, 'Twould be a ſight indeed,
If one could match you; the ſcrimers of their nation,
He ſwore, had neither motion, guard, nor eye,
If you oppos'd them: Sir, this report of his
Did *Hamlet* ſo envenom with his envy,
That he could nothing do, but wiſh and beg
Your ſudden coming o'er, to play with you.
Now, out of this,—
  Lae. What out of this, my lord?

Kin. *Laertes*, was your father dear to you?
Or are you like the painting of a ſorrow,
A face without a heart?
LAE. Why aſk you this?
Kin. Not that I think, you did not love your father;
But that I know, love is begun by time;
And that I ſee, in paſſages of proof,
Time qualifies the ſpark and fire of it.
There lives within the very flame of love
A kind of wick, or ſnuff, that will abate it;
And nothing is at a like goodneſs ſtill;
For goodneſs, growing to a pluriſy,
Dies in his own too much: That we would do,
We ſhould do when we would: for this *would* changes,
And hath abatements and delays as many,
As there are tongues, are hands, are accidents;
And then this *ſhould* is like a ſpend-thrift's ſigh,
That hurts by easing. But, to the quick o' the ulcer:
Hamlet comes back; What would you undertake,
To ſhow yourſelf indeed your father's ſon
More than in words?
LAE. To cut his throat i' the church.
Kin. No place, indeed, ſhould murther ſanctuarize;
Revenge ſhould have no bounds. But, good *Laertes*,
Will you do this; keep cloſe within your chamber?
Hamlet, return'd, ſhall know you are come home:
We'll put on those ſhall praise your excellence,
And ſet a double varniſh on the fame
The *Frenchman* gave you; bring you, in fine, together,
And wager o'er your heads: he, being remiſs,
Moſt generous, and free from all contriving,
Will not peruſe the foils; ſo that, with ease,

Or with a little ſhuffling, you may choose
A ſword unbated, and, in a paſs of practice,
Requite him for your father.
Lae. I will do't:
And, for the purpose, I'll anoint my ſword.
I bought an unction of a mountebank;
So mortal, that, but dip a knife in it,
Where it draws blood, no cataplasm ſo rare,
Collected from all ſimples that have virtue
Under the moon, can ſave the thing from death,
That is but ſcratch'd withal: I'll touch my point
With this contagion; that, if I gall him ſlightly,
It may be death.
Kin. Let's further think of this;
Weigh what convenience, both of time and means,
May fit us to our ſhape: If this ſhould fail,
And that our drift look through our bad performance,
'Twere better not aſſay'd; therefore, this project
Should have a back, or ſecond, that might hold,
If this did blaſt in proof. Soft; let me ſee:
We'll make a ſolemn wager on your cunnings,—
I ha't:
When in your motion you are hot and dry,
(As make your bouts more violent to that end)
And that he calls for drink, I'll have prefer'd him
A chalice for the nonce; whereon but ſipping,
If he by chance eſcape your venom'd ſtuck,
Our purpose may hold there. But ſtay, what noise?—
Enter Queen.
How now, ſweet queen?
Que. One woe doth tread upon another's heel,
So faſt they follow:—

Your ſiſter's drown'd, *Laertes.*
Lae. Drown'd! o, where?
Que. There is a willow grows aſcant the brook,
That ſhews his hoar leaves in the glaſſy ſtream;
Therewith fantaſtick garlands did ſhe make,
Of crow-flowers, nettles, daisies, and long purples,
That liberal ſhepherds give a groſſer name,
But our cold maids do dead men's fingers call them:
Then on the pendant boughs her coronet weeds
Clamb'ring to hang, an envious ſliver broke;
When down her weedy trophies, and herſelf,
Fell in the weeping brook. Her cloaths ſpread wide;
And, mermaid-like, a while they bore her up:
Which time, ſhe chaunted ſnatches of old tunes;
As one incapable of her own diſtreſs,
Or like a creature native and indu'd
Unto that element: but long it could not be,
'Till that her garments, heavy with their drink,
Pull'd the poor wretch from her melodious lay
To muddy death.
Lae. Alas, then, ſhe is drown'd?
Que. Drown'd, drown'd.
Lae. Too much of water haſt thou, poor *Ophelia,*
And therefore I forbid my tears: But yet
It is our trick; nature her cuſtom holds,
Let ſhame ſay what it will: when these are gone,
The woman will be out. — Adieu, my lord:
I have a ſpeech of fire; that fain would blaze,
But that this folly drowns it. [*Exit.*
Kin. Let's follow, *Gertrude:*
How much I had to do to calm his rage!
Now fear I, this will give it ſtart again;

Therefore, let's follow. [*Exeunt.*

ACT V.

SCENE I. *The ſame. A Church-yard.*

Enter two Clowns, *with Spades,* &c.

1. *C.* Is ſhe to be bury'd in chriſtian burial, that wilfully ſeeks her own ſalvation?

2. *C.* I tell thee, ſhe is; therefore, make her grave ſtraight: the crowner hath ſat on her, and finds it chriſtian burial.

1. *C.* How can that be, unleſs ſhe drown'd herſelf in her own defence?

2. *C.* Why, 'tis found ſo.

1. *C.* It muſt be *ſe offendendo*; it cannot be elſe. For here lies the point: If I drown myſelf wittingly, it argues an act: and an act hath three branches; it is, to act, to do, and to perform: argal, ſhe drown'd herſelf wittingly.

2. *C.* Nay, but hear you, goodman delver:

1. *C.* Give me leave. Here † lies the water; good: here † ſtands the man; good: If the man go to this water, and drown himſelf, it is, will he, nill he, he goes; mark you that: but if the water come to him, and drown him, he drowns not himſelf: Argal, he, that is not guilty of his own death, ſhortens not his own life.

2. *C.* But is this law?

1. *C.* Ay, marry, is't; crowner's-queſt law.

2. *C.* Will you ha' the truth on't? if this had not been a gentlewoman, ſhe ſhould have been bury'd out of chriſtian burial.

1. *C*. Why, there thou ſay'ſt: And the more pity; that great folk ſhould have countenance in this world to drown or hang themſelves, more than their even chriſten. Come, my ſpade. [*ſtrips, and falls to digging.*] There is no ancient gentlemen, but gardiners, ditchers, and grave-makers; they hold up *Adam*'s profeſſion.

2. *C*. Was he a gentleman?

1. *C*. He was the firſt that ever bore arms.

2. *C*. Why, he had none.

1. *C*. What, art a heathen? How doſt thou underſtand the ſcripture? The ſcripture ſays, *Adam* dig'd; Could he dig without arms? I'll put another queſtion to thee: if thou anſwer'ſt me not to the purpoſe, confeſs thyſelf—

2. *C*. Go to.

1. *C*. What is he, that builds ſtronger than either the maſon, the ſhip-wright, or the carpenter?

2. *C*. The gallows-maker; for that frame outlives a thouſand tenants.

1. *C*. I like thy wit well, in good faith; the gallows does well: But how does it well? it does well to thoſe that do ill: now thou doſt ill, to ſay, the gallows is built ſtronger than the church; argal, the gallows may do well to thee. To't again; come.

2. *C*. Who builds ſtronger than a maſon, a ſhip-wright, or a carpenter?

1. *C*. Ay, tell me that, and unyoke.

2. *C*. Marry, now I can tell.

1. *C*. To't.

2. *C*. Maſs, I cannot tell.

Enter HAMLET, *and* HORATIO,
at a Diſtance.

1. *C*. Cudgel thy brains no more about it; for your

dull aſs will not mend his pace with beating: and, when you are aſk'd this queſtion next, ſay, a grave-maker; the houses, that he makes, laſt 'till dooms-day. Go, get thee to *Yaughan*, and fetch me a ſtoop of liquor.

[*Exit ſecond* Clown.

In youth when I did love, did love, [ſings.
methought, it was very ſweet,
to contract, o, the time, for, ah, my behove;
o, methought, there was nothing ſo meet.

HAM. Has this fellow no feeling of his buſineſs? he ſings in grave-making.

HOR. Cuſtom hath made it in him a property of eaſineſs.

HAM. 'Tis e'en ſo: the hand of little employment hath the daintier ſenſe.

1. C. *But age, with his ſtealing ſteps,* [ſings.
hath claw'd me in his clutch,
and ſhipped me into the land,
as if I had never been ſuch.

[*throws up a Scull.*

HAM. That ſcull had a tongue in't, and could ſing once; How the knave jowls it to the ground, as if it were *Cain*'s jaw-bone, that did the firſt murther! This might be the pate of a politician, which this aſs now o'er-reaches; one that would circumvent God, might it not?

HOR. It might, my lord.

HAM. Or of a courtier; which could ſay, *Good morrow, ſweet lord! How doſt thou, ſweet lord?* This might be my lord ſuch a one, that prais'd my lord ſuch a one's horſe, when he meant to beg it; might it not?

HOR. Ay, my lord.

9 nothing a meet 18 And hath ſhipped

HAM. Why, e'en ſo: and now my lady worm's; chapleſs, and knockt about the mazzard with a ſexton's ſpade: Here's fine revolution, an we had the trick to ſee't. Did theſe bones coſt no more the breeding, but to play at loggats with them? mine ake to think on't.

1. *C.* *A pickaxe, and a ſpade, a ſpade,* [ſings.
for—and a ſhrowding ſheet:
o, a pit of clay for to be made
for ſuch a gueſt is meet.
[*throws up another Scull.*

HAM. There's another: Why may not that be the ſcull of a lawyer? Where be his quiddities now, his quillities, his caſes, his tenures, and his tricks? why does he ſuffer this rude knave now to knock him about the ſconce with a dirty ſhovel, and will not tell him of his action of battery? Hum! This fellow might be in's time a great buyer of land, with his ſtatutes, his recognizances, his fines, his double vouchers, his recoveries: Is this the fine of his fines, and the recovery of his recoveries, to have his fine pate full of fine dirt? will his vouchers vouch him no more of his purchaſes, and double ones too, than the length and breadth of a pair of indentures? the very conveyances of his lands will hardly lye in this box; and muſt the inheritor himſelf have no more? ha?

HOR. Not a jot more, my lord.

HAM. Is not parchment made of ſheep-ſkins?

HOR. Ay, my lord, and of calves-ſkins too.

HAM. They are ſheep, and calves, which ſeek out aſſurance in that. I will ſpeak to this fellow:—Whoſe grave's this, ſirrah?

1. *C.* Mine, ſir.—
O, a pit of clay for to be made— [ſings.

Ham. I think, it be thine, indeed; for thou ly'ſt in't.

1. *C.* You lie out on't, ſir; and, therefore, it is not yours: for my part, I do not lie in't, yet it is mine.

Ham. Thou doſt lie in't, to be in't, and ſay, it is thine: 'tis for the dead, not for the quick; therefore, thou ly'ſt.

1. *C.* 'Tis a quick lie, ſir; 'twill away again, from me to you.

Ham. What man doſt thou dig it for?

1. *C.* For no man, ſir.

Ham. What woman then?

1. *C.* For none neither.

Ham. Who is to be bury'd in't?

1. *C.* One, that was a woman, ſir; but, reſt her ſoul, ſhe's dead.

Ham. How abſolute the knave is! we muſt ſpeak by the card, or equivocation will undo us. By the lord, *Horatio*, theſe three years I have taken note of it; the age is grown ſo picked, that the toe of the peaſant comes ſo near the heel of the courtier, he galls his kybe.— How long haſt thou been a grave-maker?

1. *C.* Of all the days i' the year, I came to't that day that our laſt king *Hamlet* overcame *Fortinbras.*

Ham. How long is that ſince?

1. *C.* Cannot you tell that? every fool can tell that: It was that very day that young *Hamlet* was born; he that is mad, and ſent into *England.*

Ham. Ay, marry, why was he ſent into *England?*

1. *C.* Why, becauſe he was mad: he ſhall recover his wits there; or, if he do not, 'tis no great matter there.

Ham. Why?

1. *C.* 'Twill not be ſeen in him there; there the men are as mad as he.

HAM. How came he mad?

1. *C*. Very ſtrangely, they ſay.

HAM. How ſtrangely?

1. *C*. 'Faith, e'en with losing his wits.

HAM. Upon what ground?

1. *C*. Why, here in *Denmark:* I have been ſexton here, man, and boy, thirty years.

HAM. How long will a man lie i' the earth ere he rot?

1. *C*. 'Faith, if he be not rotten before he die, (as we have many pocky coarſes now-a-days, that will ſcarce hold the laying in) he will laſt you ſome eight year, or nine year: a tanner will laſt you nine year.

HAM. Why he more than another?

1. *C*. Why, ſir, his hide is ſo tan'd with his trade, that he will keep out water a great while; and your water is a ſore decayer of your whorſon dead body. Here's † a ſcull now hath lain you i' the earth twenty three years.

HAM. Whose was it?

1. *C*. A whorſon mad fellow's it was; Whose do you think it was?

HAM. Nay, I know not.

1. *C*. A peſtilence on him for a mad rogue! he pour'd a flagon of rheniſh on my head once: This ſame ſcull, ſir, was ſir *Yorick*'s ſcull, the king's jeſter.

HAM. This? [*takes the Scull.*

1. *C*. E'en that.

HAM. Alas, poor *Yorick!*—I knew him, *Horatio*; a fellow of infinite jeſt, of moſt excellent fancy: he hath born me on his back a thouſand times; and now, how abhorr'd in my imagination it is! my gorge rises at it. Here hung those lips, that I have kiſſ'd I know not how oft. Where be your gibes now? your gambols? your ſongs? your flaſhes of merriment, that were wont to ſet the table on a roar? not one now, to mock your own grinning? quite chap-faln? Now get you to my lady's chamber, and tell her, Let her paint an inch thick, to this favour ſhe muſt come; make her laugh at that.— Pr'ythee, *Horatio*, tell me one thing.

Hor. What's that, my lord?

Ham. Doſt thou think, *Alexander* look'd o' this faſhion i' the earth?

Hor. E'en ſo.

Ham. And ſmelt ſo? pah! [*throws it down.*

Hor. E'en ſo, my lord.

Ham. To what baſe uſes we may return, *Horatio!* Why may not imagination trace the noble duſt of *Alexander*, 'till he find it ſtopping a bung-hole?

Hor. 'Twere to conſider too curiouſly, to conſider ſo.

Ham. No, 'faith, not a jot; but to follow him thither with modeſty enough, and likelihood to lead it: As thus,—*Alexander* dy'd, *Alexander* was bury'd, *Alexander* returneth to duſt; the duſt is earth; of earth we make lome; And why of that lome, whereto he was converted, might they not ſtop a beer-barrel?

Imperial *Cæsar*, dead, and turn'd to clay,
Might ſtop a hole to keep the wind away:
O, that that earth, which kept the world in awe,
Should patch a wall to expel the winter's flaw!

But, ſoft, but ſoft, aſide; here comes the king,

Enter Prieſts, &c. *in ſolemn Proceſſion,*
a Coffin following: Laertes, *and Mourners, after it;*
King, Queen, *their Trains,* &c.

The queen, the courtiers: Who is this they follow?

And with ſuch maimed rites! This doth betoken,
The coarſe, they follow, did with deſperate hand
Fore-do it's own life: 'Twas of ſome eſtate:
Couch we a while, and mark. [*retiring with* Horatio.
LAE. What ceremony elſe? [*to the Prieſts.*
HAM. That is *Laertes*, [*to* Horatio.
A very noble youth: Mark.
LAE. What ceremony elſe?
1. *P.* Her obſequies have been as far enlarg'd
As we have warranty: Her death was doubtful;
And, but that great command o'er-ſways the order,
She ſhould in ground unſanctify'd have lodg'd,
'Till the laſt trumpet; for charitable prayers,
Shards, flints, and pebbles, ſhould be thrown on her:
Yet here ſhe is allow'd her virgin rites,
Her maiden ſtrewments, and the bringing home
Of bell and burial.
LAE. Muſt there no more be done?
1. *P.* No more be done;
We ſhould prophane the ſervice of the dead,
To ſing a *requiem* and ſuch reſt to her
As to peace-parted ſouls.
LAE. Lay her i' the earth:— [*Coffin lay'd in.*
And from her fair and unpolluted fleſh
May violets ſpring!—I tell thee, churliſh prieſt,
A miniſtring angel ſhall my ſiſter be,
When thou ly'ſt howling.
HAM. What, the fair *Ophelia!*
Que. Sweets to the ſweet: [*ſtrewing Flowers.*] Farewell!
I hop'd, thou ſhould'ſt have been my *Hamlet*'s wife;
I thought, thy bride-bed to have deck'd, ſweet maid,

And not have ſtrew'd thy grave.
Lae. O, treble woe
Fall ten times treble on that curſed head,
Whoſe wicked deed thy moſt ingenious ſenſe
Depriv'd thee of!—Hold off the earth a while,
'Till I have caught her once more in mine arms:
[*leaps into the Grave.*
Now pile your duſt upon the quick and dead;
'Till of this flat a mountain you have made,
To o'er-top old *Pelion*, or the ſkyiſh head
Of blue *Olympus.*
Ham. What is he, [*advancing.*] whoſe grief
Bears ſuch an emphaſis? whoſe phraſe of ſorrow
Conjures the wandring ſtars, and makes them ſtand
Like wonder-wounded hearers? this is I,
Hamlet the *Dane.* [*leaps too in the Grave.*
Lae. The devil take thy ſoul! [*grappling with him.*
Ham. Thou pray'ſt not well.
I pr'ythee, take thy fingers from my throat;
For, though I am not ſplenitive and raſh,
Yet have I in me ſomething dangerous,
Which let thy wisdom fear: Hold off thy hand.
Kin. Pluck them aſunder.
Que. *Hamlet, Hamlet!*
Att. Gentlemen,— [*the Attendants part them.*
Hor. Good my lord, be quiet. [*to* Hamlet.
[*they come out of the Grave.*
Ham. Why, I will fight with him upon this theme,
Until my eye-lids will no longer wag.
Que. O my ſon, what theme?
Ham. I lov'd *Ophelia*; forty thouſand brothers
Could not with all their quantity of love

Make up my ſum.—What wilt thou do for her?
Kin. O, he is mad, *Laertes*.
Que. For love of God, forbear him.
HAM. ——'Zounds, ſhow me what thou't do:
Wou't weep? wou't fight? wou't faſt? wou't tear thyſelf?
Wou't drink up *Elſil?* eat a crocodile?
I'll do't. Doſt thou come here to whine?
To out-face me with leaping in her grave?
Be bury'd quick with her; and ſo will I:
And, if thou prate of mountains, let them throw
Millions of acres on us; 'till our ground,
Sindging his pate againſt the burning zone,
Make *Oſſa* like a wart: Nay, an thou'lt mouth,
I'll rant as well as thou.
Que. This is meer madneſs:
And thus a while the fit will work on him;
Anon, as patient as the female dove,
When that her golden couplets are diſclos'd,
His ſilence will ſit drooping.
HAM. Hear you, ſir;
What is the reaſon that you uſe me thus?
I lov'd you ever: But it is no matter;
Let *Hercules* himſelf do what he may,
The cat will mew, and dog will have his day.
[*Exit* HAMLET.
Kin. I pray thee, good *Horatio,* wait upon him —
[*Exit* HORATIO.
Strengthen your patience in our laſt night's ſpeech;
We'll put the matter to the preſent puſh.—
Good *Gertrude,* ſet ſome watch over your ſon.—
[*Exit* Queen, &c.
This grave ſhall have a living monument:

6 Eſill,

An hour of quiet thereby ſhall we ſee;
'Till then in patience our proceeding be. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II. *The ſame. A Hall in the Caſtle.*

Enter HAMLET, *and* HORATIO.

HAM. So much for this, ſir: now ſhall you ſee the other;—
You do remember all the circumſtance?
HOR. Remember it, my lord!
HAM. Sir, in my heart there was a kind of fighting,
That would not let me ſleep; methought, I lay
Worſe than the mutines in the bilboes. Raſhneſs
(And prais'd be raſhneſs for it!) lets us know,
Our indiſcretion ſometime ſerves us well,
When our deep plots do fail: and that ſhould teach us,
There's a divinity that ſhapes our ends,
Rough-hew them how we will.
HOR. That is moſt certain.
HAM. Up from my cabin,
My ſea-gown ſcarft about me, in the dark
Grop'd I to find out them: had my deſire;
Finger'd their packet; and, in fine, withdrew
To mine own room again: making ſo bold,
My fears forgetting manners, to unſeal
Their grand commiſſion; where I found, *Horatio,*
A royal knavery; an exact command,—
Larded with many ſeveral ſorts of reaſons,
Importing *Denmark*'s health, and *England*'s too,
With, ho, ſuch bugs and goblins in my life,—
That, on the ſupervize, no leiſure bated,
No, not to ſtay the grinding of the axe,
My head ſhould be ſtrook off.

[12] raſhly, [13] let us [15] doe fall,

Hor. Is't poſſible?
Ham. Here's the † commiſſion; read it at more leiſure.
But wilt thou hear now how I did proceed?
Hor. Ay, 'beſeech you.
Ham. Being thus benetted round with villanies,—
Or I could make a prologue to my brains,
They had begun the play;—I ſat me down;
Devis'd a new commiſſion; wrote it fair:
I once did hold it, as our ſtatiſts do,
A baſeneſs to write fair, and labour'd much
How to forget that learning; but, ſir, now
It did me yeoman's ſervice: Wilt thou know
The effect of what I wrote?
Hor. Ay, good my lord.
Ham. An earneſt conjuration from the king,—
As *England* was his faithful tributary;
As love between them like the palm might flouriſh;
As peace ſhould ſtill her wheaten garland wear,
And ſtand a commere 'tween their amities;
And many ſuch like as's of great charge,—
That, on the view and knowing of these contents,
Without debatement further, more, or leſs,
He ſhould the bearers put to ſudden death,
Not ſhriving time allow'd.
Hor. How was this ſeal'd?
Ham. Why, even in that was heaven ordinant;
I had my father's ſignet in my purſe,
Which was the model of that *Daniſh* ſeal:
I folded the writ up in form of the other;
Subſcrib'd it; gav't the impreſſion; plac'd it ſafely,
The changeling never known: Now, the next day

6 villaines, 20 Comma

Was our ſea-fight; and what to this was ſequent
Thou know'ſt already.
Hor. So *Guildenſtern* and *Rosincrantz* go to't.
Ham. Why, man, they did make love to this employment;
They are not near my conſcience; their defeat
Does by their own inſinuation grow:
'Tis dangerous, when the baſer nature comes
Between the paſs and fell incenſed points
Of mighty opposites.
Hor. Why, what a king is this!
Ham. Does it not, think thee, ſtand me now upon?
He that hath kill'd my king, and whor'd my mother;
Popt in between the election and my hopes;
Thrown out his angle for my proper life,
And with ſuch cous'nage; is't not perfect conſcience,
To quit him with this arm? and is't not to be damn'd,
To let this canker of our nature come
In further evil.
Hor. It muſt be ſhortly known to him from *England*,
What is the iſſue of the buſineſs there.
Ham. It will be ſhort: the interim is mine;
And a man's life's no more than to ſay, one.
But I am very ſorry, good *Horatio*,
That to *Laertes* I forgot myſelf;
For by the image of my cause I ſee
The portraiture of his: I'll court his favours:
But, ſure, the bravery of his grief did put me
Into a towering paſſion.
Hor. Peace; who comes here?

Enter OSRICK, *a Courtier.*

Osr. Your lordſhip is right welcome back to *Denmark.*

HAM. I humbly thank you, ſir.—" Doſt know this "
" water-fly?"

HOR. " No, my good lord."

HAM. " Thy ſtate is the more gracious; for 'tis a"
" vice, to know him: He hath much land, and fertil:"
" let a beaſt be lord of beaſts, and his crib ſhall ſtand"
" at the king's meſs: 'tis a cough; but, as I ſay, ſpa-"
" cious in the poſseſſion of dirt."

OSR. Sweet lord, if your lordſhip were at leisure, I ſhould impart a thing to you from his majeſty.

HAM. I will receive it, ſir, with all diligence of ſpirit: Your bonnet to his right uſe; 'tis for the head.

OSR. I thank your lordſhip, 'tis very hot.

HAM. No, believe me, 'tis very cold; the wind is northerly.

OSR. It is indifferent cold, my lord, indeed.

HAM. But yet, methinks, it is very ſultry and hot; or my complexion—

OSR. Exceedingly, my lord; it is very ſultry, as 't were; I cannot tell how. My lord, his majeſty bad me ſignify to you, that he has lay'd a great wager on your head: Sir, this is the matter;—

HAM. I beſeech you, remember.

OSR. Nay, good my lord; for my ease, in good faith. Sir, here is newly come to court, *Laertes:* believe me, an abſolute gentleman, full of moſt excellent differences, of very ſoft ſociety, and great ſhowing: Indeed, to ſpeak feelingly of him, he is the very card or kalendar of gentry; for you ſhall find in him the continent of what part a gentleman would ſee.

HAM. Sir, his definement ſuffers no perdition in you;—though, I know, to divide him inventorially, would dizzy the arithmetick of memory;—and yet but raw neither, in reſpect of his quick ſail. But, in the verity of extolment, I take him to be a ſoul of great article; and his infuſion of ſuch dearth and rareneſs, as, to make true diction of him, his ſemblable is his mirror; and, who elſe would trace him, his umbrage, nothing more.

Osr. Your lordſhip ſpeaks moſt infallibly of him.

Ham. The concernancy, ſir? why do we wrap the gentleman in our more rawer breath?

Osr. Sir?

Hor. “ Is't not poſſible to underſtand in another” “ tongue?_You will do't, ſir, rarely.” [*to* Hamlet.

Ham. What imports the nomination of this gentleman?

Osr. Of *Laertes?*

Hor. “ His purſe is empty already; all's golden” words are ſpent.”

Ham. Of him, ſir?

Osr. I know, you are not ignorant—

Ham. I would, you did, ſir;_yet, in faith, if you did, it would not much approve me:_Well, ſir.

Osr. —You are not ignorant of what excellence *Laertes* is:

Ham. I dare not confeſs that, leſt I ſhould compare with him in excellence; for, to know a man well, were to know himſelf.

Osr. I mean, ſir, for his weapon; but in the imputation lay'd on him by them: in this meed he's unfellow'd.

Ham. What's his weapon?

Osr. Rapier and dagger.

Ham. That's two of his weapons: but, well.

[12] really. [25] excellence, but to [28] in his meed

Osr. The king, ſir, has wager'd with him ſix *Barbary* horſes: againſt the which he has impon'd, as I take it, ſix *French* rapiers and poniards, with their aſſigns, as girdle, hanger, and ſo; three of the carriages, in faith, are very dear to fancy, very reſponſive to the hilts, moſt delicate carriages, and of very liberal conceit.

Ham. What call you the carriages?

Hor. "I knew, you muſt be edify'd by the marg-" "ent, ere you had done." [*to* Hamlet.

Osr. The carriages, ſir, are the hangers.

Ham. The phraſe would be more germane to the matter, if we could carry a cannon by our ſides; I would, it might be hangers 'till then. But, on: Six *Barbary* horſes, againſt ſix *French* ſwords, their aſſigns, and three liberal-conceited carriages; that's the *French* bet againſt the *Daniſh*; Why is this impon'd, as you call it?

Osr. The king, ſir, hath lay'd, that, in a dozen paſſes between yourſelf and him, he ſhall not exceed you three hits: he hath lay'd on twelve for nine; and it would come to immediate trial, if your lordſhip would vouchſafe the anſwer.

Ham. How if I anſwer, no?

Osr. I mean, my lord, the oppoſition of your perſon in trial.

Ham. Sir, I will walk here in the hall; if it pleaſe his majeſty, it is the breathing time of day with me, let the foils be brought: the gentleman willing, and the king holding his purpoſe, I will win for him, an I can; if not, I will gain nothing but my ſhame, and the odd hits.

Osr. Shall I deliver you ſo?

Ham. To that effect, ſir; after what flouriſh your nature will.

Osr. I commend my duty to your lordſhip.

Ham. Yours, yours.—[*Exit* Osrick.] He does well, to commend it himſelf; there are no tongues elſe for's turn.

Hor. This lapwing runs away with the ſhell on his head.

Ham. He did compliment with his dug, before he ſuck'd it. Thus has he (and many more of the ſame breed, that, I know, the droſſy age dotes on) only got the tune of the time, an outward habit of encounter; a kind of yeſty collection, that carries them through and through the moſt fan'd and winnow'd opinions; and, do but blow them to their trial, the bubbles are out.

Enter another Courtier.

Cou. My lord, his majeſty commended him to you by young *Osrick*, who brings back to him, that you attend him in the hall: he ſends to know, if your pleasure hold to play with *Laertes*, or that you will take longer time.

Ham. I am conſtant to my purposes, they follow the king's pleasure: if his fitneſs ſpeaks, mine is ready; now, or whenſoever, provided I be ſo able as now.

Cou. The king, and queen, and all are coming down.

Ham. In happy time.

Cou. The queen desires you, to use ſome gentle entertainment to *Laertes*, before you fall to play.

Ham. She well inſtructs me. [*Exit* Courtier.

Hor. You will lose this wager, my lord.

Ham. I do not think ſo; ſince he went into *France*, I have been in continual practice; I ſhall win at the odds. Thou would'ſt not think, how ill all's here about my heart: but it is no matter.

7 Complie 10 and outward 12 fond

Hor. Nay, good my lord,—

Ham. It is but foolery; but it is ſuch a kind of 'gain-giving, as would, perhaps, trouble a woman.

Hor. If your mind diſlike any thing, obey it: I will foreſtal their repair hither, and ſay, you are not fit.

Ham. Not a whit, we defy augury; there is ſpecial providence in the fall of a ſparrow. If it be now, 'tis not to come; if it be not to come, it will be now; if it be not now, yet it will come: the readineſs is all: Since no man, of ought he leaves, knows, what is't to leave betimes? Let be.

Enter King, Queen, Laertes, *Lords*, Osrick, *and Others*; *Attendants with Foils*, &c.

Kin. Come, *Hamlet*, come, and take this † hand from me.

Ham. Give me your pardon, ſir: I have done you wrong;
But pardon 't, as you are a gentleman.
This preſence knows,
And you muſt needs have heard, how I am puniſh'd
With ſore diſtraction: What I have done,
That might your nature, honour, and exception,
Roughly awake, I here proclaim was madneſs.
Was't *Hamlet* wrong'd *Laertes?* Never *Hamlet:*
If *Hamlet* from himſelf be ta'en away,
And, when he's not himſelf, does wrong *Laertes,*
Then *Hamlet* does it not, *Hamlet* denies it.
Who does it then? His madneſs: If't be ſo,
Hamlet is of the faction that is wrong'd;
His madneſs is poor *Hamlet*'s enemy.
Let my diſclaiming from a purpos'd evil
Free me ſo far in your moſt generous thoughts,

That I have ſhot my arrow o'er the houſe,
And hurt my brother.
Lae. I am ſatiſfy'd in nature,
Whoſe motive, in this caſe, ſhould ſtir me moſt
To my revenge: but in my terms of honour
I ſtand aloof; and will no reconcilement,
'Till by ſome elder maſters, of known honour,
I have a voice and precedent of peace,
To keep my name ungor'd: But, 'till that time,
I do receive your offer'd love like love,
And will not wrong it.
Ham. I embrace it freely;
And will this brother's wager frankly play.—
Give us the foils; come on.
Lae. Come, one for me.
Ham. I'll be your foil, *Laertes*; in mine ignorance
Your ſkill ſhall, like a ſtar i' the darkeſt night,
Stick fiery off indeed.
Lae. You mock me, ſir.
Ham. No, by this † hand.
Kin. Give them the foils, young *Osrick.*—Couſin *Hamlet*,
You know the wager?
Ham. Very well, my lord:
Your grace hath lay'd the odds o' the weaker ſide.
Kin. I do not fear it; I have ſeen you both:—
But ſince he is better'd, you have therefore odds.
[*they prepare to play.*
Lae. This is too heavy, let me ſee another.
Ham. This likes me well: These foils have all a length?
Osr. Ay, my good lord.
Enter Attendants, with Wine.

8 preſident 27 better'd, we have

Kin. Set me the ſtoops of wine upon that table:—
If *Hamlet* give the firſt, or ſecond, hit,
Or quit in anſwer of the third exchange,
Let all the battlements their ord'nance fire;
The king ſhall drink to *Hamlet*'s better breath;
And in the cup an union ſhall he throw,
Richer than that which four ſucceſſive kings
In *Denmark*'s crown have worn: Give me the cups;
And let the kettle to the trumpet ſpeak,
The trumpet to the cannoneer without,
The cannons to the heavens, the heaven to earth,
Now the king drinks to Hamlet.—Come, begin;—
And you, the judges, bear a wary eye.
Ham. Come on, ſir.
Lae. Come, my lord. [*A Flouriſh. They play.*
Ham. One.
Lae. No.
Ham. Judgment?
Osr. A hit, a very palpable hit.
Lae. Well, again.
Kin. Stay, give me drink:—*Hamlet*, this †pearl is thine;
Here's to thy health.— [*drinks, and puts Poiſon in the Cup.*
Give him the cup. [*Flouriſh. Ordinance within.*
Ham. I'll play this bout firſt, ſet it by a while.—
Come. [*play.*] Another hit; What ſay you?
Lae. I do confeſs't.
Kin. Our ſon ſhall win.
Que. He's fat, and ſcant of breath.—
Here, *Hamlet*, take my napkin, rub thy brows:
The queen carowses to thy fortune, *Hamlet*.
Ham. Thank you, good madam.

Kin. *Gertrude*, do not drink.
Que. I will, my lord; I pray you, pardon me.
[*drinks, and tenders the Cup to* Hamlet.
Kin. " It is the poiſon'd cup; it is too late."
Ham. I dare not drink yet, madam; by and by.
Que. Come, let me wipe thy face.
Lae. My lord, I'll hit him now.
Kin. I do not think't.
Lae. " And yet it is almoſt againſt my conſcience."
Ham. Come, for the third:—*Laertes*, you but dally;
I pray you, paſs with your beſt violence;
I am afeard, you make a wanton of me.
Lae. Say you ſo? come on. [*they play.*
Osr. Nothing neither way.
Lae. Have at you now. [*play again.*
Laertes *wounds* Hamlet*: a Scuffle enſues; they change Rapiers, and* Hamlet *wounds* Laertes.
Kin. Part them, they are incenſ'd.
Ham. Nay, come again. [*Queen falls.*
Osr. Look to the queen there, ho!
Hor. They bleed on both ſides:—
How is't, my lord?
Osr. How is't, *Laertes?*
Lae. Why, as a woodcock to my own ſprindge, *Osrick*;
I am juſtly kill'd with mine own treachery.
Ham. How does the queen?
Kin. She ſwoons to ſee them bleed.
Que. No, no, the drink, the drink,—O my dear *Hamlet!*—
The drink, the drink; I am poiſon'd! [*dies.*
Ham. O villany!—Ho! let the door be lock'd:
Treachery! ſeek it out. [Laertes *falls.*

LAE. It is here, *Hamlet: Hamlet,* thou art ſlain;
No med'cine in the world can do thee good,
In thee there is not half an hour's life;
The treacherous inſtrument is in thy hand,
Unbated, and envenom'd: the foul practice
Hath turn'd itſelf on me; lo, here I lye,
Never to rise again: Thy mother's poison'd;
I can no more; the king, the king's to blame.
HAM. The point envenom'd too!—
Then, venom, to thy work. [*ſtabs the King.*
Att. Treason! treason!
Kin. O, yet defend me, friends, I am but hurt.
HAM. Here, thou inceſtuous, murd'rous, damned *Dane,*
Drink off this † potion: Is the union here?
Follow my mother. [*King dies.*
LAE. He is juſtly ſerv'd;
It is a poison temper'd by himſelf.—
Exchange forgiveneſs with me, noble *Hamlet:*
Mine and my father's death come not upon thee;
Nor thine on me! [Laertes *dies.*
HAM. Heaven make thee free of it! I follow thee.—
I am dead, *Horatio:*—Wretched queen, adieu!—
You that look pale and tremble at this chance,
That are but mutes or audience to this act,
Had I but time, (as this fell ſerjeant, death,
Is ſtrict in his arreſt) o, I could tell you,—
But let it be:—*Horatio,* I am dead;
Thou liv'ſt; report me and my cause aright
To the unſatiſfy'd.
HOR. Never believe it;
I am more an antique *Roman* than a *Dane,*
Here's yet ſome liquor left.

Ham. As thou'rt a man,—
Give me the cup; let go; by heaven, I'll ha't.—
O God!—*Horatio*, what a wounded name,
Things ſtanding thus unknown, ſhall live behind me?
If thou didſt ever hold me in thy heart,
Abſent thee from felicity a while, [*Firings within.*
And in this harſh world draw thy breath in pain,
To tell my ſtory.—What warlike noiſe is this?
Osr. Young *Fortinbras*, with conqueſt come from *Poland*,
To the embaſſadors of *England* gives
This warlike volly.
Ham. O, I die, *Horatio*;
The potent poiſon quite o'er-crows my ſpirit.
I cannot live to hear the news from *England*:
But I do propheſy, the election lights
On *Fortinbras*; he has my dying voice;
So tell him, with the occurrents, more and leſs,
Which have ſollicited,—The reſt is ſilence.
[*ſinks, and dies.*
Hor. Now cracks a noble heart:—Good night, ſweet prince;
And flights of angels ſing thee to thy reſt!—
Why does the drum come hither? [*March within.*
Enter FORTINBRAS, *the* Embaſſadors, *and Others.*
For. Where is this ſight?
Hor. What is it, you would ſee?
If ought of woe, or wonder, ceaſe your ſearch.
For. This quarry cries on havock:—O proud death,
What feaſt is toward in thine eternal cell,
That thou ſo many princes, at a ſhot,
So bloodily haſt ſtrook?

1. *E.* The ſight is dismal;
And our affairs from *England* come too late:
The ears are ſenſeleſs, that ſhould give us hearing,
To tell him, his commandment is fulfil'd,
That *Rosincrantz* and *Guildenſtern* are dead:
Where ſhould we have our thanks?
Hor. Not from his † mouth,
Had it the ability of life to thank you;
He never gave commandment for their death.
But ſince, ſo jump upon this bloody queſtion,
You from the *Polack* wars, and you from *England*
Are here arriv'd, give order, that these bodies
High on a ſtage be placed to the view;
And let me ſpeak, to the yet unknowing world,
How these things came about: So ſhall you hear
Of cruel, bloody, and unnatural acts;
Of accidental judgments, casual ſlaughters;
Of deaths put on by cunning, and forc'd cause;
And, in this up-ſhot, purposes miſtook
Fall'n on the inventors' heads: all this can I
Truly deliver.
For. Let us haſte to hear it,
And call the nobleſſe to the audience.
For me, with ſorrow I embrace my fortune;
I have ſome rights of memory in this kingdom,
Which now to claim my vantage doth invite me.
Hor. Of that I ſhall have alſo cause to ſpeak,
And from his mouth whose voice will draw on more:
But let this ſame be presently perform'd,
Even while men's minds are wild; leſt more miſchance,
On plots, and errors, happen.
For. Let four captains

---

[23] noble

Bear *Hamlet*, like a ſoldier, to the ſtage;
For he was likely, had he been put on,
To have prov'd moſt royally: and, for his paſſage,
The ſoldiers' muſick, and the right of war,
Speak loudly for him.—
Take up the bodies:—Such a ſight as this
Becomes the field, but here ſhows much amiſs.
Go, bid the ſoldiers ſhoot. [*A dead March.*
Exeunt ſolemnly, bearing off the Bodies; after which, a Peal of Ordinance is ſhot off.

OTHELLO.

Perſons repreſented.

Duke of Venice;
Brabantio, *a Senator*;
two other Senators:
Othello, *a noble* Moor, *in their Service*;
Caſſio, *his Lieutenant*;
Iago, *his Ancient.*
Montano, *chief in Command at* Cyprus, *before* Othello.
Gratiano, *Brother* }
Lodovico, *Kinsman* } *to* Brabantio.
Roderigo, *a young* Venetian, *in Love with* Desdemona.
Officers of the Duke, two; *Gentlemen, four.*
Clown, a Domeſtick of Othello'*s.*
a Musician, Herald, Meſſenger, and Sailor.

Desdemona, Brabantio'*s Daughter, marry'd to* Othello.
Emilia, *Wife to* Iago.
Bianca, *a Courtezan, Miſtreſs to* Caſſio.

Divers other Attendants, Officers, People, &c.

Scene, during the firſt Act, in Venice; *afterwards, at a Sea-port in* Cyprus.

O T H E L L O.

ACT I.

SCENE I. Venice. *A Street.*

Enter RODERIGO, IAGO *following.*

Rod. Never tell me, I take it much unkindly,
That thou, *Iago*,—who haſt had my purſe,
As if the ſtrings were thine,—ſhouldſt know of this;
Iag. But you'll not hear me:
If ever I did dream of ſuch a matter,—
Rod. Thou toldſt me, thou didſt hold him in thy hate.
Iag. Deſpise me, if I do not. Three great ones of the city,
In perſonal ſuit to make me his lieutenant,
Off-cap'd to him;—and, by the faith of man,
I know my price, I am worth no worſe a place:
But he, as loving his own pride and purposes,
Evades them, with a bombaſt circumſtance,
Horribly ſtuft with epithets of war;
And, in concluſion,
Non-ſuits my mediators; *for, certes*, ſays he,

---

5 matter, abhorre me.

I have already choſe my officer.
And what was he?
Forſooth, a great arithmetician,
One *Michael Caſſio*, a *Florentine*,
A fellow almoſt damn'd in a fair face;
That never ſet a ſquadron in the field,
Nor the diviſion of a battle knows
More than a ſpinſter; unleſs the bookiſh theorique,
Wherein the toged conſuls can propoſe
As maſterly as he: meer prattle, without practice,
Is all his ſoldierſhip. But he, ſir, had the election:
And I,—of whom his eyes had ſeen the proof,
At *Rhodes*, at *Cyprus*; and on other grounds,
Chriſtian, and heathen,—muſt be be-lee'd and calm'd
By debtor and creditor, this counter-caſter;
He, in good time, muſt his lieutenant be,
And I (God bleſs the mark!) his moorſhip's ancient.
Rod. By heaven, I rather would have been his hangman.
Iag. But there's no remedy, 'tis the curſe of ſervice;
Preferment goes by letter, and affection,
And not by old gradation, where each ſecond
Stood heir to the firſt. Now, ſir, be judge yourſelf,
Whether I in any juſt term am affin'd
To love the *Moor*.
Rod. I would not follow him then.
Iag. O, ſir, content you;
I follow him to ſerve my turn upon him:
We cannot all be maſters, nor all maſters
Cannot be truly follow'd. You ſhall mark
Many a duteous and knee-crooking knave,
That, doting on his own obſequious bondage,
Wears out his time, much like his maſter's aſs,

5 faire Wife)

For nought but provender, and, when he's old, caſhier'd;
Whip me ſuch honeſt knaves: Others there are,
Who, trim'd in forms and visages of duty,
Keep yet their hearts attending on themſelves;
And, throwing but ſhows of ſervice on their lords,
Do well thrive by them, and, when they have lin'd their coats,
Do themſelves homage: these fellows have ſome ſoul;
And ſuch a one do I profeſs myſelf.
For, ſir,
It is as ſure as you are *Roderigo*,
Were I the *Moor*, I would not be *Iago:*
In following him, I follow but myſelf;
Heaven is my judge, not I for love and duty,
But ſeeming ſo, for my peculiar end:
For when my outward action doth demonſtrate
The native act and figure of my heart
In compliment extern, 'tis not long after
But I will wear my heart upon my ſleeve
For daws to peck at; I am not what I am.
Rod. What a full fortune does the thick-lips owe,
If he can carry't thus!
Iag. Call up her father,
Rouze him: make after him, poison his delight,
Proclaim him in the ſtreets; incenſe her kinsmen,
And, though he in a fertile climate dwell,
Plague him with flies: though that his joy be joy,
Yet throw ſuch changes of vexation on't,
As it may lose ſome colour.
Rod. Here is her father's houſe, I'll call aloud.
[*going towards the Door.*
Iag. Do; with like timorous accent, and dire yell,

As when, by night and negligence, the fire
Is ſpy'd in populous cities.
Rod. What ho, *Brabantio!* ſignior *Brabantio,* ho!
Iag. Awake! what ho, *Brabantio!* thieves, thieves,
thieves!
Look to your houſe, your daughter, and your bags!
Thieves! thieves! [ſummons?
Bra. [*within.*] What is the reason of this terrible
What is the matter there?
Rod. Signior, is all your family within?
Iag. Are your doors lock'd?
Bra. [*within.*] Why? wherefore aſk you this? [wn;
Iag. Sir, you are rob'd; for ſhame, put on your go-
Your heart is burſt, you have loſt half your ſoul;
Even now, now, very now, an old black ram
Is tupping your white ewe. Arise, arise;
Awake the ſnorting citizens with the bell,
Or elſe the devil will make a grandſire of you:
Arise, I ſay.
Bra. What, have you loſt your wits?
[*appearing above, at a Window.*
Rod. Moſt reverend ſignior, do you know my voice?
Bra. Not I; What are you?
Rod. My name is—*Roderigo.*
Bra. The worſe welcome:
I have charg'd thee, not to haunt about my doors:
In honeſt plainneſs thou haſt heard me ſay,
My daughter is not for thee; and now, in madneſs,
(Being full of ſupper, and diſtempering draughts)
Upon malicious bravery, doſt thou come
To ſtart my quiet:
Rod. Sir, ſir, ſir,—

Bra. But thou muſt needs be ſure,
My ſpirit, and my place, have in their power
To make this bitter to thee.

Rod. Patience, good ſir.

Bra. What tell'ſt thou me of robbing? this is *Venice*;
My houſe is not a grange.

Rod. Moſt grave *Brabantio*,
In ſimple and pure ſoul I come to you.

Iag. 'Zounds, ſir, you are one of those, that will not ſerve God, if the devil bid you. Because we come to do you ſervice, you think we are ruffians: You'll have your daughter cover'd with a *Barbary* horſe; you'll have your nephews neigh to you: you'll have courſers for cousins, and gennets for germans.

Bra. What prophane wretch art thou?

Iag. I am one, ſir, that comes to tell you, your daughter and the *Moor* are now making the beaſt with two backs.

Bra. Thou art a villain.

Iag. You are—a ſenator.

Bra. This thou ſhalt anſwer; I know thee, *Roderigo*.

Rod. Sir, I will anſwer any thing. But I beſeech you,
If't be your pleasure, and moſt wise conſent,
(As partly, I find, it is) that your fair daughter
Be, at this odd even and dull watch o' the night,
Tranſported—with no worſe nor better guard,
But with a knave of common hire, a gondalier,—
To the groſs claſps of a laſcivious *Moor*:—
If this be known to you, and your allowance,
We then have done you bold and ſaucy wrongs;
But, if you know not this, my manners tell me,
We have your wrong rebuke. Do not believe,

That, from the ſenſe of all civility,
I thus would play and trifle with your reverence:
Your daughter,—if you have not giv'n her leave,—
I ſay again, hath made a groſs revolt;
Tying her duty, beauty, wit, and fortunes,
On an extravagant and wheeling ſtranger,
Of here and every where: Straight ſatiſfy yourſelf;
If ſhe be in her chamber, or your houſe,
Let looſe on me the juſtice of the ſtate,
For thus deluding you.
Bra. Strike on the tinder, ho!
Give me a taper;—call up all my people:—
This accident is not unlike my dream,
Belief of it oppreſſes me already:—
Light, I ſay! light! [*Exit, from above.*
Iag. Farewel; for I muſt leave you:
It ſeems not meet, nor wholeſome to my place,
To be produc'd (as, if I ſtay, I ſhall)
Againſt the *Moor:* For, I do know, the ſtate—
However this may gall him with ſome check,—
Cannot with ſafety caſt him; for he's embark'd
With ſuch loud reaſon to the *Cyprus*' war,
(Which even now ſtands in act) that, for their ſouls,
Another of his fathom they have not,
To lead their buſineſs on: in which regard,
Though I do hate him as I do hell pains,
Yet, for neceſſity of preſent life,
I muſt ſhew out a flag and ſign of love,
Which is indeed but ſign. That you ſhall ſurely find him,
Lead to the ſagittar the raiſed ſearch;
And there will I be with him. So, farewel. [*Exit.*
Enter, below, BRABANTIO, *and Servants,*

6 In an 22 warres

with Lights.

Bra. It is too true an evil: gone ſhe is;
And what's to come of my deſpised time,
Is nought but bitterneſs.—Now, *Roderigo,*
Where didſt thou ſee her?—O unhappy girl!—
With the *Moor,* ſay'ſt thou?—Who would be a father?—
How didſt thou know 'twas ſhe?—O, ſhe deceives me
Paſt thought!—What ſaid ſhe to you?—Get more tapers;
Raise all my kindred.—Are they marry'd, think you?
Rod. Truly, I think, they are.
Bra. O heaven!—How got ſhe out?—O treason of the blood!—
Fathers, from hence truſt not your daughters' minds
By what you ſee them act.—Are there not charms,
By which the property of youth and maidhood
May be abus'd? have you not read, *Roderigo,*
Of ſome ſuch thing?
Rod. Yes, ſir; I have, indeed.
Bra. Call up my brother.—O, would you had had her!—
Some one way, ſome another.—Do you know
Where we may apprehend her and the *Moor?*
Rod. I think, I can diſcover him; if you please
To get good guard, and go along with me.
Bra. Pray you, lead on. At every houſe I'll call,
I may command at moſt:—Get weapons, ho!
And raise ſome ſpecial officers of might.—
On, good *Roderigo;* I'll deserve your pains. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II. *The ſame. Another Street.*

Enter OTHELLO; IAGO, *and Others, with him.*

Iag. Though in the trade of war I have ſlain men,
Yet do I hold it very ſtuff o' the conſcience,

To do no contriv'd murther; I lack iniquity
Sometimes, to do me ſervice: Nine or ten times
I had thought to have yerk'd him here under the ribs.
Oth. 'Tis better as it is.
Iag. Nay, but he prated,
And ſpoke ſuch ſcurvy and provoking terms
Againſt your honour,
That, with the little godlineſs I have,
I did full hard forbear him. But, I pray, ſir,
Are you faſt marry'd? Be aſſur'd of this,—
That the magnifico is much belov'd;
And hath, in his effect, a voice potential
As double as the duke's: he will divorce you;
Or put upon you what reſtraint, or grievance,
The law (with all his might, to enforce it on)
Will give him cable.
Oth. Let him do his ſpite:
My ſervices, which I have done the ſigniory,
Shall out-tongue his complaints. 'Tis yet to know,
(Which, when I know that boaſting is an honour,
I ſhall promulgate) I fetch my life and being
From men of royal ſiege; and my demerits
May ſpeak, and bonnetted, to as proud a fortune
As this that I have reach'd: For know, *Iago*,
But that I love the gentle *Desdemona*,
I would not my unhouſed free condition
Put into circumſcription and confine
For the ſea's worth. But, look! what lights come yond'?

Enter, at a Diſtance, Cassio, *and certain Officers, with Torches.*

Iag. Those are the raised father, and his friends:
You were beſt go in.

23 ſpeake (unbonnetted)

Oth. Not I: I muſt be found;
My parts, my title, and my perfect ſoul,
Shall manifeſt me rightly. Is it they?
Iag. By *Janus*, I think no.
Oth. The ſervants of the duke, and my lieutenant.—
The goodneſs of the night upon you, friends!
What is the news?
Cas. The duke does greet you, general;
And he requires your haſte, poſt-haſte appearance,
Even on the inſtant.
Oth. What is the matter, think you?
Cas. Something from *Cyprus*, as I may divine;
It is a buſineſs of ſome heat: the gallies
Have ſent a dozen ſequent meſſengers
This very night, at one another's heels;
And many of the conſuls, rais'd, and met,
Are at the duke's already: You have been hotly call'd for;
When being not at your lodging to be found,
The ſenate hath ſent about three ſeveral queſts,
To ſearch you out.
Oth. 'Tis well I am found by you.
I will but ſpend a word here in the houſe,
And go with you. [*Exit.*
Cas. Ancient, what makes he here?
Iag. 'Faith, he to-night hath boarded a land-carrack;
If it prove lawful prize, he's made for ever.
Cas. I do not underſtand.
Iag. He's marry'd.
Cas. To who?

Re-enter OTHELLO.

Iag. Marry, to—Come, captain, will you go?
Oth. Have with you.

Cas. Here comes another troop to ſeek for you.

Enter BRABANTIO, RODERIGO, *and Others, with Lights, and Weapons.*

Iag. It is *Brabantio:*—general, be adviſ'd;
He comes to bad intent.

Oth. Hola! ſtand there!

Rod. Signior, it is the *Moor.*

Bra. Down with him, thief.

[Brabantio, *and his Party, ſet upon the Others.*

Iag. You, *Roderigo!* come, ſir, I am for you.

Oth. Keep up your bright ſwords, for the dew will ruſt them.—
Good ſignior, you ſhall more command with years,
Than with your weapons.

Bra. O thou foul thief, where haſt thou ſtow'd my daughter?
Damn'd as thou art, thou haſt enchanted her:
For I'll refer me to all things of ſenſe,
If ſhe in chains of magick were not bound,
Whether a maid—ſo tender, fair, and happy;
So oppoſite to marriage, that ſhe ſhun'd
The wealthy curled darlings of our nation,—
Would ever have, to incur a general mock,
Run from her guardage to the ſooty boſom
Of ſuch a thing as thou; to fear, not to delight.
Judge me the world, if 'tis not groſs in ſenſe,
That thou haſt practic'd on her with foul charms;
Abuſ'd her delicate youth with drugs, or minerals,
That weaken notion: I'll have't diſputed on;
'Tis probable, and palpable to thinking.
I therefore apprehend and do attach thee,
For an abuſer of the world, a practiſer
Of arts inhibited and out of warrant:—

23 motion

Lay hold upon him; if he do reſiſt,
Subdue him at his peril.
Oth. Hold your hands,
Both you of my inclining, and the reſt:
Were it my cue to fight, I ſhould have known it
Without a prompter.—Where will you that I go
To anſwer this your charge?
Bra. To priſon; 'till fit time
Of law, and courſe of direct ſeſſion,
Call thee to anſwer.
Oth. What if I do obey?
How may the duke be therewith ſatiſfy'd;
Whoſe meſſengers are here about my ſide,
Upon ſome preſent buſineſs of the ſtate,
To bring me to him?
1. *O.* 'Tis true, moſt worthy ſignior,
The duke's in council; and your noble ſelf,
I am ſure, is ſent for.
Bra. How! the duke in council!
In this time of the night!—Bring him away:
Mine's not an idle cauſe: the duke himſelf,
Or any of my brothers of the ſtate,
Cannot but feel this wrong, as 'twere their own:
For if ſuch actions may have paſſage free,
Bond-ſlaves, and pagans, ſhall our ſtateſmen be.
[*Exeunt.*

SCENE III. *The ſame. A Council-chamber.*

The Duke *diſcover'd ſitting at a Table,* Senators *about him;*
Officers of the Council, and Others,
at a Diſtance.

Duk. There is no compoſition in theſe news,

That gives them credit.
1. *S.* Indeed, they are diſproportion'd:
My letters ſay, a hundred and ſeven gallies.
Duk. And mine, a hundred and forty.
2. *S.* And mine, two hundred:
But though they jump not on a juſt account,
(As in theſe caſes, where the aim reports,
'Tis oft with difference) yet do they all confirm
A *Turkiſh* fleet, and bearing up to *Cyprus.*
Duk. Nay, it is poſſible enough to judgment;
I do not ſo ſecure me in the error,
But the main article I do approve
In fearful ſenſe.
Sai. [*within.*] What ho! what ho! what ho!
Enter an Officer, *bringing in a* Sailor.
Off. A meſſenger from the gallies.
Duk. Now? the buſineſs?
Sai. The *Turkiſh* preparation makes for *Rhodes*;
So was I bid report here to the ſtate,
By ſignior *Angelo.* [*they withdraw.*
Duk. How ſay you by this change?
1. *S.* This cannot be,
By no aſſay of reaſon; 'tis a pageant,
To keep us in falſe gaze: When we conſider
The importancy of *Cyprus* to the *Turk*;
And let ourſelves again but underſtand,
That, as it more concerns the *Turk* than *Rhodes,*
So may he with more facile queſtion bear it,
For that it ſtands not in ſuch warlike brace,
But altogether lacks the abilities
That *Rhodes* is dreſſ'd in;—if we make thought of this,
We muſt not think, the *Turk* is ſo unſkilful,

To leave that lateſt, which concerns him firſt;
Neglecting an attempt of eaſe, and gain,
To wake, and wage, a danger profitleſs.
Duk. Nay, in all confidence, he's not for *Rhodes.*
Enter a Meſſenger, *uſher'd.*
Off. Here is more news.
Meſ. The *Ottomites*, reverend and gracious,
Steering with due courſe toward the isle of *Rhodes*,
Have there injointed them with an after fleet.
1. *S.* Ay, ſo I thought:—How many, as you gueſs?
Meſ. Of thirty ſail: and now they do re-ſtem
Their backward courſe, bearing with frank appearance
Their purposes toward *Cyprus.* Signior *Montano*,
Your truſty and moſt valiant ſervitor,
With this free duty, recommends you thus,
And prays you to believe him. [*retiring.*
Duk. 'Tis certain then for *Cyprus.*
Marcus Luccheſe, is not he in town?
1. *S.* He's now in *Florence.*
Duk. Write from us; wiſh him poſt,
Poſt-haſte: diſpatch.
1. *S.* Here comes *Brabantio*, and the valiant *Moor.*
Enter BRABANTIO, OTHELLO, IAGO,
RODERIGO, *and Others.*
Duk. Valiant *Othello*, we muſt ſtraight employ you
Againſt the general enemy *Ottoman.*—
I did not ſee you; welcome, gentle ſignior;
We lack'd your counſel and your help to-night.
Bra. So did I yours: Good your grace, pardon me;
Neither my place, nor ought I heard of buſineſs,
Hath rais'd me from my bed; nor doth the general care
Take hold on me; for my particular grief

18 *Luccicos*

Is of ſo flood-gate and o'er-bearing nature,
That it engluts and ſwallows other ſorrows,
And it is ſtill itſelf.
Duk. Why, what's the matter?
Bra. My daughter! o, my daughter!
Sen. Dead?
Bra. Ay, to me;
She is abus'd, ſtoln from me, and corrupted
By ſpells and medicines bought of mountebanks:
For nature ſo prepoſt'rouſly to err,
Being not deficient, blind, or lame of ſenſe,
Sans witchcraft could not be.
Duk. Whoe'er he be, that, in this foul proceeding,
Hath thus beguil'd your daughter of herſelf,
And you of her, the bloody book of law
You ſhall yourſelf read in the bitter letter,
After your own ſenſe; yea, though our proper ſon
Stood in your action.
Bra. Humbly I thank your grace.
Here is the man, this *Moor*; whom now, it ſeems,
Your ſpecial mandate, for the ſtate affairs,
Hath hither brought.
Sen. We are very ſorry for't.
Duk. What, in your own part, can you ſay to this?
Bra. Nothing, but this is ſo.
Oth. Moſt potent, grave, and reverend ſigniors,
My very noble and approv'd good maſters,—
That I have ta'en away this old man's daughter,
It is moſt true; true, I have marry'd her;
The very head and front of my offending
Hath this extent, no more. Rude am I in my ſpeech,
And little bleſſ'd with the ſoft phraſe of peace:

For ſince these arms of mine had ſeven years' pith,
'Till now ſome nine moons waſted, they have us'd
Their deareſt action in the tented field;
And little of this great world can I ſpeak,
More then pertains to feats of broil and battle;
And therefore little ſhall I grace my cause,
In ſpeaking for myſelf: Yet, by your gracious patience,
I will a round unvarniſh'd tale deliver,
Of my whole courſe of love; what drugs, what charms,
What conjuration, and what mighty magick,
(For ſuch proceeding I am charg'd withal)
I won his daughter with.
Bra. A maiden never bold;
Of ſpirit ſo ſtill and quiet, that her motion
Bluſh'd at herſelf; And ſhe,—in ſpight of nature,
Of years, of country, credit, every thing,—
To fall in love with what ſhe fear'd to look on?
It is a judgment maim'd, and moſt imperfect,
That will confeſs—perfection ſo could err,
Againſt all rules of nature; and muſt be driven
To find out practiſes of cunning hell,
Why this ſhould be. I therefore vouch again,
That with ſome mixtures powerful o'er the blood,
Or with ſome dram conjur'd to this effect,
He wrought upon her.
Duk. To vouch this, is no proof;
Without more certain and more overt teſt,
Than these thin habits, and poor likelihoods
Of modern ſeeming, do prefer againſt him.
1. *S.* But, *Othello*, ſpeak;—
Did you by indirect and forced courſes
Subdue and poison this young maid's affections?

Or came it by requeſt, and ſuch fair queſtion
As ſoul to ſoul affordeth.
Oth. I do beſeech you,
Send for the lady to the ſagittar,
And let her ſpeak of me before her father:
If you do find me foul in her report,
The truſt, the office, I do hold of you,
Not only take away, but let your ſentence
Even fall upon my life.
Duk. Fetch *Desdemona* hither. [*to ſome Attendants.*
Oth. Ancient, conduct them; you beſt know the place.— [*Exeunt Attendants, and* IAGO.
And, 'till ſhe come, as truly as to heaven
I do confeſs the vices of my blood,
So juſtly to your grave ears I'll present
How I did thrive in this fair lady's love,
And ſhe in mine.
Duk. Say it, *Othello.*
Oth. Her father lov'd me; oft invited me;
Still queſtion'd me the ſtory of my life,
From year to year, the battles, ſieges, fortunes,
That I have paſſ'd:
I ran it through, even from my boyiſh days,
To the very moment that he bad me tell it.
Wherein I ſpake of moſt diſaſtrous chances,
Of moving accidents, by flood, and field;
Of hair-breadth 'ſcapes i' the imminent deadly breach;
Of being taken by the inſolent foe,
And ſold to ſlavery; of my redemption thence,
And portance in my travel's hiſtory:
Wherein of antres vaſt, and desarts idle,
Rough quarries, rocks, and hills whose heads touch heaven,

It was my hint to ſpeak, ſuch was the proceſs;
And of the *Canibals* that each other eat,
The *Anthropophagi*, and men whoſe heads
Do grow beneath their ſhoulders. Theſe things to hear,
Would *Desdemona* ſeriouſly incline:
But ſtill the houſe affairs would draw her thence;
Which ever as ſhe could with haſte diſpatch,
She'd come again, and with a greedy ear
Devour up my diſcourſe: Which I obſerving,
Took once a pliant hour; and found good means
To draw from her a prayer of earneſt heart,
That I would all my pilgrimage dilate,
Whereof by parcels ſhe had ſomething heard,
But not diſtinctively: I did conſent;
And often did beguile her of her tears,
When I did ſpeak of ſome diſtreſsful ſtroke
That my youth ſuffer'd. My ſtory being done,
She gave me for my pains a world of ſighs:
She ſwore,—in faith, 'twas ſtrange, 'twas paſſing ſtrange;
'Twas pitiful, 'twas wondrous pitiful:
She wiſh'd, ſhe had not heard it; yet ſhe wiſh'd,
That heaven had made her ſuch a man: ſhe thank'd me;
And bad me, if I had a friend that lov'd her,
I ſhould but teach him how to tell my ſtory,
And that would woo her. Upon this hint, I ſpake:
She lov'd me for the dangers I had paſs'd;
And I lov'd her, that ſhe did pity them.
This only is the witchcraft I have us'd;
Here comes the lady, let her witneſs it.

Enter DESDEMONA, *attended*; IAGO,
and the Others, following.

Duk. I think, this tale would win my daughter too.—

Good *Brabantio*,
Take up this mangl'd matter at the beſt:
Men do their broken weapons rather uſe,
Than their bare hands.
Bra. I pray you, hear her ſpeak;
If ſhe confeſs, that ſhe was half the wooer,
Deſtruction on my head, if my bad blame
Light on the man!—Come hither, gentle miſtreſs;
Do you perceive in all this noble company,
Where moſt you owe obedience.
Des. My noble father,
I do perceive here a divided duty:
To you I am bound for life, and education;
My life, and education, both do learn me
How to reſpect you; you are the lord of duty,
I am hitherto your daughter: But here's my husband;
And ſo much duty as my mother ſhew'd
To you, preferring you before her father,
So much I challenge that I may profeſs
Due to the *Moor* my lord.
Bra. God be wi' you; I have done:—
Please it your grace, on to the ſtate affairs;
I had rather to adopt a child, than get it.—
Come hither, *Moor*;
I here do give † thee that with all my heart,
Which, but thou haſt already, with all my heart
I would keep from thee:—And, for your ſake, jewel,]
I am glad at ſoul I have no other child;
For thy eſcape would teach me tyranny,
To hang clogs on them.—I have done, my lord.
Duk. Let me ſpeak like yourſelf; and lay a ſentence,
Which, like a griſe, or ſtep, may help theſe lovers

Into your favour.
When remedies are paſt, the griefs are ended,
By ſeeing the worſt, which late on hopes depended.
To mourn a miſchief that is paſt and gone,
Is the next way to draw new miſchief on.
What cannot be preſerv'd when fortune takes,
Patience her injury a mockery makes.
The rob'd, that ſmiles, ſteals ſomething from the thief;
He robs himſelf, that ſpends a bootleſs grief.

Bra. So let the *Turk* of *Cyprus* us beguile;
We loſe it not, ſo long as we can ſmile.
He bears the ſentence well, that nothing bears
But the free comfort which from thence he hears:
But he bears both the ſentence and the ſorrow,
That, to pay grief, muſt of poor patience borrow.
These ſentences, to ſugar, or to gall,
Being ſtrong on both ſides, are equivocal:
But words are words; I never yet did hear,
That the bruis'd heart was pieced through the ear.
I humbly beſeech you, proceed to the affairs of ſtate.
[*goes to his Seat.*

Duk. The *Turk* with a moſt mighty preparation makes for *Cyprus:* — *Othello*, the fortitude of the place is beſt known to you: And though we have there a ſubſtitute of moſt allow'd ſufficiency, yet opinion, a ſovereign miſtreſs of effects, throws a more ſafe voice on you: you muſt therefore be content, to ſlubber the gloſs of your new fortunes with this more ſtubborn and boiſtrous expedition.

Oth. The tyrant cuſtom, moſt grave ſenators,
Hath made the flinty and ſteel couch of war
My thrice-driv'n bed of down: I do agnize

[19] pierced

A natural and prompt alacrity,
I find in hardneſs; and do undertake
This present war againſt the *Ottomites*.
Moſt humbly therefore bending to your ſtate,
I crave fit diſposition for my wife;
Due reference of place, and exhibition;
With ſuch accommodation, and beſort,
As levels with her breeding.
Duk. If you please,
Be't at her father's.
Bra. I'll not have it ſo.
Oth. Nor I.
Des. Nor I; I would not there reside,
To put my father in impatient thoughts,
By being in his eye. Moſt gracious duke,
To my unfolding lend a gracious ear;
And let me find a charter in your voice,
To aſſiſt my ſimpleneſs.
Duk. What would you, *Desdemona?*
Des. That I did love the *Moor* to live with him,
My down-right violence and ſtorm of fortunes,
May trumpet to the world; my heart's ſubdu'd
Even to the very quality of my lord:
I ſaw *Othello*'s visage in his mind;
And to his honours, and his valiant parts,
Did I my ſoul and fortunes conſecrate.
So that, dear lords, if I be left behind,
A moth of peace, and he go to the war,
The rites, for which I love him, are bereft me,
And I a heavy interim ſhall ſupport
By his dear abſence: Let me go with him.
Oth. Your voices, lords; beſeech you, let her will

Have a free way. I therefore beg it not,
To please the palate of my appetite;
Nor to comply with heat, (the young affects
In me defunct) and proper ſatiſfaction;
But to be free and bounteous to her mind:
And heaven defend your good ſouls, that you think
I will your ſerious and great buſineſs ſcant,
For ſhe is with me; No, when light-wing'd toys
Of feather'd *Cupid*, ſeel with wanton dulneſs
My ſpeculative and offic'd inſtrument,
That my diſports corrupt and taint my buſineſs,
Let huswives make a ſkillet of my helm,
And all indign and baſe adverſities
Make head againſt my eſtimation!
Duk. Be it as you ſhall privately determine,
Either for her ſtay, or going: the affair cries—haſte,
And ſpeed muſt anſwer it; you muſt hence to-night.
Des. To-night, my lord?
Duk. This night.
Oth. With all my heart.
Duk. At nine i'the morning here we'll meet again.—
[*to the Senators, rising.*
Othello, leave ſome officer behind,
And he ſhall our commiſſion bring to you;
And ſuch things elſe of quality and reſpect,
As doth import you.
Oth. Please your grace, my ancient;
A man he is of honeſty, and truſt:
To his conveyance I aſſign my wife,
With what elſe needful your good grace ſhall think
To be ſent after me.
Duk. Let it be ſo.—

Good night to every one.—And, noble ſignior,
[*to* Brabantio.
If virtue no delighting beauty lack,
Your ſon-in-law is far more fair than black.

1. *S*. Adieu, brave *Moor!* use *Desdemona* well.

Bra. Look to her, *Moor*, if thou haſt eyes to ſee;
She has deceiv'd her father, and may thee.
[*Exeunt* Duke, Sen. Bra. &c.

Oth. My life upon her faith.—Honeſt *Iago*,
My *Desdemona* muſt I leave to thee:
I pr'ythee, let thy wife attend on her;
And bring them after in the beſt advantage.—
Come, *Desdemona*; I have but an hour,
Of love, of worldly matter and direction,
To ſpend with thee: we muſt obey the time.
[*Exeunt* Oth. *and* Des.

Rod. *Iago*,—

Iag. What ſay'ſt thou, noble heart?

Rod. What will I do, think'ſt thou?

Iag. Why, go to bed, and ſleep.

Rod. I will incontinently drown myſelf.

Iag. Well, if thou doſt, I ſhall never love thee after. Why, thou ſilly gentleman!

Rod. It is ſillineſs to live, when to live is a torment: and then have we a preſcription to die, when death is our phyſician.

Iag. O villanous! I have look'd upon the world for four times ſeven years: and ſince I could diſtinguiſh betwixt a benefit and an injury, I never found man that knew how to love himſelf. Ere I would ſay, I would drown myſelf for the love of a *Guinea* hen, I would change my humanity with a baboon.

Rod. What ſhould I do? I confeſs, it is my ſhame to be ſo fond; but it is not in my virtue to amend it.

Iag. Virtue? A fig! 'tis in ourſelves, that we are thus, or thus. Our bodies are our gardens; to the which, our wills are gardiners: ſo that if we will plant nettles, or ſow lettuce; ſet hyſſop, and weed up thyme; ſupply it with one gender of herbs, or diſtract it with many; either have it ſteril with idleneſs, or manur'd with induſtry; why, the power and corrigible authority of this lies in our wills. If the beam of our lives had not one ſcale of reason, to poize another of ſenſuality, the blood and baſeneſs of our natures would conduct us to moſt prepoſt'rous conclusions: But we have reason, to cool our raging motions, our carnal ſtings, our unbitted luſts; whereof I take this, that you call—love, to be a ſect, or ſcyon.

Rod. It cannot be.

Iag. It is meerly a luſt of the blood, and a permiſſion of the will. Come, be a man: Drown thyſelf? drown cats, and blind puppies. I have profeſſ'd me thy friend, and I confeſs me knit to thy deserving with cables of perdurable toughneſs; I could never better ſteed thee than now. Put money in thy purſe: follow these wars; defeat thy favour with an usurp'd beard; I ſay, put money in thy purſe. It cannot be, that *Desdemona* ſhould long continue her love unto the *Moor*,—put money in thy purſe;—nor he his to her: it was a violent commencement in her, and thou ſhalt ſee an anſwerable ſequeſtration; put but money in thy purſe. These *Moors* are changeable in their wills;—fill thy purſe with money: the food that to him now is as luſcious as locuſts, ſhall be to him ſhortly as bitter as coloquintida. She

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10 braine of

muſt change for youth: when ſhe is ſated with his body, ſhe will find the error of her choice; therefore put money in thy purſe. If thou wilt needs damn thyſelf, do it a more delicate way than drowning. Make all the money thou canſt: If ſanctimony and a frail vow, betwixt an erring *Barbarian* and a ſuper-ſubtle *Venetian*, be not too hard for my wits, and all the tribe of hell, thou ſhalt enjoy her; therefore make money. A pox of drowning thyſelf! it is clean out of the way: ſeek thou rather to be hang'd in compaſſing thy joy, than to be drown'd and go without her.

Rod. Wilt thou be faſt to my hopes, if I depend on the iſſue?

Iag. Thou art ſure of me;—Go, make money:—I have told thee often, and I re-tell thee again and again, I hate the *Moor:* my cauſe is hearted; thine hath no leſs reaſon: Let us be conjunctive in our revenge againſt him: if thou canſt cuckold him, thou doſt thyſelf a pleaſure, me a ſport. There are many events in the womb of time, which will be delivered. Traverſe; go; provide thy money. We will have more of this to-morrow. Adieu.

Rod. Where ſhall we meet i' th' morning?

Iag. At my lodging.

Rod. I'll be with thee betimes.

Iag. Go to, farewel.

Rod. I'll ſell all my land. [*Exit*.

Iag. Thus do I ever make my fool my purſe:
For I mine own gain'd knowledge ſhould prophane,
If I would time expend with ſuch a ſnipe,
But for my ſport, and profit. I hate the *Moor*;
And it is thought abroad, that 'twixt my ſheets

26 v. *Note*.

He has done my office: I know not, if't be true;
But I, for meer ſuſpicion in that kind,
Will do, as if for ſurety. He holds me well;
The better ſhall my purpoſe work on him.
Caſſio's a proper man: Let me ſee now;
To get his place, and to plume up my will
In double knavery,—How, how?—Let's ſee:
After ſome time, to abuſe *Othello*'s ear,
That he is too familiar with his wife:—
He hath a perſon, and a ſmooth diſpoſe,
To be ſuſpected; fram'd to make women falſe:
The *Moor* is of a free and open nature,
That thinks men honeſt, that but ſeem to be ſo;
And will as tenderly be led by the noſe,
As aſſes are.
I have't; it is engender'd: Hell and night
Muſt bring this monſtrous birth to the world's light.
[*Exit.*

ACT II.

SCENE I. *The Capital of* Cyprus. *A Plat-form.*

Enter MONTANO, *and two* Gentlemen.

MON. What from the cape can you diſcern at ſea?
1. *G.* Nothing at all: it is a high-wrought flood;
I cannot, 'twixt the heaven and the main,
Deſcry a ſail.
MON. Methinks, the wind hath ſpoke aloud at land;
A fuller blaſt ne'er ſhook our battlements:
If it hath ruffian'd ſo upon the ſea,
What ribs of oak, when mountains melt on them,

Can hold the mortice? What ſhall we hear of this?
2. *G.* A ſegregation of the *Turkiſh* fleet:
For do but ſtand upon the foaming ſhore,
The chiding billow ſeems to pelt the clouds;
The wind-ſhak'd ſurge, with high and monſtrous main,
Seems to caſt water on the burning bear,
And quench the guards of the ever-fixed pole:
I never did like moleſtation view
On the enchafed flood.
Mon. If that the *Turkiſh* fleet
Be not inſhelter'd, and embay'd, they are drown'd;
It is impoſſible they bear it out.
Enter a third Gentleman.
3. *G.* News, lads! our wars are done;
The deſperate tempeſt hath ſo bang'd the *Turks*,
That their deſignment halts: A noble ſhip of *Venice*
Hath ſeen a grievous wreck and ſufferance
On moſt part of their fleet.
Mon. How! is this true?
3. *G.* The ſhip is here put in,
A *Veroneſe*; *Michael Caſſio*,
Lieutenant to the warlike *Moor*, *Othello*,
Is come on ſhore: the *Moor* himſelf's at ſea,
And is in full commiſſion here for *Cyprus*.
Mon. I am glad on't; 'tis a worthy governor.
3. *G.* But this ſame *Caſſio*,—though he ſpeak of comfort,
Touching the *Turkiſh* loſs,—yet he looks ſadly,
And prays the *Moor* be ſafe; for they were parted
With foul and violent tempeſt.
Mon. Pray heaven he be;
For I have ſerv'd him, and the man commands

Like a full ſoldier. Let's to the ſea-ſide, ho!
As well to ſee the veſſel that's come in,
As to throw out our eyes for brave *Othello*;
Even 'till we make the main, and th' aerial blue,
An indiſtinct regard.

3. *G.* Come, let's do ſo;
For every minute is expectancy
Of more arrivance. [*going.*

Enter CASSIO: *the Others run and ſalute him.*

CAS. Thanks to the valiant of this warlike isle,
That ſo approve the *Moor*; O, let the heavens
Give him defence againſt the elements,
For I have loſt him on a dangerous ſea!

MON. Is he well ſhip'd?

CAS. His bark is ſtoutly timber'd, and his pilot
Of very expert and approv'd allowance;
Therefore my hopes, not ſurfeited to death,
Stand in bold cure.

Enter another Gentleman.

4. *G.* A ſail! a ſail! a ſail!

CAS. What news?

4. *G.* The town is empty; on the brow o' the ſea
Stand ranks of people, and they cry—a ſail.

CAS. My hopes do ſhape him for the governor. [*Guns heard.*

2. *G.* They do diſcharge their ſhot of courteſy;
Our friends, at leaſt.

CAS. I pray you, ſir, go forth,
And give us truth who 'tis that is arriv'd.

2. *G.* I ſhall. [*Exit.*

MON. But, good lieutenant, is your general wiv'd?

22 noyſe?

Cas. Moſt fortunately: he hath atchiev'd a maid,
That paragons deſcription, and wild fame;
One that excels the quirks of blazoning pens,
And, in the eſſential veſture of creation,
Does tire the inventer.—Now? who has put in?

Re-enter ſecond Gentleman.

2 *G.* 'Tis one *Iago*, ancient to the general.

Cas. He has had moſt fav'rable and happy ſpeed:
Tempeſts themſelves, high ſeas, and howling winds,
The guttur'd rocks, and congregated ſands,—
Traitors enſteep'd, to enclog the guiltleſs keel,—
As having ſenſe of beauty, do omit
Their mortal natures, letting ſafe go by
The divine *Desdemona.*

Mon. What is ſhe?

Cas. She that I ſpake of, our great captain's captain,
Left in the conduct of the bold *Iago*;
Whose footing here anticipates our thoughts,
A ſe'n-night's ſpeed.—Great *Jove*, *Othello* guard,
And ſwell his ſail with thine own powerful breath;
That he may bleſs this bay with his tall ſhip,
Make love's quick pants in *Desdemona*'s arms,
Give renew'd fire to our extincted ſpirits,
And bring all *Cyprus* comfort!—O, behold,

Enter DESDEMONA, EMILIA,
IAGO, RODERIGO, *and Others*; *Attendants*,
and People following.

The riches of the ſhip is come on ſhore!—
You men of *Cyprus*, let her have your knees:—
Hail to thee, lady; and the grace of heaven,
Before, behind thee, and on every hand,
Enwheel thee round!

5 Ingeniver 13 go ſafely by

Des. I thank you, valiant *Caſſio.*
What tidings can you tell me of my lord?
Cas. He is not yet arriv'd; nor know I aught,
But that he's well, and will be ſhortly here.
Des. O, but I fear;—How loſt you company?
Cas. The great contention of the ſea and ſkies
Parted our fellowſhip: But, hark! a ſail.
[*Cry within, of*—A ſail! a ſail: *afterwards, Guns.*
2. *G.* They give their greeting to the citadel;
This likewiſe is a friend.
Cas. See for the news.— [*Exit* Gentleman.
Good ancient, you are welcome;—Welcome, miſtreſs:—
[*to* Emilia.
Let it not gall your patience, good *Iago,*
That I extend my manners; 'tis my breeding,
That gives me this bold ſhew of courteſy. [*ſaluting her.*
Iag. Sir, would ſhe give you ſo much of her lips,
As of her tongue ſhe oft beſtows on me,
You'd have enough.
Des. Alas, ſhe has no ſpeech.
Iag. In faith, too much;
I find it ſtill, when I have liſt to ſleep:
Marry, before your ladyſhip, I grant,
She puts her tongue a little in her heart,
And chides with thinking.
Emi. You have little cauſe to ſay ſo.
Iag. Come on, come on; you are pictures out o'doors,
Bells in your parlors, wild-cats in your kitchens,
Saints in your injuries, devils being offended,
Players in your huswifry, and huswives in your beds.
Des. O, fie upon thee, ſlanderer!
Iag. Nay, it is true, or elſe I am a *Turk*;

You riſe to play, and go to bed to work.
Emi. You ſhall not write my praiſe.
Iag. No, let me not. [praiſe me?
Des. What wouldſt thou write of me, if thou ſhouldſt
Iag. O gentle lady, do not put me to't;
For I am nothing, if not critical.
Des. Come on, aſſay: There's one gone to the harbour?
Iag. Ay, madam.
Des. I am not merry; but I do beguile
The thing I am, by ſeeming otherwiſe.—
Come, how wouldſt thou praiſe me?
Iag. I am about it; but, indeed, my invention
Comes from my pate, as bird-lime does from freeze,
It plucks out brains and all: But my muſe labours,
And thus ſhe is deliver'd.
If ſhe be fair, and wiſe,—fairneſs, and wit,
The one's for uſe, the other uſeth it.
Des. Well prais'd: How if ſhe be black and witty?
Iag. If ſhe be black, and thereto have a wit,
She'll find a white that ſhall her blackneſs fit.
Des. Worſe and worſe.
Emi. How, if fair and fooliſh?
Iag. She never yet was fooliſh, that was fair;
For even her folly help'd her to an heir.

Des. Theſe are old fond paradoxes, to make fools laugh i' the ale-houſe. What miſerable praiſe haſt thou for her that's foul and fooliſh?

Iag. There's none ſo foul, and fooliſh thereunto,
But does foul pranks which fair and wiſe ones do.

Des. O heavy ignorance!—thou praiſeſt the worſt beſt. But what praiſe couldſt thou beſtow on a deſerving woman indeed? one, that, in the authority of her merit, did juſtly put on the vouch of very malice itſelf?

Iag. She that was ever fair, and never proud;
Had tongue at will, and yet was never loud;
Never lack'd gold, and yet went never gay;
Fled from her wiſh, and yet ſaid—Now I may;
She that, being anger'd, her revenge being nigh,
Bad her wrong ſtay, and her diſpleaſure fly;
She that in wisdom never was ſo frail,
To change the cod's head for the ſalmon's tail;
She that could think, and ne'er diſcloſe her mind,
See ſuitors following, and not look behind;
She was a wight,—if ever ſuch wight were,—

Des. To do what?

Iag. To ſuckle fools, and chronicle ſmall beer.

Des. O moſt lame and impotent concluſion!—Do not learn of him, *Emilia*, though he be thy husband.—How ſay you, *Caſſio?* is he not a moſt prophane and liberal cenſurer?

Cas. He ſpeaks home, madam; you may reliſh him more in the ſoldier, than in the ſcholar.

[*they converſe apart.*

Iag. “ He takes her by the palm: [*obſerving them.*]”
“ Ay, well ſaid, whiſper; with as little a web as this,”
“ will I enſnare as great a fly as *Caſſio.* Ay, ſmile upon”
“ her, do; I will gyve thee in thine own courtſhip.”
“ You ſay true; 'tis ſo, indeed: if ſuch tricks as theſe”
“ ſtrip you out of your lieutenantry, it had been better”
“ you had not kiſſ'd your three fingers ſo oft, which”
“ now again you are moſt apt to play the ſir in. Very”
“ good; well kiſſ'd, and excellent courteſy: 'tis ſo, in-”
“ deed. Yet again your fingers to your lips? would,”

19 Counſailor

“ they were clyſter-pipes for your ſake!”—
[*Trumpet heard.*
The *Moor*,—I know his trumpet.
Cas. ’Tis truly ſo.
Des. Let’s meet him, and receive him.
Cas. Lo, where he comes.

Enter OTHELLO, *and Attendants.*

Oth. O my fair warrior!
Des. My dear *Othello!* [*embracing.*
Oth. It gives me wonder great as my content,
To ſee you here before me. O my ſoul’s joy!
If after every tempeſt come ſuch calms,
May the winds blow ’till they have waken’d death!
And let the lab’ring bark climb hills of ſeas,
Olympus high; and duck again as low,
As hell’s from heaven! If it were now to die,
’Twere now to be moſt happy; for, I fear,
My ſoul hath her content ſo abſolute,
That not another comfort like to this
Succeeds in unknown fate.
Des. The heavens forbid,
But that our loves and comforts ſhould encreaſe,
Even as our days do grow!
Oth. Amen to that, ſweet powers!—
I cannot ſpeak enough of this content,
It ſtops me here; it is too much of joy:
And this, and this, [*kiſſing*] the greateſt diſcords be,
That e’er our hearts ſhall make!
Iag. “ O, you are well-tun’d now!”
“ But I’ll let down the pegs that make this muſick,”
“ As honeſt as I am.”
Oth. Come, let’s to the caſtle.—

News, friends; our wars are done,'the *Turks* are drown'd.
How does my old acquaintance of this isle?—
[*to* Montano.
Honey, you ſhall be well deſir'd in *Cyprus*,
I have found great love amongſt them. O my ſweet,
I prattle out of faſhion, and I doat
In mine own comforts.— I pr'ythee, good *Iago*,
Go to the bay, and diſembark my coffers:
Bring thou the maſter to the citadel;
He is a good one, and his worthineſs
Does challenge much reſpect.—Come, *Desdemona*,
Once more well met at *Cyprus*.
[*Exeunt* OTH. DES. EMI. MON. Gen. *and Att.*

IAG. Do you meet me preſently at the harbour. Come hither; [*calling him back.*] If thou be'ſt valiant,—as (they ſay) baſe men, being in love, have then a nobility in their natures more than is native to them,—liſt me. The lieutenant to-night watches on the court of guard:—Firſt, I muſt tell thee this,—*Desdemona* is directly in love with him.

ROD. With him! why, 'tis not poſſible.

IAG. Lay thy finger † thus, and let thy ſoul be inſtructed. Mark me with what violence ſhe firſt lov'd the *Moor*, but for bragging, and telling her fantaſtical lies: To love him ſtill for prating! let not thy diſcreet heart think it. Her eye muſt be fed; And what delight ſhall ſhe have to look on the devil? When the blood is made dull with the act of ſport, there ſhould be,—again to enflame it, and to give ſatiety a freſh appetite,—lovelineſs in favour; ſympathy in years, manners, and beauties; all which the *Moor* is defective in: Now, for want of theſe requir'd conveniences, her delicate tenderneſs will find itſelf abus'd, begin to heave the gorge, diſreliſh and abhor the *Moor*; very nature will inſtruct her in it, and compel her to ſome ſecond choice. Now, ſir, this granted, (as it is a moſt pregnant and unforc'd position) who ſtands ſo eminently in the degree of this fortune, as *Caſſio* does? a knave very voluble; no further conſcionable, than in putting on the meer form of civil and humane ſeeming, for the better compaſſing of his ſalt and moſt hidden looſe affection? why, none; why, none: A ſlippery and ſubtle knave; a finder-out of occasions; that has an eye can ſtamp and counterfeit advantages, though true advantage never present itſelf: A deviliſh knave: beſides, the knave is handſome, young; and hath all those requisites in him, that folly and green minds look after: A peſtilent compleat knave; and the woman hath found him already.

Rod. I cannot believe that in her; ſhe is full of moſt bleſt condition.

Iag. Bleſt fig's end! the wine ſhe drinks is made of grapes: if ſhe had been bleſt, ſhe would never have lov'd the *Moor*; Bleſt pudding! Didſt thou not ſee her paddle with the palm of his hand? didſt not mark that?

Rod. Yes; but that was but courteſy.

Iag. Letchery, by this hand; an index, and obſcure prologue, to the hiſtory of luſt and foul thoughts: they met ſo near with their lips, that their breaths embrac'd together. Villanous thoughts, *Roderigo!* when these mutualities ſo marſhal the way, hard at hand comes the maſter and main exerciſe, the incorporate conclusion: Piſh! But, ſir, be you rul'd by me; I have brought you from *Venice.* Watch you to-night; for the command, I'll lay't upon you: *Caſſio* knows you not;—I'll not be far from you;—do you find ſome occasion to anger *Caſſio*, either by ſpeaking too loud, or tainting his diſcipline; or from what other courſe you please, which the time ſhall more favourably miniſter.

Rod. Well.

Iag. Sir, he is raſh, and very ſudden in choler; and, haply, may ſtrike at you: Provoke him, that he may: for, even out of that, will I cause these of *Cyprus* to mutiny; whose qualification ſhall come into no true taſte again, but by the diſplanting of *Caſſio*. So ſhall you have a ſhorter journey to your desires, by the means I ſhall then have to prefer them; and the impediment moſt profitably removed, without the which there were no expectation of our proſperity.

Rod. I will do this, if I can bring it to any opportunity.

Iag. I warrant thee. Meet me by and by at the citadel: I muſt fetch his neceſſaries aſhore. Farewel.

Rod. Adieu. [*Exit.*

Iag. That *Caſſio* loves her, I do well believe't;
That ſhe loves him, 'tis apt, and of great credit:
The *Moor*—howbeit that I endure him not,—
Is of a conſtant, loving, noble nature;
And, I dare think, he'll prove to *Desdemona*
A moſt dear husband. Now I do love her too;
Not out of abſolute luſt, (though, peradventure,
I ſtand accountant for as great a ſin)
But partly led to diet my revenge,
For that I do ſuſpect the luſty *Moor*
Hath lept into my ſeat: the thought whereof
Doth, like a pois'nous mineral, gnaw my inwards;
And nothing can or ſhall content my ſoul,

'Till I am even'd with him, wife for wife;
Or, failing ſo, yet that I put the *Moor*
At leaſt into a jealouſy ſo ſtrong
That judgment cannot cure. Which thing to do,—
If this poor traſh of *Venice*, whom I trace
For his quick hunting, ſtand the putting on,
I'll have our *Michael Caſſio* on the hip;
Abuse him to the *Moor* in the rank garb,—
For I fear *Caſſio* with my night-cap too;
Make the *Moor* thank me, love me, and reward me,
For making him egregiouſly an aſs,
And practiſing upon his peace and quiet
Even to madneſs. 'Tis † here, but yet confus'd;
Knavery's plain face is never ſeen, 'till us'd. [*Exit.*

SCENE II. *The ſame. A Street;*

People moving in it. Trumpets. Enter a Herald, *attended.*

Her. It is *Othello*'s pleasure, our noble and valiant general, that, upon certain tidings now arrived, importing the meer perdition of the *Turkiſh* fleet, every man put himſelf into triumph; ſome to dance, ſome to make bonfires, each man to what ſport and revels his addiction leads him; for, beſides these beneficial news, it is the celebration of his nuptials: So much was his pleasure ſhould be proclaimed. All offices are open; and there is full liberty of feaſting, from this present hour of five, 'till the bell hath told eleven. Bleſs the isle of *Cyprus*, and our noble general *Othello!*

[*Shouts, and Exeunt.*

SCENE III. *The ſame. Hall of the Caſtle.*

Enter OTHELLO, CASSIO, Desdemona, *and Attendants.*

OTH. Good *Michael,* look you to the guard to-night:
Let's teach ourſelves that honourable ſtop,
Not to out-ſport diſcretion.

CAS. *Iago* hath direction what to do;
But, notwithſtanding, with my perſonal eye
Will I look to't.

OTH. *Iago* is moſt honeſt.
Michael, good night: To-morrow, with your earlieſt,
Let me have ſpeech with you.—Come, my dear love;
The purchaſe made, the fruits are to enſue;
That profit's yet to come 'twixt me and you.—
Good night. [*Exeunt* OTH. Des. *and Att.*

Enter IAGO.

CAS. Welcome, *Iago*; we muſt to the watch.

IAG. Not this hour, lieutenant; 'tis not yet ten o' clock: Our general caſt us thus early, for the love of his *Desdemona:* whom let us not therefore blame, he hath not yet made wanton the night with her; and ſhe is ſport for *Jove.*

CAS. She's a moſt exquisite lady.

IAG. And, I'll warrant her, full of game.

CAS. Indeed, ſhe's a moſt freſh and delicate creature.

IAG. What an eye ſhe has! methinks, it ſounds a parley of provocation.

CAS. An inviting eye; and yet, methinks, right modeſt.

IAG. And, when ſhe ſpeaks, is it not an alarum to love?

CAS. She is, indeed, perfection.

IAG. Well, happineſs to their ſheets! Come, lieutenant, I have a ſtoop of wine; and here without are a brace of *Cyprus*' gallants, that would fain have a measure to the health of black *Othello*.

Cas. Not to-night, good *Iago*; I have very poor and unhappy brains for drinking: I could well wiſh courteſy would invent ſome other cuſtom of entertainment.

Iag. O, they are our friends; but one cup: I'll drink for you.

Cas. I have drunk but one cup to-night, and that was craftily qualify'd too, and, behold, what innovation it makes here: I am unfortunate in the infirmity, and dare not taſk my weakneſs with any more.

Iag. What, man! 'tis a night of revels; the gallants desire it.

Cas. Where are they?

Iag. Here at the door; I pray you, call them in.

Cas. I'll do't; but it diſlikes me. [*Exit*.

Iag. If I can faſten but one cup upon him,
With that which he hath drunk to-night already,
He'll be as full of quarrel and offence
As my young miſtreſs' dog. Now, my ſick fool, *Roderigo*,
Whom love hath turn'd almoſt the wrong ſide out,
To *Desdemona* hath to-night carous'd
Potations pottle-deep; and he's to watch:
Three elſe of *Cyprus*,—noble ſwelling ſpirits,
That hold their honours in a wary diſtance,
The very elements of this warlike isle,—
Have I to-night fluſter'd with flowing cups,
And they watch too. Now, 'mongſt this flock of drunkards,
Am I to put our *Caſſio* in ſome action
That may offend the isle;—But here they come:

Re-enter CASSIO; MONTANO, *and Others, with him.*

If conſequence do but approve my deem,
My boat ſails freely, both with wind and ſtream.
[*meeting them.*

Cas. 'Fore God, they have given me a rouze already.

Mon. Good faith, a little one; not paſt a pint,
As I'm a ſoldier.

Iag. Some wine, ho!— [*ſings.*

And let me the canakin clink, clink, clink;
and let me the canakin clink:
a ſoldier's a man;
a life's but a ſpan;
why then, let a ſoldier drink.

Some wine, boys! [*Wine brought in.*

Cas. 'Fore God, an excellent ſong.

Iag. I learn'd it in *England*, where (indeed) they are moſt potent in potting: your *Dane*, your *German*, and your ſwag-belly'd *Hollander*,—Drink, ho!—are nothing to your *Engliſh*. [*drinks, and puts it about.*

Cas. Is your *Engliſhman* ſo expert in his drinking?

Iag. Why, he drinks you, with facility, your *Dane* dead drunk; he ſweats not to overthrow your *Almain*; he gives your *Hollander* a vomit, ere the next pottle can be fill'd.

Cas. To the health of our general. [*fills.*

Mon. I am for it, lieutenant; and I'll do you juſtice.
[*filling too; and they drink.*

Iag. O ſweet *England!* [*ſings.*

1.

King Stephen *was a worthy peer,*
his breeches coſt him but a crown;
he held them ſix-pence all too dear,
with that he call'd the taylor—lown.

---

1 dreame

2.

He was a wight of high renown,
and thou art but of low degree:
'tis pride that pulls the country down,
then take thine auld cloke about thee.

Some wine, ho!

Cas. Why, this is a more exquiſite ſong than the other.

Iag. Will you hear't again?

Cas. No; for I hold him to be unworthy of his place, that does thoſe things.—Well, God's above all; and there be ſouls muſt be ſaved, and there be ſouls muſt not be ſaved.

Iag. It's true, good lieutenant.

Cas. For mine own part,—no offence to the general, nor any man of quality,—I hope to be ſaved.

Iag. And ſo do I too, lieutenant.

Cas. Ay, but (by your leave) not before me; the lieutenant is to be ſaved before the ancient. Let's have no more of this; let's to our affairs.—Forgive us our ſins!—Gentlemen, let's look to our buſineſs. Do not think, gentlemen, I am drunk; this is my ancient; this is my right hand, and this is my left hand: I am not drunk now; I can ſtand well enough, and ſpeak well enough.

all. Excellent well.

Cas. Why, very well then: you muſt not think then that I am drunk. [*Exit.*

Mon. To the plat-form, maſters; come, let's ſet the watch.

Iag. You ſee this fellow, that is gone before;—
He is a ſoldier, fit to ſtand by *Cæsar*
And give direction: and do but ſee his vice;

'Tis to his virtue a juſt equinox,
The one as long as the other: 'tis pity of him.
I fear, the truſt *Othello* puts in him,
On ſome odd time of his infirmity,
Will ſhake this island.
Mon. But is he often thus?
Iag. 'Tis evermore the prologue to his ſleep:
He'll watch the horologue a double ſet,
If drink rock not his cradle.
Mon. It were well,
The general were put in mind of it.
Perhaps, he ſees it not: or his good nature
Prizes the virtue that appears in *Caſſio*,
And looks not on his evils; Is not this true?
Roderigo *ſhows himſelf.*
Iag. " How now, *Roderigo?*"
" I pray you, after the lieutenant; go."
[*puſhing him out.*
Mon. And 'tis great pity, that the noble *Moor*
Should hazard ſuch a place, as his own ſecond,
With one of an ingraft infirmity:
It were an honeſt action, to ſay ſo
Unto the *Moor.*
Iag. Not I, for this fair island:
I do love *Caſſio* well; and would do much,
To cure him of this evil. But, hark! what noise?
Cry, within,—Help, help!—*Re-enter* CASSIO,
driving in RODERIGO.
Cas. You rogue! you raſcal!
Mon. What's the matter, lieutenant?
Cas. A knave,—teach me my duty!
I'll beat the knave into a wicker bottle.

Rod. Beat me!
Cas. Doſt thou prate, rogue? [*beats* Roderigo.
Mon. Nay, good lieutenant; [*ſtaying him.*
I pray you, ſir, hold your hand.
Cas. Let me go, ſir,
Or I'll knock you o'er the mazzard.
Mon. Come, come, you're drunk.
Cas. Drunk? [*draws upon* Mon. *and they fight.*
Iag. " Away, I ſay! go out, and cry—a mutiny."
[*to* Roderigo, *who goes out.*
Nay, good lieutenant,—alas, gentlemen,—
Help, ho!—Lieutenant,—ſir, —*Montano*,—ſir;—
Help, maſters!—Here's a goodly watch, indeed!—
[*Bell rung.*
Who's that that rings the bell?—*Diablo*, ho!
The town will riſe:—God's-will, lieutenant, hold;
You will be ſham'd for ever. [*taking him off.*

Enter OTHELLO, *and Gentlemen, with Weapons.*

Oth. What is the matter here?
Mon. I bleed ſtill, I am hurt to the death;—he dies.
[*aſſailing* Caſſio *again.*
Oth. Hold, for your lives.
Iag. Hold, ho!—Lieutenant,—ſir,—*Montano*,—gentlemen,—
Have you forgot all ſenſe of place and duty?
Hold, hold! the general ſpeaks to you; hold, for ſhame!
Oth. Why, how now, ho! from whence ariſeth this?
Are we turn'd *Turks*; and to ourſelves do that,
Which heaven hath forbid the *Ottomites*?
For chriſtian ſhame, put by this barbarous brawl:
He that ſtirs next to carve for his own rage,
Holds his ſoul light; he dies upon his motion.—
[*they are parted.*

24 place of ſenſe

Silence that dreadful bell, it frights the isle
From her propriety.—What is the matter, maſters?—
Honeſt *Iago*, that look'ſt dead with grieving,
Speak, who began this? on thy love, I charge thee.
Iag. I do not know; friends all but now, even now,
In quarter and in terms like bride and groom
Diveſting them to bed: and then, but now,—
As if ſome planet had unwitted men,—
Swords out, and tilting one at other's breaſt,
In opposition bloody. I cannot ſpeak
Any beginning to this peeviſh odds;
And 'would in action glorious I had loſt
These legs, that brought me to a part of it.
Oth. How comes it, *Michael*, you are thus forgot?
Cas. I pray you, pardon me, I cannot ſpeak.
Oth. Worthy *Montano*, you were wont be civil;
The gravity and ſtillneſs of your youth
The world hath noted, and your name is great
In mouths of wiseſt cenſure; What's the matter,
That you unlace your reputation thus,
And ſpend your rich opinion for the name
Of a night-brawler? give me anſwer to't.
Mon. Worthy *Othello*, I am hurt to danger;
Your officer, *Iago*, can inform you—
While I ſpare ſpeech, which ſomething now offends me,—
Of all that I do know: nor know I aught,
By me that's ſaid or done amiſs this night;
Unleſs ſelf-charity be ſometime a vice;
And to defend ourſelves it be a ſin,
When violence aſſails us.
Oth. Now, by heaven,
My blood begins my ſafer guides to rule;

[3] lookes

And paſſion, having my beſt judgment quell'd,
Aſſays to lead the way: if I once ſtir,
Or do but lift this arm, the beſt of you
Shall ſink in my rebuke. Give me to know
How this foul rout began, who ſet it on;
And he that is approv'd in this offence,
Though he had twin'd with me, both at a birth,
Shall looſen me. What! in a town of war,
Yet wild, the people's hearts brimfull of fear,
To manage private and domeſtick quarrel,
In night, and on the court of guard and ſafety!
'Tis monſterous.—*Iago*, who began't?

Mon. If partially affin'd, or leagu'd in office,
Thou doſt deliver more or leſs than truth,
Thou art no ſoldier.

Iag. Touch me not ſo near:
I had rather have this tongue cut from my mouth,
Than it ſhould do offence to *Michael Caſſio*;
Yet, I perſuade myſelf, to ſpeak the truth
Shall nothing wrong him.—Thus it is, general.
Montano and myſelf being in ſpeech,
There comes a fellow, crying out for help;
And *Caſſio* following him with determin'd ſword,
To execute upon him: Sir, this † gentleman
Steps in to *Caſſio*, and entreats his pause;
Myſelf the crying fellow did purſue,
Leſt, by his clamour, (as it ſo fell out)
The town might fall in fright: he, ſwift of foot,
Out-ran my purpoſe; and I return'd the rather
For that I heard the clink and fall of ſwords,
And *Caſſio* high in oath, which, 'till to-night,
I ne'er might ſay before: When I came back,

[1] coold [8] looſe [11] and guard of [13] league

(For this was brief) I found them cloſe together,
At blow, and thruſt; even as again they were,
When you yourſelf did part them.
More of this matter can I not report:—
But men are men; the beſt ſometimes forget:
Though *Caſſio* did ſome little wrong to him,—
As men in rage ſtrike those that wiſh them beſt,—
Yet, ſurely, *Caſſio*, I believe, receiv'd,
From him that fled, ſome ſtrange indignity,
Which patience could not paſs.
Oth. I know, *Iago*,
Thy honeſty and love doth mince this matter,
Making it light to *Caſſio*:—*Caſſio*, I love thee;
But never more be officer of mine.—
Enter Desdemona, *attended.*
Look, if my gentle love be not rais'd up;—
I'll make thee an example.
Des. What is the matter, dear?
Oth. All's well now, ſweeting:
Come, let's away to bed.—Sir, [*to* Mon.] for your hurts,
Myſelf will be your ſurgeon:—lead him off.—
[*Exeunt Some with* Montano.
Iago, look with care about the town;
And ſilence those whom this vile brawl diſtracted.—
Come, *Desdemona*; 'tis the ſoldiers' life,
To have their balmy ſlumbers wak'd with ſtrife.
[*Exit*; *with* Des. *Gen.* &c.
Iag. What, are you hurt, lieutenant?
Cas. Ay, paſt all ſurgery.
Iag. Marry, heaven forbid!
Cas. Reputation, reputation, I have loſt my reputation; I have loſt the immortal part of myſelf, and what

remains is beſtial.—My reputation, *Iago*, my reputation.

IAG. As I am an honeſt man, I thought you had receiv'd ſome bodily wound; there is more ſenſe in that, than in reputation. Reputation is an idle and moſt falſe imposition; oft got without merit, and loſt without deserving: You have loſt no reputation at all, unleſs you repute yourſelf ſuch a loser. What, man! there are ways to recover the general again: You are but now caſt in his mood, a puniſhment more in policy than in malice; even ſo as one would beat his offenceleſs dog, to affright an imperious lion: ſue to him again, and he's yours.

CAS. I will rather ſue to be deſpis'd, than to deceive ſo good a commander, with ſo ſlight, ſo drunken, and ſo indiſcreet an officer. Drunk? and ſpeak parrat? and ſquabble? ſwagger? ſwear? and diſcourſe fuſtian with one's own ſhadow?—O thou invisible ſpirit of wine, if thou haſt no name to be known by, let us call thee—devil.

IAG. What was he that you follow'd with your ſword? What had he done to you?

CAS. I know not.

IAG. Is't poſſible?

CAS. I remember a maſs of things, but nothing diſtinctly; a quarrel, but nothing wherefore.—O, that men ſhould put an enemy in their mouths, to ſteal away their brains! that we ſhould, with joy, revel, pleasure, and applause, tranſform ourſelves into beaſts!

IAG. Why, but you are now well enough; How came you thus recover'd?

CAS. It hath pleas'd the devil, drunkenneſs, to give place to the devil, wrath: one unperfectneſs ſhews me another, to make me frankly deſpise myſelf.

Iag. Come, you are too ſevere a moraler: As the time, the place, and the condition of this country ſtands, I could heartily wiſh this had not befall'n; but, ſince it is as it is, mend it for your own good.

Cas. I will aſk him for my place again; he ſhall tell me, I am a drunkard: had I as many mouths as *Hydra*, ſuch an anſwer would ſtop them all. To be now a ſenſible man, by and by a fool, and presently a beaſt! o ſtrange! Every inordinate cup is unbleſt, and the ingredience is a devil.

Iag. Come, come, good wine is a good familiar creature, if it be well us'd; exclaim no more againſt it. And, good lieutenant, I think, you think I love you:

Cas. I have well approved it, ſir. — I drunk!

Iag. You, or any man living, may be drunk at ſome time, man. I'll tell you what you ſhall do: Our general's wife is now the general; — I may ſay ſo in this reſpect, for that he hath devoted and given up himſelf to the contemplation, mark, and denotement, of her parts and graces: — confeſs yourſelf freely to her, impórtune her help to put you in your place again; ſhe is of ſo free, ſo kind, ſo apt, ſo bleſſed a diſposition, that ſhe holds it a vice in her goodneſs, not to do more than ſhe is requeſted: This broken joint, between you and her husband, entreat her to ſplinter; and, my fortunes againſt any lay worth naming, this crack of your love ſhall grow ſtronger than it was before.

Cas. You advise me well.

Iag. I proteſt, in the ſincerity of love, and honeſt kindneſs.

Cas. I think it freely; and, betimes in the morning, I will beſeech the virtuous *Desdemona* to undertake for

---

[19] devotement

me: I am deſperate of my fortunes, if they check me here.

Iag. You are in the right. Good night, lieutenant; I muſt to the watch.

Cas. Good night, honeſt *Iago*. [*Exit* Cassio.

Iag. And what's he then, that ſays—I play the villain?
When this advice is free I give, and honeſt,
Probable to thinking, and (indeed) the courſe
To win the *Moor* again? For 'tis moſt easy,
The inclining *Desdemona* to ſubdue
In any honeſt ſuit; ſhe's fram'd as fruitful
As the free elements: And then for her
To win the *Moor*,—were't to renounce his baptism,
All ſeals and ſymbols of redeemed ſin,—
His ſoul is ſo enfetter'd to her love,
That ſhe may make, unmake, do what ſhe liſt,
Even as her appetite ſhall play the god
With his weak function. How am I then a villain,
To counſel *Caſſio* to this parallel courſe,
Directly to his good? Divinity of hell!
When devils will the blackeſt ſins put on,
They do ſuggeſt at firſt with heavenly ſhews,
As I do now: For, while this honeſt fool
Plies *Desdemona* to repair his fortunes,
And ſhe for him pleads ſtrongly to the *Moor*,
I'll pour this peſtilence into his ear,—
That ſhe repeals him for her body's luſt;
And, by how much ſhe ſtrives to do him good,
She ſhall undo her credit with the *Moor*.
So will I turn her virtue into pitch;
And out of her own goodneſs make the net,

That ſhall enmeſh them all.—How now, *Roderigo?*

Enter RODERIGO.

ROD. I do follow here in the chace, not like a hound that hunts, but one that fills up the cry. My money is almoſt ſpent; I have been to-night exceedingly well cudgel'd; and, I think, the iſſue will be—I ſhall have ſo much experience for my pains: and ſo, with no money at all, and a little more wit, return again to *Venice.*

IAG. How poor are they, that have not patience!—
What wound did ever heal, but by degrees?
Thou know'ſt, we work by wit, and not by witchcraft;
And wit depends on dilatory time.
Does't not go well? *Caſſio* hath beaten thee,
And thou, by that ſmall hurt, haſt caſhier'd *Caſſio:*
Though other things grow fair againſt the ſun,
Yet fruits, that bloſſom firſt, will firſt be ripe:
Content thyſelf a while.—By th' maſs, 'tis morning;
Pleasure, and action, make the hours ſeem ſhort.—
Retire thee, go where thou art billeted:
Away, I ſay; thou ſhalt know more hereafter:
Nay, get thee gone.— [*Exit* RODERIGO.
Two things are to be done,—
My wife muſt move for *Caſſio* to her miſtreſs,
I'll ſet her on;
Myſelf, the while, to draw the *Moor* apart,
And bring him jump when he may *Caſſio* find
Soliciting his wife: Ay, that's the way;
Dull not device by coldneſs and delay. [*Exit.*

ACT III.

SCENE I. *The ſame. Before the Caſtle.*

25 myſelfe, a while,

Enter Cassio, *and ſome* Musicians.

Cas. Maſters, play here, I will content your pains,
Something that's brief; and bid—good morrow, general.
[*Muſick.*

Enter Clown.

Clo. Why, maſters, have your inſtruments been at *Naples*, that they play i'th' noſe thus?

1. *M.* How, ſir, how!

Clo. Are theſe, I pray you, wind inſtruments?

1. *M.* Ay, marry, are they, ſir.

Clo. O, thereby hangs a tale.

1. *M.* Whereby hangs a tale, ſir?

Clo. Marry, ſir, by many a wind inſtrument that I know. But, maſters, here's † money for you: and the general ſo likes your muſick, that he desires you, for love's ſake, to make no more noiſe with it.

1. *M.* Well, ſir, we will not.

Clo. If you have any muſick that may not be heard, to't again: but, as they ſay, to hear muſick, the general does not greatly care.

1. *M.* We have none ſuch, ſir.

Clo. Then put up your pipes in your bag, for I'll away: Go; vaniſh into air; away. [*Exeunt* Muſicians.

Cas. Doſt thou hear, my honeſt friend?

Clo. No, I hear not your honeſt friend; I hear you.

Cas. Pr'ythee, keep up thy quillets. There's a poor piece of gold † for thee: if the gentlewoman that attends the general's wife, be ſtirring, tell her, there's one *Caſſio* entreats her a little favour of ſpeech: Wilt thou do this?

Clo. She is ſtirring, ſir; if ſhe will ſtir hither, I ſhall ſeem to notify unto her. [*Exit.*

Enter IAGO.

CAS. Do, my good friend.—In happy time, *Iago.*
IAG. You have not been a-bed then?
CAS. Why, no; the day had broke
Before we parted. I have made bold, *Iago,*
To ſend in to your wife: My ſuit to her
Is, that ſhe will to virtuous *Desdemona*
Procure me ſome acceſs.
IAG. I'll ſend her to you presently:
And I'll devise a mean to draw the *Moor*
Out of the way, that your converſe and buſineſs
May be more free.
CAS. I humbly thank you for't.— [*Exit* IAGO.
I never knew a man more kind, and honeſt.

Enter EMILIA.

EMI. Good morrow, good lieutenant: I am ſorry
For your diſpleasure; but all will ſoon be well.
The general, and his wife, are talking of it;
And ſhe ſpeaks for you ſtoutly: The *Moor* replies,
That he, you hurt, is of great fame in *Cyprus,*
And great affinity; and that, in wholſome wisdom,
He might not but refuse: but, he proteſts, he loves you;
And needs no other ſuitor, but his likings,
To take the ſaf'ſt occasion by the front,
To bring you in again.
CAS. Yet, I beſeech you,—
If you think fit, or that it may be done,—
Give me advantage of ſome brief diſcourſe
With *Desdemona* alone.
EMI. Pray you, come in;
I will beſtow you where you ſhall have time
To ſpeak your bosom freely.

Cas. I am much bound to you. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II. *The ſame. A Room in the ſame.*

Enter OTHELLO, IAGO, *and ſome* Gentlemen.

Oth. These letters † give, *Iago*, to the pilot;
And, by him, do my duties to the ſtate:
That done, I will be walking on the works,
Repair there to me.
Iag. Well, my good lord, I'll do't.
Oth. This fortification, gentlemen,—ſhall we ſee't?
Gen. We'll wait upon your lordſhip. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III. *The ſame. Before the Caſtle.*

Enter DESDEMONA, CASSIO, *and* EMILIA.

Des. Be thou aſſur'd, good *Caſſio*, I will do
All my abilities in thy behalf.
Emi. Good madam, do; I warr'nt, it grieves my huſband,
As if the caſe were his.
Des. O, that's an honeſt fellow.—Do not doubt, *Caſſio*,
But I will have my lord and you again
As friendly as you were.
Cas. Moſt bounteous madam,
Whatever ſhall become of *Michael Caſſio*,
He's never any thing but your true ſervant.
Des. O, ſir, I thank you: You do love my lord;
You have known him long; and be you well aſſur'd,
He ſhall in ſtrangeneſs ſtand no farther off,
Than in a politick diſtance.
Cas. Ay, but, lady,
That policy may either laſt ſo long,
Or feed upon ſuch nice and wat'riſh diet,

Or breed itſelf ſo out of circumſtance,
That, I being abſent, and my place ſupply'd,
My general will forget my love and ſervice.
Des. Do not doubt that; before *Emilia* here,
I give thee warrant of thy place: aſſure thee,
If I do vow a friendſhip, I'll perform it
To the laſt article: my lord ſhall never reſt,
I'll watch him tame, and talk him out of patience;
His bed ſhall ſeem a ſchool, his board a ſhrift;
I'll intermingle every thing he does
With *Caſſio*'s ſuit: Therefore be merry, *Caſſio*;
For thy ſollicitor ſhall rather die,
Than give thy cause away.

Enter OTHELLO, *at a Diſtance*;
IAGO *with him.*

Emi. Madam, here comes my lord.
Cas. Madam, I'll take my leave.
Des. Why, ſtay, and hear me ſpeak.
Cas. Madam, not now; I am very ill at ease,
Unfit for mine own purposes.
Des. Well, well,
Do your diſcretion. [*Exit* CASSIO.
Iag. Ha! I like not that.
Oth. What doſt thou ſay?
Iag. Nothing, my lord: Or if—I know not what.
Oth. Was not that *Caſſio*, parted from my wife?
Iag. *Caſſio*, my lord? No, ſure, I cannot think it,
That he would ſteal away ſo guilty-like,
Seeing you coming.
Oth. I do believe, 'twas he.
Des. How now, my lord? [*going towards him.*
I have been talking with a ſuitor here,

A man that languiſhes in your diſpleaſure.
Oth. Who is't, you mean?
Des. Why, your lieutenant *Caſſio.* Good my lord,
If I have any grace, or power to move you,
His preſent reconciliation take;
For, if he be not one that truly loves you,
That errs in ignorance, and not in cunning,
I have no judgment in an honeſt face:
I pr'ythee, call him back.
Oth. Went he hence now?
Des. Ay, ſooth; ſo humbl'd,
That he hath left part of his grief with me,
To ſuffer with him: Good love, call him back.
Oth. Not now, ſweet *Desdemona*; ſome other time.
Des. But ſhall't be ſhortly?
Oth. The ſooner, ſweet, for you.
Des. Shall't be to-night at ſupper?
Oth. No, not to-night.
Des. To-morrow dinner then?
Oth. I ſhall not dine at home;
I meet the captains at the citadel.
Des. Why then, to-morrow night; or tueſday morn;
Or tueſday noon, or night; or we'nſday morn;—
I pray thee, name the time; but let it not
Exceed three days: In faith, he's penitent;
And yet his treſpaſs, in our common reaſon,
(Save that, they ſay, the war muſt make examples
Out of her beſt) is not almoſt a fault
To incur a private check: When ſhall he come?
Tell me, *Othello.* I wonder in my ſoul,
What you could aſk me, that I ſhould deny,
Or ſtand ſo mamm'ring on. What! *Michael Caſſio,*

[27] warres

That came a wooing with you; and many a time,
When I have ſpoke of you diſpraisingly,
Hath ta'en your part; to have ſo much to do
To bring him in! Truſt me, I could do much,—
Oth. Pr'ythee, no more: let him come when he will;
I will deny thee nothing.
Des. Why, this is not a boon;
'Tis as I ſhould entreat you wear your gloves,
Or feed on nouriſhing diſhes, or keep you warm,
Or ſue to you to do peculiar profit
To your own perſon: Nay, when I have a ſuit,
Wherein I mean to touch your love indeed,
It ſhall be full of poize and difficulty,
And fearful to be granted.
Oth. I will deny thee nothing:
Whereon, I do beſeech thee, grant me this,—
To leave me but a little to myſelf.
Des. Shall I deny you? no: Farewel, my lord.
Oth. Farewel, my *Desdemona:* I will come to thee ſtraight.
Des. *Emilia*, come:— Be it as your fancies teach you;
Whate'er you be, I am obedient. [*Exit, with* Emi.

Oth. Excellent wretch! Perdition catch my ſoul,
But I do love thee! and when I love thee not,
Chaos is come again.
Iag. My noble lord,—
Oth. What doſt thou ſay, *Iago?*
Iag. Did *Michael Caſſio*, when you woo'd my lady,
Know of your love?
Oth. He did, from firſt to laſt: Why doſt thou aſk?
Iag. But for a ſatiſfaction of my thought,

[1] and ſo many [10] do a peculiar

No further harm.
Oth. Why of thy thought, *Iago?*
Iag. I did not think, he had been acquainted with it.
Oth. O, yes; and went between us very oft.
Iag. Indeed?
Oth. Indeed? ay, indeed; Diſcern'ſt thou aught in that?
Is he not honeſt?
Iag. Honeſt, my lord?
Oth. Honeſt? ay, honeſt.
Iag. My lord, for aught I know.
Oth. What doſt thou think?
Iag. Think, my lord?
Oth. Think, my lord?—By heaven, he ecchoes me,
As if there were ſome monſter in his thought,
Too hideous to be ſhewn.—Thou doſt mean ſomething:
I heard thee ſay but now,—Thou lik'dſt not that,
When *Caſſio* left my wife; What didſt not like?
And, when I told thee,—he was of my counſel,
In my whole courſe of wooing, thou cry'dſt, *Indeed?*
And didſt contract and purſe thy brow together,
As if thou then hadſt ſhut up in thy brain
Some horrible conceit: If thou doſt love me,
Shew me thy thought.
Iag. My lord, you know I love you.
Oth. I think, thou doſt;
And,—for I know thou'rt full of love and honeſty,
And weigh'ſt thy words before thou giv'ſt them breath,—
Therefore these ſtops of thine fright me the more:
For ſuch things, in a falſe diſloyal knave,
Are tricks of cuſtom; but, in a man that's juſt,
They are cloſe denotements, working from the heart,

That paſſion cannot rule.
Iag. For *Michael Caſſio*,—
I dare be ſworn, I think that he is honeſt.
Oth. I think ſo too.
Iag. Men ſhould be what they ſeem;
Or, those that be not, 'would they might ſeem none.
Oth. Certain, men ſhould be what they ſeem.
Iag. Why then, I think *Caſſio*'s an honeſt man.
Oth. Nay, yet there's more in this:
I pray thee, ſpeak to me as to thy thinkings,
As thou doſt ruminate; and give thy worſt of thoughts
The worſt of words.
Iag. Good my lord, pardon me;
Though I am bound to every act of duty,
I am not bound to that all ſlaves are free to.
Utter my thoughts? Why, ſay, they are vile and falſe,—
As where's that palace, whereinto foul things
Sometimes intrude not? who has a breaſt ſo pure,
But ſome uncleanly apprehenſions
Keep leets, and law-days, and in ſeſſion ſit
With meditations lawful?
Oth. Thou doſt conſpire againſt thy friend, *Iago*,
If thou but think'ſt him wrong'd, and mak'ſt his ear
A ſtranger to thy thoughts.
Iag. I do beſeech you,
Though I (perchance) am vicious in my gueſs,
(As, I confeſs, it is my nature's plague,
To ſpy into abuſes; and, oft, my jealouſy
Shapes faults that are not) that your wisdom yet,
From one that ſo imperfectly conceits,
Would take no notice; nor build yourſelf a trouble
Out of his ſcattering and unſure observance:—

It were not for your quiet, nor your good,
Nor for my manhood, honeſty, or wiſdom,
To let you know my thoughts.
Oth. What doſt thou mean?
Iag. Good name, in man, and woman, dear my lord,
Is the immediate jewel of their ſouls:
Who ſteals my purſe, ſteals traſh; 'tis ſomething, nothing;
'Twas mine, 'tis his, and has been ſlave to thouſands;
But he, that filches from me my good name,
Robs me of that, which not enriches him,
And makes me poor indeed.
Oth. I'll know thy thought.
Iag. You cannot, if my heart were in your hand;
Nor ſhall not, whilſt 'tis in my cuſtody.
Oth. Ha!
Iag. O, beware, my lord, of jealouſy;
It is the green-ey'd monſter, which doth make
The meat it feeds on: That cuckold lives in bliſs,
Who, certain of his fate, loves not his wronger;
But, o, what damned minutes tells he o'er,
Who dotes, yet doubts, ſuſpects, yet ſtrongly loves?
Oth. O miſery!
Iag. Poor, and content, is rich, and rich enough;
But riches, fineleſs, is as poor as winter,
To him that ever fears he ſhall be poor:—
Good heaven, the ſouls of all my tribe defend
From jealouſy!
Oth. Why, why is this, Iago?
Think'ſt thou, I'd make a life of jealouſy,
To follow ſtill the changes of the moon
With freſh ſuſpicions? No; to be once in doubt,
Is—once to be reſolv'd: Exchange me for a goat,

17 mocke

When I ſhall turn the buſineſs of my ſoul
To ſuch exufflicate and blown ſurmises,
Matching thy inference. 'Tis not to make me jealous,
To ſay—my wife is fair, feeds well, loves company,
Is free of ſpeech, ſings, plays, and dances well;
Where virtue is, these are more virtuous:
Nor from mine own weak merits will I draw
The ſmalleſt fear, or doubt of her revolt;
For ſhe had eyes, and choſe me: No, *Iago*;
I'll ſee, before I doubt; when I doubt, prove;
And, on the proof, there is no more but this,—
Away at once with love, or jealouſy.

Iag. I am glad of this; for now I ſhall have reason,
To ſhew the love and duty that I bear you
With franker ſpirit: therefore, as I am bound,
Receive it from me:—I ſpeak not yet of proof.
Look to your wife, obſerve her well with *Caſſio*;
Wear your eye—thus, not jealous, nor ſecure:
I would not have your free and noble nature,
Out of ſelf-bounty, be abus'd; look to't:
I know our country diſpoſition well;
In *Venice* they do let heaven ſee the pranks,
They dare not ſhew their husbands; their beſt conſcience
Is—not to leave undone, but keep unknown.

Oth. Doſt thou ſay ſo?

Iag. She did deceive her father, marrying you;
And, when ſhe ſeem'd to ſhake, and fear your looks,
She lov'd them moſt.

Oth. And ſo ſhe did.

Iag. Go to, then;
She that, ſo young, could give out ſuch a ſeeming,
To ſeel her father's eyes up, cloſe as oak,—

He thought, 'twas witchcraft:—But I am much to blame;
I humbly do beſeech you of your pardon,
For too much loving you.
Oth. I am bound to thee for ever.
Iag. I ſee, this hath a little daſh'd your ſpirits.
Oth. Not a jot, not a jot.
Iag. Truſt me, I fear it has.
I hope, you will conſider, what is ſpoke
Comes from my love:—But, I do ſee, you are mov'd;
I am to pray you, not to ſtrain my ſpeech
To groſſer iſſues, nor to larger reach,
Than to ſuſpicion.
Oth. I will not.
Iag. Should you do ſo, my lord,
My ſpeech ſhould fall into ſuch vile ſucceſs
As my thoughts aim not at. *Caſſio*'s my worthy friend:—
My lord, I ſee, you are mov'd.
Oth. No, not much mov'd:
I do not think, but *Desdemona*'s honeſt.
Iag. Long live ſhe ſo! and long live you to think ſo!
Oth. And yet, how nature, erring from itſelf,—
Iag. Ay, there's the point: As,—to be bold with you,—
Not to affect many proposed matches,
Of her own clime, complexion, and degree;
Whereto, we ſee, in all things nature tends:
Foh! one may ſmell, in ſuch, a will moſt rank,
Foul diſproportion, thoughts unnatural.
But pardon me; I do not, in position,
Diſtinctly ſpeak of her: though I may fear,
Her will, recoiling to her better judgment,
May fall to match you with her country forms,

And (hapily) repent.
Oth. Farewel, farewel:
If more thou doſt perceive, let me know more;
Set on thy wife to observe: Leave me, *Iago.*
Iag. My lord, I take my leave. [*as going.*
Oth. Why did I marry?—This honeſt creature, doubtleſs,
Sees and knows more, much more, than he unfolds.
Iag. My lord, [*returns.*] I would, I might entreat your honour
To ſcan this thing no farther; leave it to time.
And though 'tis fit that *Caſſio* have his place,
(For, ſure, he fills it up with great ability)
Yet, if you please to hold him off a while,
You ſhall by that perceive him and his means:
Note, if your lady ſtrain his entertainment
With any ſtrong or vehement importunity;
Much will be ſeen in that. In the mean time,
Let me be thought too busy in my fears,
(As worthy cause I have, to fear—I am)
And hold her free, I do beſeech your honour.
Oth. Fear not my government.
Iag. I once more take my leave. [*Exit.*
Oth. This fellow's of exceeding honeſty,
And knows all qualities, with a learned ſpirit,
Of human dealings: If I do prove her haggard,
Though that her jeſſes were my dear heart-ſtrings,
I'd whiſtle her off, and let her down the wind,
To prey at fortune. Haply, for I am black;
And have not those ſoft parts of converſation,
That chamberers have: Or, for I am declin'd
Into the vale of years;—yet that's not much.

She's gone; I am abus'd; and my relief
Muſt be—to loath her. O curſe of marriage,
That we can call these delicate creatures ours,
And not their appetites! I had rather be a toad,
And live upon the vapour of a dungeon,
Than keep a corner in the thing I love
For others' uſes. Yet, 'tis the plague of great ones;
Prerogativ'd are they leſs than the baſe:
'Tis deſtiny unſhunnable, like death;
Even then this forked plague is fated to us,
When we do quicken. *Desdemona* comes:

Enter DESDEMONA, *and* EMILIA.

If ſhe be falſe, o, then heaven mocks itſelf!
I'll not believe't.

DES. How now, my dear *Othello?*
Your dinner, and the generous islanders
By you invited, do attend your presence.

OTH. I am to blame.

DES. Why is your ſpeech ſo faint? are you not well?

OTH. I have a pain upon my forehead here.

DES. Why, that's with watching; 'twill away again:
Let me but bind it hard, within this hour
It will be well. [*goes to do it with a Handkerchief.*

OTH. Your napkin is too little;
[*putting it from him, and it drops.*
Let it alone. Come, I'll go in with you.
[*Exeunt* OTHELLO, *and* DESDEMONA.

EMI. I am glad, I have found this napkin;
[*picking it up.*
This was her firſt remembrance from the *Moor:*
My wayward husband hath a hundred times
Woo'd me to ſteal it; but ſhe ſo loves the token,

(For he conjur'd her, ſhe ſhould ever keep it)
That ſhe reserves it evermore about her,
To kiſs, and talk to. I'll have the work ta'en out,
And give't *Iago:*
What he will do with it, heaven knows, not I;
I nothing, but to please his fantaſy.

Enter IAGO.

IAG. How now! what do you here alone?

EMI. Do not you chide; I have a thing for you.

IAG. A thing for me?—it is a common thing:

EMI. Ha!

IAG. To have a fooliſh wife.

EMI. O, is that all? What will you give me now
For that ſame handkerchief?

IAG. What handkerchief?

EMI. What handkerchief?
Why, that the *Moor* firſt gave to *Desdemona;*
That which ſo often you did bid me ſteal.

IAG. Haſt ſtole it from her?

EMI. No; but ſhe let it drop by negligence;
And, to the advantage, I, being here, took't up:
Look, here†it is.

IAG. A good wench; give it me. [*ſnatching it.*

EMI. What will you do with't, that you have been ſo earneſt
To have me filch it?

IAG. Why, what's that to you?

EMI. If't be not for ſome purpose of import,
Give't me again: Poor lady! ſhe'll run mad,
When ſhe ſhall lack it.

IAG. Be not you known on't; I have uſe for it.
Go, leave me. [*Exit* EMILIA.

I will in *Caſſio*'s lodging lose this napkin,
And let him find it: Trifles, light as air,
Are, to the jealous, confirmations ſtrong
As proofs of holy writ. This may do ſomething.
The *Moor* already changes with my poison:—
Dangerous conceits are, in their natures, poisons;
Which, at the firſt, are ſcarce found to diſtaſte;
But, with a little act upon the blood,
Burn like the mines of ſulphur. I did ſay ſo:

Enter OTHELLO, *at a Diſtance.*

Look, where he comes! Not poppy, nor mandragora,
Nor all the drowzy ſyrops of the world,
Shall ever med'cine thee to that ſweet ſleep
Which thou ow'dſt yeſterday.
OTH. Ha! falſe to me?
IAG. Why, how now, general? no more of that.
OTH. Avant! be gone! thou haſt ſet me on the rack:—
I ſwear, 'tis better to be much abus'd,
Than but to know't a little.
IAG. How now, my lord?
OTH. What ſenſe had I of her ſtoln hours of luſt?
I ſaw't not, thought it not, it harm'd not me:
I ſlept the next night well, was free, and merry;
I found not *Caſſio*'s kiſſes on her lips:
He that is rob'd, not wanting what is ſtoln,
Let him not know't, and he's not rob'd at all.
IAG. I am ſorry to hear this.
OTH. I had been happy, if the general camp,
Pioners and all, had taſted her ſweet body,
So I had nothing known: O now, for ever,
Farewel the tranquil mind! farewel content!
Farewel the plumed troops; and the big war,

32 warres

That makes ambition virtue! o, farewel!
Farewel the neighing ſteed, and the ſhrill trump,
The ſpirit-ſtirring drum, th' ear-piercing fife,
The royal banner; and all quality,
Pride, pomp, and circumſtance of glorious war!
And o you mortal engines, whose rude throats
The immortal *Jove*'s dread clamours counterfeit,
Farewel! *Othello*'s occupation's gone!
Iag. Is't poſſible?_My lord,—
Oth. Villain, be ſure thou prove my love a whore;
[*taking him by the Throat.*
Be ſure of it; give me the ocular proof;
Or, by the worth of my eternal ſoul,
Thou hadſt been better have been born a dog,
Than anſwer my wak'd wrath.
Iag. Is't come to this?
Oth. Make me to ſee't; or (at the leaſt) ſo prove it,
That the probation bear no hindge, nor loop,
To hang a doubt on; or woe upon thy life!
Iag. My noble lord,—
Oth. If thou doſt ſlander her, and torture me,
Never pray more: abandon all remorſe;
On horror's head horrors accumulate;
Do deeds to make heaven weep, all earth amaz'd;
For nothing canſt thou to damnation add,
Greater than that.
Iag. O grace! o heaven defend me!_
Are you a man? have you a ſoul, or ſenſe?—
God be wi' you; take mine office._O wretched fool,
That lov'ſt to make thine honeſty a vice!_
O monſtrous world!—Take note, take note, o world,
To be direct and honeſt, is not ſafe._

I thank you for this profit; and, from hence,
I'll love no friend, ſith love breeds ſuch offence.
Oth. Nay, ſtay:—Thou ſhould'ſt be honeſt.
Iag. I ſhould be wiſe; for honeſty's a fool,
And loſes that it works for.
Oth. By the world,
I think my wife is honeſt, think ſhe is not;
I think that thou art juſt, and think thou art not;
I'll have ſome proof: Her name, that was as freſh
As *Dian*'s viſage, is now begrim'd and black
As mine own face.—If there be cords, or knives,
Poiſon, or fire, or ſuffocating ſtreams,
I'll not endure't.—'Would, I were ſatiſfy'd!
Iag. I ſee, ſir, you are eaten up with paſſion;
I do repent me, that I put it to you.
You would be ſatiſfy'd?
Oth. Would? nay, I will.
Iag. And may; But, how? how ſatiſfy'd, my lord?
Would you, the ſupervisor, groſly gape on?
Behold her tupp'd?
Oth. Death and damnation! Oh!
Iag. It were a tedious difficulty, I think,
To bring 'em to that proſpect: Damn 'em then,
If ever mortal eyes do ſee them bolſter,
More than their own! *What then? how then, ſay you?*
Where's ſatiſfaction? What ſhall I ſay?
It is impoſſible, you ſhould ſee this;
Were they as prime as goats, as hot as monkies,
As ſalt as wolves in pride, and fools as groſs
As ignorance made drunk: But yet, I ſay,
If imputation, and ſtrong circumſtances,—
Which lead directly to the door of truth,—

[7] honeſt, and thinke [20] topp'd [26] v. *Notes.*

Will give you ſatiſfaction, you may have't.
Oth. Give me a living reaſon ſhe's diſloyal.
Iag. I do not like the office:
But, ſith I am enter'd in this cauſe ſo far,—
Prick'd to't by fooliſh honeſty, and love,—
I will go on. I lay with *Caſſio* lately;
And, being troubl'd with a raging tooth,
I could not ſleep. There are a kind of men
So looſe of ſoul, that in their ſleeps will mutter
Of their affairs: One of this kind is *Caſſio.*
In ſleep I heard him ſay,—*Sweet* Desdemona,
Let us be wary, let us hide our loves:
And then, ſir, would he gripe and wring my hand;
Cry,—*O ſweet creature!* and then kiſs me hard,
As if he pluck'd up kiſſes by the roots,
That grew upon my lips: then lay'd his leg
Over my thigh, and ſigh'd, and kiſſ'd; and then
Cry'd—*Curſed fate, that gave thee to the* Moor!
Oth. O monſtrous! monſtrous!
Iag. Nay, this was but his dream.
Oth. But this denoted a fore-gone concluſion;
'Tis a ſhrewd doubt, though it be but a dream.
Iag. And this may help to thicken other proofs,
That do demonſtrate thinly.
Oth. I'll tear her all to pieces.
Iag. Nay, but be wiſe: yet we ſee nothing done;
She may be honeſt yet. Tell me but this,—
Have you not ſometime ſeen a handkerchief,
Spotted with ſtrawberries, in your wife's hand?
Oth. I gave her ſuch a one; 'twas my firſt gift.
Iag. I know not that: but ſuch a handkerchief,
(I am ſure, it was your wife's) did I to-day

See *Caſſio* wipe his beard with.
Oth. If't be that,—
Iag. If it be that, or any, if 'twas hers,
It ſpeaks againſt her, with the other proofs.
Oth. O, that the ſlave had forty thouſand lives;
One is too poor, too weak for my revenge!
Now do I ſee 'tis true.—Look here, *Iago*;
All my fond love thus do I blow to heaven:
'Tis † gone.—
Ariſe, black vengeance, from the hollow hell!
Yield up, o love, thy crown, and hearted throne,
To tyrannous hate! ſwell, boſom, with thy fraught,
For 'tis of aſpicks' tongues!
Iag. Pray, be content.
Oth. O, blood, *Iago*, blood!
Iag. Patience, I ſay; your mind, perhaps, may change.
Oth. Never, *Iago*: Like to the *Pontick* ſea,
Whoſe icy current and compulſive courſe
Ne'er feels retiring ebb, but keeps due on
To the *Propontick* and the *Helleſpont*;
Even ſo my bloody thoughts, with violent pace,
Shall ne'er look back, ne'er ebb to humble love,
'Till that a capable and wide revenge
Swallow them up. Now, by yond' marble heaven,
[*kneeling.*
In the due reverence of a ſacred vow,
I here engage my words.
Iag. Do not riſe yet.— [*kneels too.*
Witneſs, you ever-burning lights above,—
You elements that clip us round about,
Witneſs, that here *Iago* doth give up
The execution of his wit, hand, heart,

To wrong'd *Othello*'s ſervice: let him command,
And to obey ſhall be in me no remorſe,
What bloody buſineſs ever.
Oth. I greet thy love, [*riſing.*
Not with vain thanks, but with acceptance bounteous,
And will upon the inſtant put thee to't:
Within these three days let me hear thee ſay,
That *Caſſio*'s not alive.
Iag. My friend is dead; 'tis done, as you requeſt:
But let her live.
Oth. Damn her, lewd minx, o, damn her!
Come, go with me apart; I will withdraw,
To furniſh me with ſome ſwift means of death
For the fair devil. Now art thou my lieutenant.
Iag. I am your own for ever. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV. *The ſame.*

Enter DESDEMONA, EMILIA, *and* Clown.

Des. Do you know, ſirrah, where lieutenant *Caſſio* lies?

Clo. I dare not ſay, he lies any where.

Des. Why, man?

Clo. He is a ſoldier; and for one to ſay a ſoldier lies, is ſtabbing.

Des. Go to; Where lodges he?

Clo. To tell you where he lodges, is to tell you where I lie.

Des. Can any thing be made of this?

Clo. I know not where he lodges; and for me to deviſe a lodging, and ſay—he lies here, or he lies there, were to lie in my own throat.

Des. Can you enquire him out, and be edify'd by report?

Clo. I will catechize the world for him; that is, make queſtions, and bid them anſwer.

Des. Seek him, bid him come hither: tell him, I have mov'd my lord in his behalf, and hope all will be well.

Clo. To do this, is within the compaſs of man's wit; and therefore I will attempt the doing it. [*Exit.*

Des. Where ſhould I loſe that handkerchief, *Emilia?*

Emi. I know not, madam.

Des. Believe me, I had rather have loſt my purſe,
Full of cruſadoes: And, but my noble *Moor*
Is true of mind, and made of no ſuch baſeneſs
As jealous creatures are, it were enough
To put him to ill-thinking.

Emi. Is he not jealous?

Des. Who, he? I think, the ſun, where he was born,
Drew all ſuch humours from him.

Emi. Look, where he comes.

Enter OTHELLO.

Des. I will not leave him now,
'Till *Caſſio* be call'd to him.—How is't with you, my lord?

Oth. Well, my good lady:—"O hardneſs to diſſemble!"—
How do you, *Desdemona?*

Des. Well, my good lord.

Oth. Give me your hand: This hand is moiſt, my lady.

Des. It yet has felt no age, nor known no ſorrow.

Oth. This argues fruitfulneſs, and liberal heart;—
Hot, hot, and moiſt: This hand of yours requires
A ſequeſter from liberty, faſting and prayer,
Much caſtigation, exercise devout;
For here's a young and ſweating devil here,

That commonly rebels. 'Tis a good hand,
A frank one too.
Des. You may indeed ſay ſo;
For 'twas that hand that gave away my heart.
Oth. A liberal hand: The hands of old gave hearts;
But our new heraldry is—hands, not hearts.
Des. I cannot ſpeak of this. Come now, your promise.
Oth. What promiſe, chuck?
Des. I have ſent to bid *Caſſio* come ſpeak with you.
Oth. I have a ſalt and ſorry rheum offends me;
Lend me thy handkerchief.
Des. Here,† my lord.
Oth. That which I gave you.
Des. I have it not about me.
Oth. Not?
Des. No, indeed, my lord.
Oth. That is a fault: That handkerchief
Did an *Egyptian* to my mother give:
She was a charmer, and could almoſt read
The thoughts of people: ſhe told her, while ſhe kept it,
'Twould make her amiable, and ſubdue my father
Entirely to her love; but, if ſhe loſt it,
Or made a gift of it, my father's eye
Should hold her loathly, and his ſpirits ſhould hunt
After new fancies: She, dying, gave it me;
And bid me, when my fate would have me wive,
To give it her. I did ſo: and take heed on't,
Make it a darling like your precious eye;
To loſe't, or give't away, were ſuch perdition,
As nothing elſe could match.
Des. Is't poſſible?
Oth. 'Tis true; there's magick in the web of it:

5 hearts of old gave hands

A ſybil, that had number'd in the world
The ſun to courſe two hundred compaſſes,
In her prophetick fury ſow'd the work:
The worms were hallow'd, that did breed the ſilk;
And it was dy'd in mummy, which the ſkilful
Conſerv'd of maidens' hearts.

Des. Indeed? is't true?

Oth. Moſt veritable; therefore look to't well.

Des. Then 'would to heaven, that I had never ſeen't!

Oth. Ha! wherefore?

Des. Why do you ſpeak ſo ſtartingly and raſh?

Oth. Is't loſt? is't gone? ſpeak, is it out o' the way?

Des. Bleſs us!

Oth. Say you?

Des. It is not loſt; But what an if it were?

Oth. Ha!

Des. I ſay, it is not loſt.

Oth. Fetch't, let me ſee't.

Des. Why, ſo I can, ſir, but I will not now:
This is a trick, to put me from my ſuit;
I pray, let *Caſſio* be receiv'd again.

Oth. Fetch me that handkerchief: my mind miſgives.

Des. Come, come;
You'll never meet a more ſufficient man:

Oth. The handkerchief.

Des. A man that, all his time,
Hath founded his good fortunes on your love;
Shar'd dangers with you:

Oth. The handkerchief.

Des. In ſooth, you are to blame.

Oth. Away! [*Exit* OTHELLO.

Emi. Is not this man jealous?

Des. I ne'er ſaw this before.
Sure, there's ſome wonder in this handkerchief:
I am moſt unhappy in the loſs of it.
Emi. 'Tis not a year or two ſhews us a man:
They are all but ſtomacks, and we all but food;
They eat us hungerly, and, when they are full,
They belch us. Look you! *Caſſio*, and my husband.
Enter IAGO, *and* CASSIO.
Iag. There is no other way; 'tis ſhe, muſt do't;
And, lo, the happineſs! go, and importune her.
Des. How now, good *Caſſio?* what's the news with you?
Cas. Madam, my former ſuit: I do beſeech you,
That, by your virtuous means, I may again
Exiſt, and be a member of his love,
Whom I, with all the office of my heart,
Entirely honour; I would not be delay'd:
If my offence be of ſuch mortal kind,
That nor my ſervice paſt, nor preſent ſorrows,
Nor purpos'd merit in futurity,
Can ranſom me into his love again,
But to know ſo muſt be my benefit;
So ſhall I cloth me in a forc'd content,
And ſhoot myſelf upon ſome other courſe,
To fortune's alms.
Des. Alas, thrice-gentle *Caſſio*,
My advocation is not now in tune;
My lord is not my lord; nor ſhould I know him,
Were he in favour, as in humour, alter'd.
So help me every ſpirit ſanctify'd,
As I have ſpoken for you all my beſt;
And ſtood within the blank of his diſpleaſure,
For my free ſpeech! You muſt a while be patient:

What I can do, I will; and more I will,
Than for myſelf I dare; let that ſuffice you.
Iag. Is my lord angry?
Emi. He went hence but now,
And, certainly, in ſtrange unquietneſs.
Iag. Can he be angry? I have ſeen, the cannon
When it hath blown his ranks into the air;
And, like the devil, from his very arm
Puff'd his own brother;—And can he be angry?
Something of moment, then: I will go meet him;
There's matter in't indeed, if he be angry.
Des. I pr'ythee, do ſo.—[*Exit* Iag.] Something, ſure, of ſtate,—
Either from *Venice*; or ſome unhatch'd practice,
Made démonſtrable here in *Cyprus* to him,—
Hath puddl'd his clear ſpirit: and, in ſuch caſes,
Men's natures wrangle with inferior things,
Though great ones are their object.
'Tis even ſo; for let our finger ach,
And it endues our other healthful members
Even to that ſenſe of pain: Nay, we muſt think,
Men are not gods;
Nor of them look for ſuch obſervancy
As fits the bridal.—Beſhrew me much, *Emilia*,
I was (unhandſome warrior as I am)
Arraigning his unkindneſs with my ſoul;
But now I find, I had ſuborn'd the witneſs,
And he's indited falſely.
Emi. Pray heaven, it be ſtate matters, as you think;
And no conception, nor no jealous toy,
Concerning you.
Des. Alas, the day! I never gave him cauſe.

Emi. But jealous ſouls will not be anſwer'd ſo;
They are not ever jealous for the cauſe,
But jealous for they are jealous: 'tis a monſter,
Begot upon itſelf, born on itſelf.
Des. Heaven keep the monſter from *Othello*'s mind!
Emi. Lady, amen.
Des. I will go ſeek him.—*Caſſio*, walk hereabout:
If I do find him fit, I'll move your ſuit,
And ſeek to effect it to my uttermoſt. [Emi.
Cas. I humbly thank your ladyſhip. [*Exeunt* Des. *and*
Enter Bianca.
Bia. Save you, friend *Caſſio!*
Cas. What make you from home?
How is it with you, my moſt fair *Bianca?*
Indeed, ſweet love, I was coming to your lodging.
Bia. And I was going to your lodging, *Caſſio.*
What! keep a week away? ſeven days and nights?
Eightſcore eight hours? and lovers' abſent hours,
More tedious than the dial eightſcore times?
O weary reck'ning!
Cas. Pardon me, *Bianca*;
I have this while with leaden thoughts been preſſ'd:
But I ſhall, in a more convenient time,
Strike off this ſcore of abſence. Sweet *Bianca*, [*kerchief.*
Take me this work out. [*giving her* Desdemona'*s Hand-*
Bia. O, *Caſſio*, whence came this?
This is ſome token from a newer friend.
To the felt abſence now I feel a cauſe:
Is't come to this? Well, well.
Cas. Woman, go to!
Throw your vile gueſſes in the devil's teeth,
From whence you have 'em. You are jealous now,

30 Go to, woman

That this is from ſome miſtreſs, ſome remembrance;
No, in good troth, *Bianca.*

Bia. Why, whose is it?

Cas. I know not, neither; I found it in my chamber,
I like the work well; ere it be demanded,
(As like enough, it will) I'd have it copy'd:
Take it, and do't; and leave me, for this time.

Bia. Leave you! wherefore?

Cas. I do attend here on the general;
And think it no addition, nor my wiſh,
To have him ſee me woman'd.

Bia. Why, I pray you?

Cas. Not, that I love you not.

Bia. But that you do not love me.
I pray you, bring me on the way a little;
And ſay, if I ſhall ſee you ſoon at night?

Cas. 'Tis but a little way, that I can bring you,
For I attend here: but I'll ſee you ſoon.

Bia. 'Tis very good; I muſt be circumſtanc'd. [*Exeunt.*

ACT IV.

SCENE I. *The ſame.*

Enter OTHELLO, *and* IAGO, *converſing.*

Iag. Will you think ſo?

Oth. Think ſo, *Iago?*

Iag. What,
To kiſs in private?

Oth. An unauthóriz'd kiſs.

Iag. Or to be naked with her friend in bed,
An hour, or more, not meaning any harm?

Oth. Naked in bed, *Iago*, and not mean harm?
It is hypocriſy againſt the devil:
They that mean virtuouſly, and yet do ſo,
The devil their virtue tempts, and they tempt heaven.
Iag. So they do nothing, 'tis a venial ſlip:
But if I give my wife a handkerchief,—
Oth. What then?
Iag. Why, then 'tis hers, my lord; and, being hers,
She may, I think, beſtow't on any man.
Oth. She is proprietreſs of her honour too;
May ſhe give that?
Iag. Her honour is an eſſence that's not ſeen;
They have it very oft, that have it not:
But, for the handkerchief,—
Oth. By heaven, I would moſt gladly have forgot it:—
Thou ſaid'ſt,—O, it comes o'er my memory,
As doth the raven o'er the infectious houſe,
Boding to all,—he had my handkerchief.
Iag. Ay, what of that?
Oth. That's not ſo good now.
Iag. What if I had ſaid, I had ſeen him do you wrong?
Or heard him ſay,—As knaves be ſuch abroad,
Who having, by their own importunate ſuit,
Or voluntary dotage of ſome miſtreſs,
Convinc'd, or ſuppl'd them, ſtraight cannot choose
But they muſt blab:
Oth. Hath he ſaid any thing?
Iag. He hath, my lord; but, be you well aſſur'd,
No more than he'll unſwear.
Oth. What hath he ſaid?
Iag. Why, that he did,—I know not what he did.
Oth. What? what?

10 protectres 25 ſupplied

Iag. Lye—

Oth. With her?

Iag. With her, on her; what you will.

Oth. Lye with her! lye on her!—We ſay, lie on her, when they bely her; Lye with her! that's fulſome. Handkerchief,—confeſſions—handkerchief. To confeſs, and be hang'd for his labour. Firſt, to be hang'd, and then to confeſs; I tremble at it. Nature would not inveſt herſelf in ſuch ſhadowing paſſion, without ſome induction. It is not words, that ſhakes me thus: Piſh!—Noses, ears, and lips: Is't poſſible?—Confeſs,—Handkerchief,—O devil! [*falls, as in a Fit.*

Iag. Work on, my med'cine, work!—Thus credulous fools are caught;
And many worthy and chaſt dames, even thus,
All guiltleſs meet reproach.—What, ho! my lord!

Enter Cassio.

My lord, I ſay! *Othello!*—How now, *Caſſio?*

Cas. What's the matter?

Iag. My lord is fall'n into an epilepſy;
This is his ſecond fit, he had one yeſterday.

Cas. Rub him about the temples.

Iag. No, forbear;
The lethargy muſt have his quiet courſe:
If not, he foams at mouth; and, by and by,
Breaks out to ſavage madneſs. Look, he ſtirs:
Do you withdraw yourſelf a little while,
He will recover ſtraight; when he is gone,
I would on great occaſion ſpeak with you.—
[*Exit* Cassio.
How is it, general? have you not hurt your head?

Oth. Doſt mock me?

Iag. I mock you! no, by heaven; I mock you not.
'Would, you would bear your fortune like a man.
Oth. A horned man's a monſter, and a beaſt.
Iag. There's many a beaſt then in a populous city,
And many a civil monſter.
Oth. Did he confeſs it?
Iag. Good ſir, be a man;
Think, every bearded fellow, that's but yok'd,
May draw with you: there's millions now alive,
That nightly lye in those unproper beds,
Which they dare ſwear peculiar; your caſe is better.
O, 'tis the ſpite of hell, the fiend's arch-mock,
To lip a wanton in a ſecure couch,
And to ſuppose her chaſt! No, let me know;
And, knowing what I am, I know what ſhe ſhall be.
Oth. O, thou art wise; that's certain.
Iag. Stand you a while apart;
Confine yourſelf but in a patient liſt.
Whilſt you were here o'er-whelmed with your grief,
(A paſſion moſt unfitting ſuch a man)
Caſſio came hither: I ſhifted him away,
And lay'd good 'ſcuſe upon your extaſy;
Bad him anon return, and here ſpeak with me,
The which he promis'd: Do but encave yourſelf,
And mark the fleers, the gybes, and notable ſcorns,
That dwell in every region of his face;
For I will make him tell the tale anew,—
Where, how, how oft, how long ago, and when
He hath, and is again to cope your wife;
I ſay, but mark his geſture Marry, patience;
Or I ſhall ſay, you are all in all a ſpleen,
And nothing of a man.

31 all in Spleene

Oth. Doſt hear, *Iago?*
I will be found moſt cunning in my patience;
But (doſt thou hear?) moſt bloody.
Iag. That's not amiſs;
But yet keep time in all. Will you withdraw?
[Othello *conceals himſelf.*
Now will I queſtion *Caſſio* of *Bianca*,
A huſwife, that, by ſelling her desires,
Buys herſelf bread and cloaths: it is a creature,
That dotes on *Caſſio*,—as 'tis the ſtrumpet's plague,
To beguile many, and be beguil'd by one;—
He, when he hears of her, cannot refrain
From the exceſs of laughter:—Here he comes:—
Enter Cassio, *at a Diſtance.*
As he ſhall ſmile, *Othello* ſhall go mad;
And his unbookiſh jealouſy muſt conſtrue
Poor *Caſſio*'s ſmiles, geſtures, and light behaviour,
Quite in the wrong.—How do you now, lieutenant?
Cas. The worſer, that you give me the addition,
Whose want even kills me.
Iag. Ply *Desdemona* well, and you are ſure on't:
Now, if this ſuit lay in *Bianca*'s power, [*ſpeaking low.*
How quickly ſhould you ſpeed?
Cas. Alas, poor caitiff!
Oth. "Look, how he laughs already!"
Iag. I never knew a woman love man ſo.
Cas. Alas, poor rogue! I think, indeed, ſhe loves me.
Oth. "Now he denies it faintly, and laughs it out."
Iag. Do you hear, *Caſſio?*
Oth. "Now he importunes him"
"To tell it o'er: Go to; well ſaid, well ſaid."
Iag. She gives it out, that you ſhall marry her;

---

[1] Do'ſt thou heare

Do you intend it?

Cas. Ha, ha, ha!

Oth. "Do you triumph, *Roman?* do you triumph?"

Cas. I marry her? what, a cuſtomer! Pr'ythee, bear ſome charity to my wit; do not think it ſo unwholſome. Ha, ha, ha!

Oth. "So, ſo, ſo, ſo: Laugh, that wins."

Iag. Why, the cry goes, that you ſhall marry her.

Cas. Pr'ythee, ſay true.

Iag. I am a very villain elſe.

Oth. "Have you ſcor'd me? Well."

Cas. This is the monkey's own giving out: ſhe is perſuaded, I will marry her, out of her own love and flattery, not out of my promiſe.

Oth. "*Iago* beckons me; now he begins the ſtory."

Cas. She was here even now; ſhe haunts me in every place. I was, the other day, talking on the ſea-bank with certain *Venetians*; and thither comes the bauble, and falls me thus † about my neck:

Oth. "Crying, O dear *Caſſio!* as it were: his geſt-"
"ure imports it."

Cas. So hangs, and lolls, and weeps upon me; ſo hales, and pulls me: ha, ha, ha!

Oth. "Now he tells, how ſhe pluck'd him to my"
"chamber: O, I ſee that noſe of yours, but not that"
"dog I ſhall throw it to."

Cas. Well, I muſt leave her company.

Iag. Before me! look, where ſhe comes.

Enter BIANCA.

Cas. 'Tis ſuch another fitchew! marry, a perfum'd one.—What do you mean by this haunting of me?

Bia. Let the devil and his dam haunt you! What did you mean by that ſame handkerchief, you gave me even now? I was a fine fool to take it. I muſt take out the work?—A likely piece of work; that you ſhould find it in your chamber, and know not who left it there· This is ſome minx's token, and I muſt take out the work? There, ‡ give it your hobby horſe: whereſoever you had it, I'll take out no work on't.

Cas. How now, my ſweet *Bianca?* how now? how now?

Oth. "By heaven, that ſhould be my handkerchief."

Bia. An you'll come to ſupper to-night, you may: an you will not, come when you are next prepar'd for. [*Exit* BIANCA.

Iag. After her, after her.

Cas. I muſt, ſhe'll rail i' the ſtreet elſe.

Iag. Will you ſup there?

Cas. Yes, I intend ſo.

Iag. Well, I may chance to ſee you; for I would very fain ſpeak with you.

Cas. Pr'ythee, come; Will you?

Iag. Go to; ſay no more. [*Exit* CASSIO.

Oth. How ſhall I murther him, *Iago?*

[*coming haſtily from his Concealment.*

Iag. Did you perceive how he laugh'd at his vice?

Oth. O, *Iago!*

Iag. And did you ſee the handkerchief?

Oth. Was that mine?

Iag. Yours, by this hand: and to ſee how he prizes the fooliſh woman your wife! ſhe gave it him, and he hath given it his whore.

Oth. I would have him nine years a killing.—A fine woman! a fair woman! a ſweet woman!

Iag. Nay, you muſt forget that.

Oth. Ay, let her rot, and periſh, and be damn'd to-night; for ſhe ſhall not live: No, my heart is turn'd to ſtone; I ſtrike it, and it hurts my hand. O, the world hath not a ſweeter creature: ſhe might lye by an emperor's ſide, and command him taſks.

Iag. Nay, that's not your way.

Oth. Hang her! I do but ſay what ſhe is: So delicate with her needle!—An admirable muſician! O, ſhe will ſing the ſavageneſs out of a bear!—Of ſo high and plenteous wit and invention!—

Iag. She's the worſe for all this.

Oth. O, a thouſand, a thouſand times:—And then, of ſo gentle a condition!—

Iag. Ay, too gentle.

Oth. Nay, that's certain: But yet the pity of it, *Iago!* O, *Iago*, the pity of it, *Iago!*

Iag. If you be ſo fond over her iniquity, give her patent to offend; for, if it touches not you, it comes near nobody.

Oth. I will chop her into meſſes: Cuckold me!

Iag. O, 'tis foul in her.

Oth. With mine officer!

Iag. That's fouler.

Oth. Get me ſome poiſon, *Iago*; this night:—I'll not expoſtulate with her, leſt her body and beauty unprovide my mind again:—this night, *Iago.*

Iag. Do it not with poiſon; ſtrangle her in her bed, even the bed ſhe hath contaminated.

Oth. Good, good; the juſtice of it pleaſes; very good.

Iag. And, for *Caſſio*,—let me be his undertaker: You ſhall hear more by midnight. [*Trumpet heard.*

Oth. Excellent good. What trumpet is that ſame?

Iag. Something from *Venice*, ſure. 'Tis *Lodovico*,

Enter Lodovico, *and Attendants*; Desdemona, *and Others, with him.*

Come from the duke: and, ſee, your wife is with him.

Lod. Save you, worthy general!

Oth. With all my heart, ſir.

Lod. The duke and ſenators of *Venice* greet you:
[*giving him a Packet.*

Oth. I kiſs the inſtrument of their good pleaſures.
[*opens, and peruſes it.*

Des. And what's the news, good couſin *Lodovico?*

Iag. I am glad to ſee you, ſignior; Welcome to *Cyprus.*

Lod. I thank you, ſir: How does lieutenant *Caſſio?*

Iag. Lives, ſir.

Des. Couſin, there's fall'n between him and my lord
An unkind breach: but you ſhall make all well.

Oth. Are you ſure of that?

Des. My lord?

Oth. *This fail you not to do, as you will—*

Lod. He did not call; he's buſy in the paper.
Is there diviſion 'twixt thy lord and *Caſſio?*

Des. A moſt unhappy one; I would do much
To atone them, for the love I bear to *Caſſio.*

Oth. Fire and brimſtone!

Des. My lord?

Oth. Are you wiſe?

Des. What, is he angry?

Lod. May be, the letter mov'd him;
For, as I think, they do command him home,
Deputing *Caſſio* in his government.

Des. Truſt me, I am glad on't.

Oth. Indeed?

12 am very glad

Des. My lord?
Oth. I am glad to ſee you mad.
Des. Why, ſweet *Othello?*
Oth. Devil! [*ſtriking her.*
Des. I have not deſerv'd this.
Lod. My lord, this would not be believ'd in *Venice,*
Though I ſhould ſwear I ſaw't: 'Tis very much;
Make her amends, ſhe weeps.
Oth. O devil, devil!
If that the earth could teem with woman's tears,
Each drop ſhe falls would prove a crocodile:—
Out of my ſight!
Des. I will not ſtay to offend you.
Lod. Truly, an obedient lady:—
I do beſeech your lordſhip, call her back.
Oth. Miſtreſs,—
Des. My lord?
Oth. What would you with her, ſir?
Lod. Who I, my lord?
Oth. Ay, you did wiſh, that I would make her turn:
Sir, ſhe can turn, and turn, and yet go on,
And turn again; and ſhe can weep, ſir, weep;
And ſhe's obedient, as you ſay, obedient,
Very obedient;—Proceed you in your tears.—
Concerning this, ſir,—O well-painted paſſion!—
I am commanded home:—Get you away;
I'll ſend for you anon.—Sir, I obey the mandate,
And will return to *Venice*;—Hence, avant!—[*Exit* Des.
Caſſio ſhall have my place. And, ſir, to-night,
I do entreat, that we may ſup together.
You're welcome, ſir, to *Cyprus.*—Goats and monkies!
[*Exit* Oth.

Lod. Is this the noble *Moor*, whom our full ſenate
Call—all-in-all ſufficient? This the nature
Whom paſſion could not ſhake? whoſe ſolid virtue
The ſhot of accident, nor dart of chance,
Could neither graze, nor pierce?
Iag. He is much chang'd.
Lod. Are his wits ſafe? is he not light of brain?
Iag. He's that he is; I may not breath my cenſure.
What he might be,—if, what he might, he is not,—
I would to heaven, he were.
Lod. What, ſtrike his wife!
Iag. 'Faith, that was not ſo well; Yet 'would I knew,
That ſtroke would prove the worſt.
Lod. Is it his uſe?
Or did the letters work upon his blood,
And new-create this fault?
Iag. Alas, alas,
It is not honeſty in me, to ſpeak
What I have ſeen and known. You ſhall observe him;
And his own courſes will denote him ſo,
That I may ſave my ſpeech: Do but go after,
And mark how he continues.
Lod. I am ſorry, that I am deceiv'd in him. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II. *The ſame.*

Enter OTHELLO, *and* EMILIA.

Oth. You have ſeen nothing then?
Emi. Nor ever heard; nor ever did ſuſpect.
Oth. Yes, you have ſeen *Caſſio* and ſhe together.
Emi. But then I ſaw no harm; and then I heard
Each ſyllable, that breath made up between them.
Oth. What, did they never whiſper?

Emi. Never, my lord.
Oth. Nor ſend you out o' the way?
Emi. Never.
Oth. To fetch her fan, her gloves, her maſk, nor nothing?
Emi. Never, my lord.
Oth. That's ſtrange.
Emi. I durſt, my lord, to wager ſhe is honeſt,
Lay down my ſoul at ſtake: if you think other,
Remove your thought; it doth abuse your boſom.
If any wretch hath put this in your head,
Let heaven requite it with the ſerpent's curſe!
For, if ſhe be not honeſt, chaſt, and true,
There's no man happy; the pureſt of their wives
Is foul as ſlander.
Oth. Bid her come hither; go.— [*Exit* Emi.
She ſays enough;—yet ſhe's a ſimple bawd,
That cannot ſay as much. This is a ſubtle whore,
A cloſet lock and key of villanous ſecrets:
And yet ſhe'll kneel, and pray; I have ſeen her do't.
Re-enter Emilia, *with* Desdemona.
Des. My lord, what is your will?
Oth. Pray, chuck, come hither.
Des. What is your pleaſure?
Oth. Let me ſee your eyes;
Look in my face.
Des. What horrible fancy's this?
Oth. Some of your function, miſtreſs, [*to* Emilia.
Leave procreants alone, and ſhut the door;
Cough, or cry—hem, if any body come:
Your myſtery, your myſtery; nay, diſpatch.
[*Exit* Emilia.
Des. Upon my † knees, what doth your ſpeech import?

I underſtand a fury in your words,
But not the words.
Oth. Why, what art thou?
Des. Your wife, my lord;
Your true and loyal wife.
Oth. Come, ſwear it, damn thyſelf;
Leſt, being like one of heaven, the devils themſelves
Should fear to ſeize thee: therefore be double-damn'd;
Swear—thou art honeſt.
Des. Heaven doth truly know it.
Oth. Heaven truly knows, that thou art falſe as hell.
Des. To whom, my lord? With whom? How am I falſe?
Oth. O *Desdemona!*—away! away! away!
Des. Alas, the heavy day!—Why do you weep?
Am I the motive of these tears, my lord?
If, haply, you my father do ſuſpect,
An inſtrument of this your calling back,
Lay not your blame on me; if you have loſt him,
Why, I have loſt him too.
Oth. Had it pleas'd heaven,
To try me with affliction; had he rain'd
All kind of ſores, and ſhames, on my bare head;
Steep'd me in poverty to the very lips;
Given to captivity me and my utmoſt hopes;
I ſhould have found in ſome part of my ſoul
A drop of patience: but (alas!) to make me
A fixed figure, for the hand of ſcorn
To point his ſlow unmoving finger at,—
O! o!
Yet could I bear that too; well, very well:
But there, where I have garner'd up my heart;
Where either I muſt live, or bear no life;

The fountain from the which my current runs,
Or elſe dries up; to be diſcarded thence!
Or keep it as a ciſtern, for foul toads
To knot and gender in!—turn thy complexion there,
Patience, thou young and roſe-lip'd cherubin,
Ay, there, look grim as hell.
Des. I hope, my noble lord eſteems me honeſt.
Oth. O, ay; as ſummer flies are in the ſhambles,
That quicken even with blowing. O thou weed,
Who art ſo lovely fair, and ſmell'ſt ſo ſweet,
That the ſenſe akes at thee,—'Would, thou hadſt ne'er been born!
Des. Alas, what ignorant ſin have I committed?
Oth. Was this fair paper, this moſt goodly book,
Made to write whore upon? What, what, committed!
Committed! O thou publick commoner,
I ſhould make very forges of my cheeks,
That would to cinders burn up modeſty,
Should I but ſpeak thy deeds; What, what, committed!
Heaven ſtops the nose at it, and the moon winks;
The bawdy wind, that kiſſes all it meets,
Is huſh'd within the hollow mine of earth,
And will not hear't: Committed! what, committed!
Impudent ſtrumpet!
Des. By heaven, you do me wrong.
Oth. Are not you a ſtrumpet?
Des. No, as I am a chriſtian:
If to preſerve this veſſel for my lord,
From any other foul unlawful touch,
Be—not to be a ſtrumpet, I am none.
Oth. What, not a whore?
Des. No, as I ſhall be ſav'd.
Oth. Is't poſſible?

Des. O, heaven forgive us!
Oth. I cry you mercy, then;
I took you for that cunning whore of *Venice*,
That marry'd with *Othello*.—You, miſtreſs, there!

Re-enter Emilia.

That have the office oppoſite to ſaint *Peter*,
And keep the gate of hell; You, you; ay, you!
We have done our courſe; there's money for your pains;
I pray you, turn the key, and keep our counſel.
[*Exit* Othello.
Emi. Alas, what does this gentleman conceive?—
How do you, madam? how do you, my good lady?
Des. 'Faith, half aſleep.
Emi. Good madam, what's the matter with my lord?
Des. With who?
Emi. With my lord, madam?
Des. Who is thy lord?
Emi. He that is yours, ſweet lady.
Des. I have none: Do not talk to me, *Emilia*;
I cannot weep; nor anſwer have I none,
But what ſhould go by water. Pr'ythee, to-night
Lay on my bed my wedding ſheets, remember;
And call thy husband hither.
Emi. Here is a change, indeed! [*Exit.*
Des. 'Tis meet I ſhould be us'd ſo, very meet.
How have I been behav'd, that he might ſtick
The ſmall'ſt opinion on my leaſt miſuſe?

Re-enter Emilia, *with* Iago.

Iag. What is your pleaſure, madam? How is't with [you?
Des. I cannot tell. Thoſe, that do teach young babes,
Do it with gentle means, and eaſy taſks:
He might have chid me ſo; for, in good faith,

I am a child to chiding.
Iag. What is the matter, lady?
Emi. Alas, *Iago*, my lord hath ſo bewhor'd her,
Thrown ſuch deſpite and heavy terms upon her,
As true hearts cannot bear.
Des. Am I that name, *Iago?*
Iag. What name, fair lady?
Des. Such as, ſhe ſays, my lord did ſay I was.
Emi. He call'd her, whore; a beggar, in his drink,
Could not have lay'd ſuch terms upon his callet.
Iag. Why did he ſo?
Des. I do not know; I am ſure, I am none ſuch.
Iag. Do not weep, do not weep; Alas, the day!
Emi. Has ſhe forſook ſo many noble matches,
Her father, and her country, and her friends,
To be call'd—whore? would it not make one weep?
Des. It is my wretched fortune.
Iag. Beſhrew him for't!
How comes this trick upon him?
Des. Nay, heaven doth know.
Emi. I will be hang'd, if ſome eternal villain,
Some busy and inſinuating rogue,
Some cogging coz'ning ſlave, to get ſome office,
Has not devis'd this ſlander; I'll be hang'd elſe.
Iag. Fie! there is no ſuch man; it is impoſſible.
Des. If any ſuch there be, heaven pardon him!
Emi. A halter pardon him! and hell gnaw his bones!
Why ſhould he call her, whore? who keeps her company?
What place? what time? what form? what likelihood?
The *Moor*'s abus'd by ſome moſt villanous knave,
Some baſe notorious knave, ſome ſcurvy fellow:—
O, heaven, that ſuch companion thou'dſt unfold;

And put in every honeſt hand a whip,
To laſh the raſcal naked through the world,
Even from the eaſt to the weſt!
Iag. Speak within door.
Emi. O, fie upon him! ſome ſuch ſquire he was,
That turn'd your wit the ſeamy ſide without,
And made you to ſuſpect me with the *Moor.*
Iag. You are a fool; go to.
Des. Alas, *Iago,*
What ſhall I do to win my lord again?
Good friend, go to him; for, by this light of heaven,
I know not how I loſt him. Here I † kneel:—
If e'er my will did treſpaſs 'gainſt his love,
Either in diſcourſe of thought, or actual deed;
Or that mine eyes, mine ears, or any ſenſe,
Delighted them in any other form;
Or that I do not yet, and ever did,
And ever will,—though he do ſhake me off
To beggarly divorcement,—love him dearly,|
Comfort forſwear me! Unkindneſs may do much;
And his unkindneſs may defeat my life,
But never taint my love. I can't ſay, whore;
It does abhor me, now I ſpeak the word;
To do the act that might the addition earn,
Not the world's maſs of vanity could make me.
Iag. I pray you, be content; 'tis but his humour;
The buſineſs of the ſtate does him offence,
And he does chide with you.
Des. If 'twere no other,—
Iag. It is but ſo, I warrant. [*Trumpets.*
Hark, how theſe inſtruments ſummon to ſupper!
The meſſenger of *Venice* ſtays the meat:

Go in, and weep not; all things ſhall be well.

[*Exeunt* DES. *and* EMI.

Enter RODERIGO.

How now, *Roderigo?*

ROD. I do not find, that thou deal'ſt juſtly with me.

IAG. What in the contrary?

ROD. Every day thou doft'ſt me with ſome deviſe, *Iago*; and rather (as it ſeems to me now) keepeſt from me all conveniency, than ſupplieſt me with the leaſt advantage of hope. I will, indeed, no longer endure it: Nor am I yet perſuaded, to put up in peace what already I have fooliſhly ſuffer'd.

IAG. Will you hear me, *Roderigo?*

ROD. Sir, I have heard too much; and your words, and performances, are no kin together.

IAG. You charge me moſt unjuſtly.

ROD. With nought but truth. I have waſted myſelf out of means. The jewels you have had from me, to deliver to *Desdemona*, would half have corrupted a votariſt: You have told me—ſhe hath receiv'd them, and return'd me expectations and comforts of ſudden reſpect and acquittance; but I find none.

IAG. Well; go to; very well.

ROD. Very well? go to? I can not go to, man; nor 'tis not very well: Nay, I think it is ſcurvy; and begin to find myſelf fob'd in it.

IAG. Very well.

ROD. I tell you, 'tis not very well. I will make myſelf known to *Desdemona:* if ſhe will return me my jewels, I will give over my ſuit, and repent my unlawful ſolicitation; if not, aſſure yourſelf, I will ſeek ſatiſfaction of you.

Iag. You have ſaid now.

Rod. Ay, and ſaid nothing, but what I proteſt intendment of doing.

Iag. Why, now I ſee there's mettle in thee; and, even from this inſtant, do build on thee a better opinion than ever before. Give me thy hand, *Roderigo:* Thou haſt taken againſt me a moſt juſt exception; but yet, I proteſt, I have dealt moſt directly in thy affair.

Rod. It hath not appear'd.

Iag. I grant, indeed, it hath not appear'd; and your ſuſpicion is not without wit and judgment. But, *Roderigo,* if thou haſt that within thee indeed, which I have greater reason to believe now than ever,—I mean, purpoſe, courage, and valour,—this night ſhew it: if thou the next night following enjoy not *Desdemona,* take me from this world with treachery, and deviſe engines for my life.

Rod. Well, what is it? is it within reason, and compaſs?

Iag. Sir, there is eſpecial commiſſion come from *Venice,* to depute *Caſſio* in *Othello*'s place.

Rod. Is that true? why, then *Othello* and *Desdemona* return again to *Venice.*

Iag. O, no; he goes into *Mauritania,* and taketh away with him the fair *Desdemona,* unleſs his abode be linger'd here by ſome accident; wherein none can be ſo determinate, as the removing of *Caſſio.*

Rod. How do you mean—removing him?

Iag. Why, by making him uncapable of *Othello*'s place; knocking out his brains.

Rod. And that you would have me to do.

Iag. Ay; if you dare do yourſelf a profit, and a right, He ſups to-night with a harlotry, and thither will I go to him;—he knows not yet of his honourable fortune: if you will watch his going thence, which I will faſhion to fall out between twelve and one, you may take him at your pleaſure; I will be near to ſecond your attempt, and he ſhall fall between us. Come, ſtand not amaz'd at it, but go along with me; I will ſhew you ſuch a neceſſity in his death, that you ſhall think yourſelf bound to put it on him. It is now high ſupper-time, and the night grows to waſte: about it.

Rod. I will hear further reaſon for this.

Iag. And you ſhall be ſatiſfy'd. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III. *A Room in the Caſtle.*

Enter OTHELLO, LODOVICO, DESDEMONA, EMILIA, *and Attendants.*

Lod. 'Beſeech you, ſir, trouble yourſelf no further.

Oth. O, pardon me; 'twill do me good to walk.

Lod. Madam, good night; I humbly thank your ladyſhip.

Des. Your honour is moſt welcome.

Oth. Will you walk, ſir?—
O,—*Desdemona,*— [*ſtepping back.*

Des. My lord?

Oth. Get you to bed o' the inſtant, I will be return'd forthwith: diſmiſs your attendant there; look, it be done.

Des. I will, my lord. [*Exeunt* OTH. LOD. *and Att.*

Emi. How goes it now? he looks gentler than he did.

Des. He ſays, he will return incontinent:
He hath commanded me to go to bed,
And bad me to diſmiſs you.

Emi. Diſmiſs me!

Des. It was his bidding; therefore, good *Emilia*,
Give me my nightly wearing, and adieu:
We muſt not now diſpleaſe him.
Emi. I would, you had never ſeen him.
Des. So would not I; my love doth ſo approve him,
That even his ſtubbornneſs, his checks, and frowns,—
Pr'ythee, unpin me,—have grace and favour in them.
[*beginning to undreſs.*
Emi. I have lay'd thoſe ſheets you bad me on the bed.
Des. All's one:—Good father, how fooliſh are our minds!—
If I do die before thee, pr'ythee, ſhrowd me
In one of thoſe ſame ſheets.
Emi. Come, come, you talk.
Des. My mother had a maid, call'd—*Barbara*;
She was in love; and he, ſhe lov'd, prov'd bad,
And did forſake her: ſhe had a ſong of—willow,
An old thing 'twas, but it expreſſ'd her fortune,
And ſhe dy'd ſinging it: That ſong, to-night,
Will not go from my mind; I have much to do,
Not to go hang my head all o' one ſide,
And ſing it like poor *Barbara*. Pr'ythee, diſpatch.
Emi. Shall I fetch your night-gown?
Des. No, unpin me here.
This *Lodovico* is a proper man.
Emi. A very handſome man.
Des. And he ſpeaks well.
Emi. I know a lady in *Venice*, would have walk'd
Bare-foot to *Paleſtine* for a touch of his nether lip.
[*going on with her undreſſing.*
Des. *The poor ſoul ſat ſighing by a ſycamore tree,*
ſing all a green willow; [ſinging.

---

16 prov'd mad 21 But to 23 I go fetch

her hand on her boſom, her head on her knee,
ſing willow, willow, willow:
The freſh ſtreams ran by her, and murmur'd her moans;
ſing willow, willow, willow;
the ſalt tears fell from her, and ſoften'd the ſtones,—
Lay by ‡ these.— [*giving her her Jewels.*
ſing willow, willow, willow;—
Pr'ythee, hie thee; he'll come anon.—
ſing all a green willow muſt be my garlánd.

2.

Let no body blame him, his ſcorn I approve,—
Nay, that's not next.—Hark! hark! who is't that knocks?
Emi. It's the wind.
Des. *I call'd my love, falſe love; But what ſaid he then?*
ſing willow, willow, willow;
If I court mo women, you'll couch with mo men.
So, get thee gone; good night. Mine eyes do itch;
Does that bode weeping?
Emi. 'Tis neither here nor there.
Des. I have heard it ſaid ſo.—O, these men, these men!—
Doſt thou in conſcience think,—tell me, *Emilia*,—
That there be women do abuse their husbands
In ſuch groſs kind?
Emi. There be ſome ſuch, no queſtion.
Des. Would'ſt thou do ſuch a thing for all the world?
Emi. Why, would not you?
Des. No, by this heavenly light!
Emi. No, nor I neither, by this heavenly light;
I might do't as well i'the dark.
Des. Wouldſt thou do ſuch a deed for all the world?
Emi. The world is a huge thing: 'Tis a great price

For a ſmall vice.

Des. In troth, I think thou wouldſt not.

Emi. In troth, I think I ſhould; and undo't, when I had done. Marry, I would not do ſuch a thing for a joint-ring; nor for measures of lawn; nor for gowns, petticoats, nor caps, nor any petty exhibition: but, for the whole world,— Why, who would not make her husband a cuckold, to make him a monarch? I ſhould venture purgatory for't.

Des. Beſhrew me, if I would do ſuch a wrong
For the whole world.

Emi. Why, the wrong is but a wrong i' th' world; and, having the world for your labour, 'tis a wrong in your own world, and you might quickly make it right.

Des. I do not think, there is any ſuch woman.

Emi. Yes, a dozen; and as many to the vantage, as
Would ſtore the world they play'd for.
But, I do think, it is their husbands' faults,
If wives do fall: Say, that they ſlack their duties,
And pour our treasures into foreign laps;
Or elſe break out in peeviſh jealouſies,
Throwing reſtraint upon us; or, ſay, they ſtrike us,
Or ſcant our former having in deſpite;
Why, we have galls; and, though we have ſome grace,
Yet have we ſome revenge. Let husbands know,
Their wives have ſenſe like them; they ſee, and ſmell,
And have their palates both for ſweet and ſour
As husbands have. What is it that they do,
When they change us for others? Is it ſport?
I think, it is; And doth affection breed it?
I think, it doth; Is't frailty, that thus errs?
It is ſo too: And have not we affections?

Deſires for ſport? and frailty, as men have?
Then, let them use us well: elſe, let them know,
The ills we do, their ills inſtruct us to.
Des. Good night, good night: Heaven me ſuch usage ſend,
Not to pick bad from bad; but, by bad, mend! [*Exeunt.*

ACT V.

SCENE I. *A Street.*

Enter Iago, *and* Roderigo.

Iag. Here, ſtand behind this † bulk; ſtraight will he come:
Wear thy good rapier bare, and put it home,
Quick, quick; fear nothing, I'll be at thy elbow:
It makes us, or it mars us; think on that,
And fix moſt firm thy resolution.
Rod. Be near at hand, I may miſcarry in't.
Iag. Here, at thy hand; be bold, and take thy ſtand.
[*retires to a little Diſtance.*
Rod. I have no great devotion to the deed;
And yet he has given me ſatiſfying reasons:—
'Tis but a man gone: forth, my † ſword; he dies.
[*going to his Stand.*
Iag. I have rub'd this young quat almoſt to the ſenſe,
And he grows angry. Now, whether he kill *Caſſio*,
Or *Caſſio* him, or each do kill the other,
Every way makes my gain: Live *Roderigo*,
He calls me to a reſtitution large
Of gold, and jewels, that I bob'd from him,
As gifts to *Desdemona*;

It muſt not be: if *Caſſio* do remain,
He hath a daily beauty in his life,
That makes me ugly; and, beſides, the *Moor*
May unfold me to him; there ſtand I in much peril:
No, he muſt die:—But ſo, I hear him coming.

Enter CASSIO.

ROD. I know his gait, 'tis he;—Villain, thou dy'ſt.
[*ſtarting from his Poſt, and making a Paſs at him.*

CAS. That thruſt had been mine enemy indeed,
But that my coat is better than thou know'ſt;
I will make proof of thine. [*draws, and wounds* Rod.

ROD. O, I am ſlain! [*falling.*

Iago *iſſues from behind; makes a Blow at* Caſſio, *and Exit.*

CAS. I am maim'd for ever:— [*falling too.*] Light, ho! murther! murther!

Enter OTHELLO, *at a Diſtance.*

OTH. The voice of *Caſſio*;—*Iago* keeps his word.

ROD. O, villain that I am!

OTH. It is even ſo.

CAS. O, help, ho! light! a ſurgeon!

OTH. 'Tis he;—O brave *Iago*, honeſt, and juſt,
That haſt ſuch noble ſenſe of thy friend's wrong!
Thou teacheſt me,—Minion, your dear lies dead,
And your fate hies apace; ſtrumpet, I come:
Forth of my heart those charms, thine eyes, are blotted;
Thy bed, luſt-ſtain'd, ſhall with luſt's blood be ſpotted.
[*Exit* OTHELLO.

Enter, likewiſe at a Diſtance, LODOVICO, *and* GRATIANO.

CAS. What, ho! no watch? no paſſage? murther! murther!

GRA. 'Tis ſome miſchance; the voice is very direful.

CAS. O, help!

Lod. Hark!

Rod. O wretched villain!

Lod. Two or three groans;—it is a heavy night:
These may be counterfeits; let's think't unſafe
To come in to the cry, without more help.

Rod. No body come? then ſhall I bleed to death.

Enter Iago, *with a Light.*

Lod. Hark!

Gra. Here's one comes in his ſhirt, with light and weapons.

Iag. Who's there? whoſe noiſe is this, that cries out murther?

Lod. We do not know.

Iag. Do not you hear a cry?

Cas. Here, here; for heaven's ſake, help me.

Iag. What's the matter? [*going towards* Caſſio.

Gra. This is *Othello*'s ancient, as I take it.

Lod. The ſame, indeed; a very valiant fellow.

Iag. What are you here, that cry ſo grievouſly?

Cas. *Iago?* O, I am ſpoil'd, undone by villains!
Give me ſome help.

Iag. O me, lieutenant! what villains have done this?

Cas. I think, that one of them is hereabout,
And cannot make away.

Iag. O treacherous villains!—
What are you there? come in, and give ſome help.
[*to* Lod. *and* Gra.

Rod. O, help me here!

Cas. That's one of them.

Iag. O murd'rous ſlave! o villain!
[Iago *ſets down his Light; makes towards* Roderigo *in the dark, and ſtabs him.*

Rod. O damn'd *Iago!* o inhuman dog!—O, o, o!

Iag. Kill men i' the dark!—Where be these bloody thieves?— [*counterfeiting a Search.*
How ſilent is this town?—Ho! murther! murther!—
What may you be? are you of good, or evil?
Lod. As you ſhall prove us, praise us.
Iag. Signior *Lodovico?*
Lod. He, ſir.
Iag. I cry you mercy; Here's *Caſſio* hurt by villains.
Gra. *Caſſio!*
Iag. How is it, brother?
Cas. My leg is cut in two.
Iag. Marry, heaven forbid!—
Light, gentlemen;—I'll bind it with my ſhirt.

Enter Bianca, *and Others, with Lights.*

Bia. What is the matter, ho? who is't that cry'd?
Iag. Who is't that cry'd?
Bia. O my dear *Caſſio!* my ſweet *Caſſio!*
O *Caſſio, Caſſio, Caſſio!*
Iag. O notable ſtrumpet!—*Caſſio,* may you ſuſpect
Who they ſhould be, that have thus mangl'd you?
Cas. No.
Gra. I am ſorry, to find you thus; I have been to [ſeek you.
Iag. Lend me a garter: So.—O, for a chair,
To bear him easily hence!
Bia. Alas, he faints:—O *Caſſio, Caſſio, Caſſio!*
Iag. Gentlemen all, I do ſuſpect this traſh
To be a party in this injury.—
Patience a while, good *Caſſio.*—Come, come; [*rising from him.*
Lend me a light.—Know we this face, or no? [*viewing* Roderigo.
Alas! my friend, and my dear countryman!

Roderigo? no: Yes, ſure; yes, 'tis *Roderigo.*
Gra. What, of *Venice?*
Iag. Even he, ſir; Did you know him?
Gra. Know him? ay.
Iag. Signior *Gratiano?* I cry your gentle pardon;
These bloody accidents muſt excuse my manners,
That ſo neglected you.
Gra. I am glad to ſee you.
Iag. How do you, *Caſſio?*—O, a chair, a chair!
Gra. *Roderigo!*
Iag. He, he, 'tis he:—[*Enter Some with a Chair.*] O, that's well ſaid; the chair:
Some good man bear him carefully from hence;
I'll fetch the general's ſurgeon.—For you, miſtreſs,
Save you your labour.—He that lies ſlain here, *Caſſio,*
Was my dear friend; What malice was between you?
Cas. None in the world; nor do I know the man.
Iag. What, look you pale?—O, bear him out o' the air.— [Cassio *is born off; and the Body of* Rod.
Stay you, good gentlemen:—look you pale, miſtreſs?—
Do you perceive the gaſtneſs of her eye?—
Nay, if you ſtare, we ſhall hear more anon:—
Behold her well; I pray you, look upon her;
Do you ſee, gentlemen? nay, guiltineſs will ſpeak,
Though tongues were out of uſe.

Enter Emilia.

Emi. 'Las, what's the matter? what's the matter, husband?
Iag. *Caſſio* has here been ſet on in the dark,
By *Roderigo,* and fellows that are 'ſcap'd;
He's almoſt ſlain, and *Roderigo* dead.
Emi. Alas, good gentleman! alas, good *Caſſio!*

Iag. This is the fruit of whoring.—Pr'ythee, *Emilia*,
Go know of *Caſſio* where he ſupt to-night:—
What, do you ſhake at that?
Bia. He ſupt at my houſe; but I therefore ſhake not.
Iag. O, did he ſo? I charge you, go with me.
Emi. O, fie upon thee, ſtrumpet!
Bia. I am no ſtrumpet; but of life as honeſt,
As you that thus abuse me.
Emi. As I? foh! fie upon thee!
Iag. Kind gentlemen, let's go ſee poor *Caſſio* dreſt:—
Come, miſtreſs, you muſt tell's another tale.—
Emilia, run you to the citadel,
And tell my lord and lady what has hap'd.—
Will you go on afore?—This is the night,
That either makes me, or foredoes me quite. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II. *A Bed-chamber in the Caſtle.*

DESDEMONA *in Bed, aſleep. Enter* OTHELLO, *with a Light.*

Oth. It is the cause, it is the cause, my ſoul,—
Let me not name it to you, you chaſt ſtars,—
It is the cause! Yet I'll not ſhed her blood;
[*taking off his Sword, and laying it by.*
Nor ſcar that whiter ſkin of hers than ſnow,
And ſmooth as monumental alabaſter.
Yet ſhe muſt die, elſe ſhe'll betray more men.
Put out the light, and then—Put out the light!
If I quench thee, thou flaming miniſter,
[*ſetting down the Taper.*
I can again thy former light reſtore,
Should I repent me:—but once put out thy light,
[*going towards his Wife.*

Thou cunning'ſt pattern of excelling nature,
I know not where is that *Promethean* heat,
That can thy light relumine. When I have pluck'd thy rose,
I cannot give it vital growth again,
It needs muſt wither; I'll ſmell thee on the tree.
[*kiſſing her.*
O balmy breath, that doſt almoſt perſuade
Juſtice to break her ſword!—One more, one more.
Be thus when thou art dead, and I will kill thee,
And love thee after:—One more, and this the laſt:
So ſweet was ne'er ſo fatal. I muſt weep,
But they are cruel tears: This ſorrow's heavenly;
It ſtrikes, where it doth love. She wakes.

Des. Who's there? *Othello?*

Oth. Ay, *Desdemona.*

Des. Will you come to bed, my lord?

Oth. Have you pray'd to-night, *Desdemona?*

Des. Ay, my lord.

Oth. If you bethink yourſelf of any crime,
Unreconcil'd as yet to heaven and grace,
Solicit for it ſtraight.

Des. Alas, my lord, what may you mean by that?

Oth. Well, do it, and be brief; I will walk by:
I would not kill thy unprepared ſpirit;
No,—Heaven fore-fend!—I would not kill thy ſoul.

Des. Talk you of killing?

Oth. Ay, I do.

Des. Then, heaven
Have mercy on me!

Oth. Amen, with all my heart!

Des. If you ſay ſo, I hope you will not kill me.

Oth. Hum!

Des. And yet I fear you; for you are fatal then,
When your eyes rowl ſo: Why I ſhould fear, I know not,
Since guiltineſs I know not; but yet, I feel, I fear.
Oth. Think on thy ſins.
Des. They are loves I bear to you.
Oth. Ay, and for that thou dy'ſt.
Des. That death's unnatural, that kills for loving.
Alas, why gnaw you ſo your nether lip?
Some bloody paſſion ſhakes your very frame:
These are portents; but yet, I hope, I hope,
They do not point on me.
Oth. Peace, and be ſtill!
Des. I will ſo: What's the matter? [thee,
Oth. That handkerchief, which I ſo lov'd, and gave
Thou gav'ſt to *Caſſio.*
Des. No, by my life and ſoul;
Send for the man, and aſk him.
Oth. Sweet ſoul, take heed,
Take heed of perjury; thou art on thy death-bed.
Des. Ay, but not yet to die.
Oth. Yes, presently:
Therefore confeſs thee freely of thy ſin;
For to deny each article with oath,
Cannot remove, nor choak, the ſtrong conception
That I do groan withal. Thou art to die.
Des. O, heaven have mercy on me!
Oth. I ſay, amen.
Des. And have you mercy too! I never did
Offend you in my life; never lov'd *Caſſio*,
But with ſuch general warranty of heaven
As I might love: I never gave him token.
Oth. By heaven, I ſaw my handkerchief in's hand.

O perjur'd woman! thou doſt ſtone my heart;
And mak'ſt me call, what I intend to do,—
A murther, which I thought a ſacrifice:
I ſaw the handkerchief.

Des. He found it then;
I never gave it him: Send for him hither;
Let him confeſs a truth.

Oth. He hath confeſſ'd.

Des. What, my lord?

Oth. That he hath—us'd thee.

Des. How? unlawfully?

Oth. Ay.

Des. He will not ſay ſo.

Oth. No, his mouth is ſtop'd;
Honeſt *Iago* hath ta'en order for't.

Des. My fear interprets then,—What, is he dead?

Oth. Had all his hairs been lives, my great revenge
Had ſtomack for them all.

Des. Alas! he is betray'd, and I undone.

Oth. Out, ſtrumpet! weep'ſt thou for him to my face?
[*taking up a Pillow.*

Des. O, baniſh me, my lord, but kill me not.

Oth. Down, ſtrumpet.

Des. Kill me to-morrow, let me live to-night.

Oth. Nay, if you ſtrive,—

Des. But half an hour:

Oth. Being done,
There is no pauſe.

Des. But while I ſay one prayer.

Oth. It is too late. [*ſmothers her.*

Emi. [*within.*] My lord, my lord! what, ho! my lord, [my lord!

Oth. What noise is this?—Not dead? not yet quite dead?
I, that am cruel, am yet merciful;
I would not have thee linger in thy pain.
So, ſo.
Emi. What, ho! my lord, my lord!
Oth. Who's there?
Emi. O, good my lord, I'd ſpeak a word with you.
Oth. Yes;—'tis *Emilia*:—by and by.—She's dead.
'Tis like, ſhe comes to ſpeak of *Caſſio*'s death;
The noise was high.—Ha! no more moving?
Still as the grave.—Shall ſhe come in? wer't good?—
I think, ſhe ſtirs again: No.—What's the beſt?
If ſhe come in, ſhe'll ſure ſpeak to my wife:—
My wife! my wife! what wife? I have no wife:
O inſupportable! o heavy hour!
Methinks, it ſhould be now a huge eclipſe
Of ſun and moon; and that the affrighted globe
Should yawn at alteration.
Emi. Good my lord,
I do beſeech you I may ſpeak with you.
Oth. I had forgotten thee; Come in, *Emilia*:—
Soft, by and by, let me the curtains draw.—
[*draws them, and then opens the Door.*
Where art thou? What's the matter with thee now?
Enter Emilia.
Emi. O, my good lord, yonder's foul murthers done.
Oth. What, now?
Emi. But now, my lord.
Oth. It is the very error of the moon;
She comes more near the earth than ſhe was wont,
And makes men mad.

Emi. *Caſſio*, my lord, has kill'd a young *Venetian*,
Call'd—*Roderigo*.
Oth. *Roderigo* kill'd!
And *Caſſio* kill'd!
Emi. No, *Caſſio* is not kill'd.
Oth. Not *Caſſio* kill'd? then murther's out of tune,
And ſweet revenge grows harſh.
Des. O, falſely, falſely murder'd!
Emi. O lord, what cry is that?
Oth. That! what?
Emi. Out, and alas! that was my lady's voice:—
[*running to the Bed*.
Help! help, ho! help!—O, lady, ſpeak again!
Sweet *Desdemona!* o, ſweet miſtreſs, ſpeak!
Des. A guiltleſs death I die.
Emi. O, who hath done
This deed?
Des. No body; I myſelf; farewel:
Commend me to my kind lord; O, farewel. [*dies*.
Oth. Why, how ſhould ſhe be murder'd?
Emi. Alas, who knows?
Oth. You heard her ſay herſelf, it was not I.
Emi. She ſaid ſo; I muſt needs report the truth.
Oth. She's, like a liar, gone to burn in hell;
'Twas I that kill'd her.
Emi. O, the more angel ſhe,
And you the blacker devil!
Oth. She turn'd to folly, and ſhe was a whore.
Emi. Thou doſt bely her, and thou art a devil.
Oth. She was falſe as water.
Emi. Thou'rt raſh as fire, to ſay
That ſhe was falſe; O, ſhe was heavenly true!

Oth. *Caſſio* did tup her; aſk thy husband elſe:
O, I were damn'd beneath all depth in hell,
But that I did proceed upon juſt grounds
To this extremity; Thy husband knew it all.
Emi. My husband?
Oth. Thy husband.
Emi. That ſhe was falſe to wedlock?
Oth. Ay, with *Caſſio:*
Had ſhe been true,
If heaven would make me ſuch another world
Of one entire and perfect chryſolite,
I'd not have ſold her for't.
Emi. My husband?
Oth. Ay, 'twas he that told me firſt;
An honeſt man he is, and hates the ſlime
That ſticks on filthy deeds.
Emi. My husband?
Oth. What needs this iterance, woman? I ſay, thy husband.
Emi. O miſtreſs, villany hath made mocks with love!
My husband ſay, that ſhe was falſe?
Oth. He, woman;
I ſay, thy husband; Doſt underſtand the word?
My friend, thy husband, honeſt, honeſt *Iago.*
Emi. If he ſay ſo, may his pernicious ſoul
Rot half a grain a day! he lies to the heart;
She was too fond of her moſt filthy bargain.
Oth. Ha! [*looking towards her Sword,*
Emi. Do thy worſt:
This deed of thine is no more worthy heaven,
Than thou waſt worthy her.
Oth. Peace, you were beſt. [*threat'ning her with it,*

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Emi. Thou haſt not half that power to do me harm,
As I have to be hurt. O gull! o dolt!
As ignorant as dirt! thou haſt done a deed,—
I care not for thy ſword; I'll make thee known,
Though I loſt twenty lives:—Help! help, ho! help!
The *Moor* hath kill'd my miſtreſs; Murther! murther!

Enter Montano, Gratiano, *and* Iago.

Mon. What is the matter?—How now, general?
[*ſtaying him.*

Emi. O, are you come, *Iago*? you have done well,
That men muſt lay their murthers on your neck.

Gra. What is the matter?

Emi. Diſprove it, villain, if thou be'ſt a man:
He ſays, thou told'ſt him that his wife was falſe;
I know, thou didſt not, thou'rt not ſuch a villain;
Speak, for my heart is full.

Iag. I told him what I thought; and told no more,
But what he found himſelf was apt and true.

Emi. But did you ever tell him, ſhe was falſe?

Iag. I did.

Emi. You told a lie; an odious, damned lie;
Upon my ſoul, a lie; a wicked lie:—
She falſe with *Caſſio*!—Did you ſay, with *Caſſio*?

Iag. With *Caſſio*, miſtreſs; Go to, charm your tongue.

Emi. I will not charm my tongue; I am bound to ſpeak;
My miſtreſs here lies murther'd in her bed,

Mon. Gra. O heavens fore-fend!

Emi. And your reports have ſet the murther on.

Oth. Nay, ſtare not, maſters; it is true, indeed.

Gra. 'Tis a ſtrange truth.

Mon. O monſtrous act!

Emi. Villany, villany, villany;—
I think upon't,—I think,—I ſmell't;—O villany!
I thought ſo then;—I'll kill myſelf for grief.
O villany, villany!

Iag. What, are you mad?
I charge you, get you home.

Emi. Good gentlemen, let me have leave to ſpeak;
'Tis proper I obey him, but not now:—
Perchance, *Iago*, I will ne'er go home.

Oth. Oh! oh! oh! oh! [*hanging over his Wife.*

Emi. Nay, lay thee down, and roar;
For thou haſt kill'd the ſweeteſt innocent,
That e'er did lift up eye.

Oth. O, ſhe was foul!—
I ſcarce did know you, uncle; There lies your niece,
Whoſe breath (indeed) theſe hands have newly ſtop'd:
I know, this act ſhews horrible and grim.

Gra. Poor *Desdemone!* I am glad thy father's dead;
Thy match was mortal to him, and pure grief
Shore his old thread in twain: did he live now,
This ſight would make him do a deſperate turn;
Yea, curſe his better angel from his ſide,
And fall to reprobance.

Oth. 'Tis pitiful: but yet *Iago* knows,
That ſhe with *Caſſio* hath the act of ſhame
A thouſand times committed; *Caſſio* confeſſ'd it:
And ſhe did gratify his amorous works
With that recognizance and pledge of love
Which I firſt gave her; I ſaw it in his hand;
It was a handkerchief, an antique token
My father gave my mother.

Emi. O heaven! o heavenly powers!

Iag. Come, hold your peace.
Emi. 'Twill out, 'twill out:—I peace?
No, I will ſpeak as liberal as the air;
Let heaven, and men, and devils, let them all,
All, all, cry ſhame againſt me, yet I'll ſpeak.
Iag. Be wise, and get you home.
Emi. I will not.
Gra. Fie! [*draw it*,
Your ſword upon a woman? [*to* Iago, *ſeeing him about to*
Emi. O thou dull *Moor!* that handkerchief, thou ſpeak'ſt of,
I found by fortune, and did give my husband;
For often, with a ſolemn earneſtneſs,
(More than, indeed, belong'd to ſuch a trifle)
He beg'd of me to ſteal it.
Iag. Villanous whore!
Emi. She give it *Caſſio!* no, alas; I found it,
And I did give't my husband.
Iag. Filth, thou ly'ſt.
Emi. By heaven, I do not; I do not, gentlemen:—
O murd'rous coxcomb! [*to* Oth.] what ſhould ſuch a fool
Do with ſo good a wife?
Oth. Are there no ſtones in heaven,
But what ſerves for the thunder?—Precious villain!
[Iago *ſtabs his Wife ſuddenly, and runs off.*
Gra. The woman falls; ſure, he hath kill'd his wife.
Emi. Ay, ay; O, lay me by my miſtreſs' ſide.
Gra. He's gone; but his wife's kill'd.
Mon. 'Tis a notorious villain. Take this weapon,
[*giving* Gra. *a Sword*,
Which I have here recover'd from the *Moor:*
Come, guard the door without; let him not paſs,

But kill him rather: I'll after that ſame villain,
For 'tis a damned ſlave. [*Exeunt* Mon. *and* Gra.
Oth. I am not valiant neither,
But every puny whipſter gets my ſword:—
But why ſhould honour out-live honeſty?
Let it go all.
Emi. What did thy ſong bode, lady?
Hark, canſt thou hear me? I will play the ſwan,
And die in muſick;—*Willow, willow, willow.*—
Moor, ſhe was chaſt; ſhe lov'd thee, cruel *Moor:*
So come my ſoul to bliſs, as I ſpeak true;
So ſpeaking as I think, I die,—I die. [*dies.*
Oth. I have another weapon in this chamber,
It was a ſword of *Spain*, the *Ebro*'s temper;—
O, here it is:—Uncle, I muſt come forth.
Gra. [*within.*] If thou attempt it, it will coſt thee dear;
Thou haſt no weapon, and perforce muſt ſuffer.
Oth. Look in upon me then, and ſpeak with me,
Or, naked as I am, I will aſſault thee.

Re-enter Gratiano.

Gra. What is the matter?
Oth. Behold, I have a weapon;
A better never did itſelf ſuſtain
Upon a ſoldier's thigh: I have ſeen the day,
That, with this little arm, and this good ſword,
I have made my way through more impediments
Than twenty times your ſtop:—But, o vain boaſt!
Who can controul his fate? 'tis not ſo now.—
Be not afraid, though you do ſee me weapon'd;
Here is my journey's end, here is my but
And very ſea-mark of my utmoſt ſail.
Do you go back diſmay'd? 'tis a loſt fear;

14 the Iſebrookes temper

Man but a ruſh againſt *Othello*'s breaſt,
And he retires; —Where ſhould *Othello* go?—
Now, how doſt thou look now? O ill-ſtar'd wench!
Pale as thy ſmock! when we ſhall meet at compt,
This look of thine will hurl my ſoul from heaven,
And fiends will ſnatch at it. Cold, cold, my girl?
Even like thy chaſtity.—
O curſed, curſed ſlave!—Whip me, ye devils,
From the poſſeſſion of this heavenly ſight!
Blow me about in winds! roaſt me in ſulphur!
Waſh me in ſteep-down gulphs of liquid fire!—
O *Desdemone!* dead, *Desdemone?* dead? dead?
O, o, o!

Enter Lodovico, Montano; Cassio, *carry'd in a Chair*; *and* Iago, *with Officers, Prisoner.*

Lod. Where is this raſh and moſt unfortunate man?

Oth. That's he, that was *Othello*; [*pointing to his Wife.*] here I am

Lod. Where is that viper? bring the villain forth.
[*Officers bring* Iago *forward.*

Oth. I look down towards his feet; but that's a fable:
If that thou be'ſt a devil, I cannot kill thee.
[*ſtabs* Iago *ſuddenly.*

Lod. Wrench his ſword from him. [*he is diſarm'd.*

Iag. I bleed, ſir; but not kill'd.

Oth. I am not ſorry neither; I'd have thee live;
For, in my ſenſe, 'tis happineſs to die.

Lod. O thou *Othello*, that waſt once ſo good,
Fall'n in the practiſe of a curſed ſlave,
What ſhall be ſaid to thee?

Oth. Why, any thing:
An honourable murtherer, if you will;

For nought I did in hate, but all in honour.
Lod. This wretch hath part confeſs'd his villany;
Did you and he conſent in *Caſſio*'s death?
Oth. Ay.
Cas. Dear general, I never gave you cauſe.
Oth. I do believe it, and I aſk your pardon.
Will you, I pray, demand that demi-devil,
Why he hath thus enſnar'd my ſoul and body?
Iag. Demand me nothing; what you know, you know:
From this time forth I never will ſpeak word.
Lod. What, not to pray?
Gra. Torments will ope your lips.
Oth. Well, thou doſt beſt.
Lod. Sir, you ſhall underſtand what hath befall'n,
Which, as I think, you know not: Here † is a letter,
Found in the pocket of the ſlain *Roderigo*;
And here, † another: the one of them imports,
The death of *Caſſio* to be undertook
By *Roderigo*.
Oth. O villain!
Cas. Moſt heatheniſh, and moſt groſs!
Lod. Now here's † another diſcontented paper,
Found in his pocket too: and this, it ſeems,
Roderigo meant to have ſent this damned villain;
But that, belike, *Iago* in the interim
Came in and ſatiſfy'd him.
Oth. O the pernicious caitiff!—
How came you, *Caſſio*, by that handkerchief,
That was my wife's?
Cas. I found it in my chamber:
And he himſelf confeſs'd, but even now,

That there he dropt it, for a ſpecial purpoſe,
Which wrought to his desire.
Oth. O fool! fool! fool!
Cas. There is, beſides, in *Roderigo*'s letter,—
How he upbraids *Iago*, that he made him
Brave me upon the watch; whereon it came,
That I was caſt: And even but now he ſpake,
After long ſeeming dead,—*Iago* hurt him,
Iago ſet him on.
Lod. You muſt forſake this room, and go with us;
Your power and your command is taken off,
And *Caſſio* rules in *Cyprus*. For this † ſlave,—
If there be any cunning cruelty,
That can torment him much, and hold him long,
It ſhall be his: You ſhall cloſe priſoner reſt,
'Till that the nature of your fault be known
To the *Venetian* ſtate:—Come, bring away.
Oth. Soft you; a word or two, before you go.
I have done the ſtate ſome ſervice, and they know't;
No more of that:—I pray you, in your letters,
When you ſhall these unlucky deeds relate,
Speak of me as I am; nothing extenuate,
Nor ſet down aught in malice: then muſt you ſpeak
Of one, that lov'd not wiſely, but too well;
Of one, not eaſily jealous, but, being wrought,
Perplex'd in the extream; of one, whoſe hand,
Like the baſe *Indian*, threw a pearl away
Richer than all his tribe; of one, whoſe ſubdu'd eyes,
Albeit unused to the melting mood,
Drop tears as faſt as the *Arabian* trees
Their med'cinable gum: Set you down this:
And ſay, beſides,—that in *Aleppo* once,

Where a malignant and a turban'd *Turk*
Beat a *Venetian*, and traduc'd the ſtate,
I took by throat the circumcised dog,
And ſmote him—thus.
[*pulls out a conceal'd Dagger, and ſtabs himſelf.*
Lod. O bloody period!
Gra. All, that's ſpoke, is mar'd.
Oth. I kiſſ'd thee, ere I kill'd thee; [*throwing himſelf by his Wife.*] No way but this,
Killing myſelf, to die upon a kiſs. [*dies.*
Cas. This did I fear, but thought he had no weapon;
For he was great of heart.
Lod. O *Spartan* dog, [*to* Iago.
More fell than anguiſh, hunger, or the ſea!
Look on the tragick loading of this bed;
This is thy work: the object poiſons ſight;—
Let it be hid.—*Gratiano*, keep the houſe,
And ſeize upon the fortunes of the *Moor*,
For they ſucceed on you.—To you, lord governor,
[*to* Caſſio.
Remains the cenſure of this helliſh villain;
The time, the place, the torture,—O inforce it!
Myſelf will ſtraight aboard; and, to the ſtate,
This heavy act with heavy heart relate. [*Exeunt.*

3 by th' throat

CORRIGENDA.

All's well, that ends well.] 10, 29. *Other* 21, 1. tell true *Do*, 8. amongſt 24, 12. gait 29, 23. high as 30, 1. court! 35, 4. good, 38, 32. leſt thou 57, 17. well.

Antony *and* Cleopatra.] 28, 30. Speaks 32, (*below.*) To glove the 35, 11. art ſure 56, 20. gait 60, 3. 'Twill 80, 1. ſatiſfy'd *Do*, 32. to be frighted 81, 18. I laugh at his fond challenge

Comedy of Errors.] *Omitted in the* Dramatis Perſonæ, *a Courtezan.* 7, 5. bend 16, 21. thou 35, 32. *A.E.* While &c.

Coriolanus.] 24, 13. trenches 38, 19. you're 39, 20. ſtalls 57, 2. election 124, 28. anſw'ring 126, 27. Tear him to pieces,—Do it presently:— [*Marcus*;— He kill'd my ſon,—My daughter;—He kill'd my cousin .He kill'd my father.

Cymbeline.] 21, 8. where he is 41, 10. fair'ſt 45, 31. had her here 51, 22. be | You, 60, 31. Hear me with 67, 24. her. 73, 2. 'Mongſt 79, 10. tremble. *Do*. 30. abroad. 101, 23. gyves

Hamlet.] 13, 21. ourſelf 134, (*below.*) nobleſt

1. Henry IV.] 20, 7. corrival all her 42, 7. a plain

Henry V.] 18, 16. imperial; 22, 6, you, hoſteſs; 39, 7. afoot 40, 13. could 61, 16. ghoſts. *Do*. (*below*) ^{14}Inveſting &c. 103, 32. then yours 107, (*below.*) ^{22} ros'd

1. Henry VI.] 18, 5. *Engliſh* ,39, 18. *Clarence*

2. Henry VI.] 4, 3. lend'ſt *Do*, (*inf. below.*) ^{3}lends 19, 16. bags | Are 22, 32. while we be 23, 11. ban-dogs 27, 20. *Medice*, 105, 23. and thy chair-days

Corrigenda.

3. Henry VI.] 65, 28. *Edward's*

Henry VIII.] 12, 2. puts out, *Do*, (*inſ. below.*) ^{2} puts on, *Do*, 7. *Others* 20, 19. ſhrewd 27, 15. chamber? 60, 8. can not 66, 6. Lord 91, 30. gladding

Julius Cæsar.] 20, 16. then, I know, 21, 5. gait; 22, 32. diſjoins 31, 28. yourſelf 56, 14. It will *Do*, 23.
4. *C.* They were traitors: Honourable men!
Cit. The will,
The teſtament.
2. *C.* They were villains, murderers:
The will; read the will.
78, 25. Strook *Cæsar* on the neck. O flatterers!
Cas. Flatterers!—
Now, *Brutus*, &c. 84, 20. envenomed 87, 16. *Ear.*

King John.] 6, 25. emperor 33, 22. This news 45, 30. men's 54, 12. How now 61, 30. April 70, 19. Truſt 73, 2. miniſter'd

King Lear.] 11, 19. *Burgundy* 57, 26. cheeks! blow; rage, and blow! 58, 21. *head has* 68, 12. muſt repent 69, 25. Look, where he ſtands and glares!—Wanteſt thou eyes | At trial, madam? 79, 11 *Tom* at once

Love's Labour's loſt] 29, 1. ſlow-gaited 34, 1. Rosaline 59, 32. beſeech 71, 30. Therefore 75, 24. ſilken 92, 16. *foul*

Macbeth.] 3, 8. *Macbeth* 14, 31. thou'dſt 20, 26. Bring 23, 14. deſign 25, 13. *ſleep* 36, 5. ſiſters 61, 3. you wife 73, 21. I'm

Measure for Measure] 10, 17. ravin 35, 31. and 53, 5. to be had 66, 3. Where is 68, 15. afternoon 72, 3. *Barn.* [*within.*] Away &c.

Merchant of Venice] 11, 18. ſay you then 18, 26 these chriſtians 23, 4. *Ergo* 70, 9 ſays.

Corrigenda.

Merry Wives of Windſor.] 5, 7. her father 48, 9. *Poins* 49, 18. Be gone 77, 1. do't 83, 13. ſhe to deceive

Midſummer Night's Dream.] 3, 5. ſtep-dame 25, 12. love, 38, 25. fate 39, 23. prepoſt'rouſly

Much Ado about Nothing.] 19, 4. *Scotch*

Richard II.] 52, 11. offence! 56, 9. caſtle 64, (*below.*) [25] Thy &c. 70, 21. ſleep

Richard III.] 22, 28. cacodæmon 50, 11. did ſit 63, 17. there, 66, 5. a while *Dº*, 28. dev'liſh 71, 8. beſtial 82, 32. incluſive 83, 23. Which 106, 21. can not

Romeo *and* Juliet.] 27, 10 & 82, 23. be gone

Taming of the Shrew.] 20, 3. *Piſa.*— 31, 31. pr'ythee, ſiſter 43, 22. in.— 46, 29. jars— 50, (*below.*) [14]Fives 53, 1. to our turn 58, 15. pr'ythee 73, 3. *ergo* 93, 30. I won the 94, 13. hear'dſt

Tempeſt.] 4. (*below.*) [3] cares 19, 18. thou wert 52, 14. PROSPERO 71, (*below.*) their

Timon *of* Athens.] 32, 15. five 35, 4. rumours,—Now 37, 2. Why, *Dº*, 9. pay'd 54, 7. fellows

Titus Andronicus.] 22, 6. dare. 38, 26. Rome 58, 23. Done 72, 32. 'Twas

Troilus *and* Creſſida.] 24, 12. unarm'd, 25, 9. call'd 41, 10. prayers; And devil, envy, ſay—Amen! 48, 28. wise;— 106, 21. lawful | For us,

Twelfth-night.] 78, 1. *Ceſario* 81, 23. And ſay

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